INTRODUCTION

Listen my readers and you shall hear
How the Quippus came to be here,
Long ago in the days that are past
There was a "Mirror" but it didn't
last,
And as each class all did the same,
They added no paper to their fame,
Thru efforts of the class of twenty-
one
A new era has begun,
The under classmen gave them aid
That the paper might be made
The teachers helped the cause along,
And to all credit does belong.

The Quippus

Published by Tarentum High School, Tarentum, Pennsylvania

VOLUME ONE NOVEMBER 1920 NUMBER ONE

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Pearle Sober, '21
Assistant Editor .... Marion Brown, '22
Associate Editor .... George Schied, '23
Athletic Reporter .. Clemens Swartz, '21
Business Manager .....
.... Walter Montgomery, '22
Advertising Manager .....
..... Florence Williams, '23

Senior Reporter ..... Mabel Arner, '21
Junior Reporter ... Alvin Silverman, '22
Sophomore Reporter .. Alice Shaner, '23
Freshman Reporter ... Mary Brown, '24
Faculty Advisors ..... Miss Howe
Mr. Nease, Mr. Walker

CONTENTS

Introduction 1
Staff 2
Editorial 3
Literary 4
Athletics 7
Notes 10
Odds and Ends 11
Jokes 13

∴ EDITORIAL ∴

THE QUIPPUS

For a number of years there has been talk of publishing a school paper to take the place of the "Mirror" published some time ago. Tarentum High School has succeeded in again starting a paper, so let us make it a success. "Quippus" is a term coming from the ancient Indians of Peru. These Indians recorded their happenings on a cord called the Quippus. This cord was about two feet long and was tightly spun from various colored threads. A number of smaller threads were attached to it in the form of a fringe and were knotted. Each knot and color found in this rope were significant of some event. They constituted a rude register of births, deaths, marriages and certain military information. This mysterious science of the Quippus supplied the Indians with the means of communicating ideas from one to another. Let us make the events recorded in our Quippus as significant to our readers as the knots and colors of the original Quippus were to the Indians. Let us make our Quippus a credit to the students and to our school.

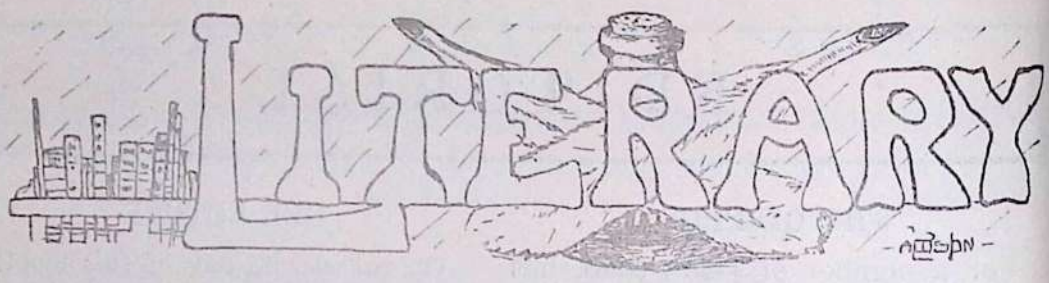
The Quippus is to be published monthly and contain specimens of our work in English class, athletic news, class notes, poetry, personals and jokes. No undertaking can be successful unless there is co-operation May we have the support of each student, the alumni, and townspeople by way of contributions and subscriptions to our paper?

OUR FUTURE

On the second day of this month, election day, the men, but this year accompanied by the women who were eager to exercise their newly acquired right, went to the polls to cast their votes for a man to be our next President. Late that night it was evident that the Republican party had won the contest, after the Democratic party had been in power for eight years.

During this time the world has passed through the greatest, most terrible war in the history of mankind. There is not one nation great or small which was not touched directly or indirectly by it. United States as well as Great Britain or France or any other large nation has borne her share of trouble in the best way she could under such circumstances. Many unforseen and intricate problems have arisen from it which only great minds and time can straighten out. Mr. Harding will have a hard time and plenty to do. He will need the loyal support of the whole people. Although all people do not agree with his principles, we must remember that after all he does not make our laws. He acts only by the consent of the people and is subject to their will.

May Tarentum High School in its small way help to make his administration a successful one and one that every person may look back upon as the beginning of a new era, an era of peace and prosperity.



THANKSGIVING DAY

Our American Thanksgiving Day is not a thing peculiar to our own country as many may suppose. It probably originated directly in that feast in England called "Harvest Home," celebrated at the harvest from the earliest times. There is a similar feast in Scotland known as "Well Supper" which is of unknown antiquity. In fact or as far back as civilization goes can be traced the giving of thanks to some diety at the close of autumn, for the bountiful fruits and grains.

Herodotus tells us of a custom of Thanksgiving observed in early times among the Greeks. Homer writes, "Cakes and lumps of dough thrown at the head of the sacrificed victim formed part of the offerings to Apollo, at the feast of ingathering." Apollo receiving the honors because of his help in bringing about the fruitful seasons.

In early times Apollo was worshipped in Britain and great poles decorated with garlands of flowers, of which a relic is the May-pole, were used to celebrate Apollo's coming north to ripen grains.

The early Egyptians offered sacrifices of corn and wine to Leith the mother of the sun, presumably for the same reason. After harvesting the wheat it was carried to their barns where the kernels were trodden out by oxen. After all these performances a thanksgiving day was held.

An interesting custom observed in Scotland was called "a mell." Each reaper left standing in the field a few handfuls of harvest uncut which the bonniest lass was allowed to cut into a "corn baby." This was brought home in triumph and preserved for the rest of the year. The lass was called the harvest queen. Sometimes instead of making a baby a horse was made and each amused himself by trying to cut it down.

Thus down through the ages until the Pilgrims these various thanksgivings were kept. The Pilgrims instituted a slightly different way of keeping thanksgiving. Through the previous winter they had had a very difficult time. The summer brought them better weather so they were able to plant again. The next fall they prepared a feast and offered thanks to God for their blessings. In this way they started a custom which has lasted almost three hundred years, although it was not until 1863 that the President issued a proclamation that the last Thursday in November should be set apart as a day of thanks. M. E. B. '22.

———o———

A TRAGIC MOMENT

The cold, slimy, irresistible thing kept moving upward, upward. He screamed, he tried to push it away, he screamed again—but the terrible horror stopped his cries as it moved over his mouth. He tried to evade it, but it was useless. His eyes rolled, cold sweat stood out on his brow. Now ceaseless and heartless it reached his nostrils. Half-crazed he jumped and freed himself with a superhuman effort and was able to issue

another shrill, blood-curdling scream before he sank again to the folds of the monster.

"Willie Brown, you're the most provoking boy to have your face washed, I ever saw," sighed the poor mother.

———o———

SCHOOL SPIRIT AND DETERMINATION

It is related of Moluc, the Moorish leader, that when lying ill, almost worn out by incurable disease, a battle took place between his troops and the Portuguese. At the great crisis of the battle, he rallied his army, led them to victory, and then instantly sank exhausted and expired.

Here is a fine example of reserve will power and determination. Mental, not physical power won Moluc's battle.

One of the most outstanding characteristics of Tarentum High's student body is the pep, the confidence, the spirit, it exhibits.

Just before the Vandergrift-Tarentum game the Kiski river fellows showed no confidence that their lads would snatch any hope for Vandergrift from the contest. They had no school spirit.

The Red and Black rooters never go to a game without that sword called Confidence. Determination and this confidence or surety has won us many a game. A Tarentum student never loses a game till the battle's over and the field lost.

A big "lollypop" engine was endeavoring to pull a huge load of freight up a steep hill. At every puff it called out, "I can't," "I can't," "I can't," "I know I can't." The brakeman joined a smaller engine to the load. The little dinkey began shrieking "I can," "Know I can," "You bet I can." And he did, reaching the top he whistled, "Told you I could," "Told you," "Told you."

Tarentum is still working on the "dinkey" type. Remember this students—pep, spirit, and push is equal to school success. Keep it up.

———o———

AN HOUR IN DREAMLAND

Picture a magnificent stone building bearing the inscription Tarentum High School. Enter the spacious hall and gaze upon the pennants of the classes which have graduated from this institution. These remaining emblems are the ashes of graduated classes, but they still hold their place of honor in this conspicuous place where they may be gazed upon, day by day, by those who are traveling the same rough road to knowledge. But lo, lift your eyes a little higher, wayward dreamer, and feast your eyes upon that invincible T. H. S. pennant which overshadows all minor objects in sight. That is what makes your heart swell with pride and your eyes fill with tears, when you realize that whatever changes have taken place since your school days, the red and black remains the same.

Upon closer inspection of this dream building, you find a gymnasium which would do honor to the high schools of Western Pennsylvania. You are not surprised to find among the pictures arranged along the walls, familiar faces of those who upheld the school honor in the early twenties.

Upon entering an adjoining room, what do you see but a school library. The walls are lined with books of all kinds which would satisfy the desire of a book-loving student, or amuse the idler in furnishing him some humorous reading material. This room is nicely furnished and seems to invite the loitering pupil to enter.

But do not stop, my dreamer, but move on and view one of the numerous classrooms. It is needless to say that they contribute their full measure to the wonders of the building and gives one the impression that lessons would

be a pleasure. As you hurry onward do not fail to take a peep into the girl's rest room and a boy's club room which have been set aside for the purpose of bringing the students into closer comradeship.

There is singing! Cross the hall, optimistic dreamer and enter this large room to the right. At last, a chapel large enough to accommodate the entire student body and let all school functions be carried on here. You see a class now assembled for graduation.

As this vision begins to fade, do you have a jealous feeling for a class graduating under these conditions? The answer comes back in full force from 1921 with thanksgiving, that the class of '31 has enjoyed the luxuries which were missed a decade ago.

———o———

JUST MUSIC

One "Evening" as I sat by the "Golden Gate" watching "Sweet Blushing Roses," "Peggy" from "The Isle of My Golden Dreams" came by on her "Fidgety Feet." She wore her "Alice Blue Gown" and her cheeks were "Just Like the Roses." She had expected me to be "At The Jazz Band Ball" but instead I was "Bluin the Blues" and "Wond'ring."

I said, "I Was Waiting For You." A look of "Expectation" was in her eyes. It was "Tulip Time" and I gave her "One Loving Caress." She did not need to "Vamp" me because I had loved her since our "School Days." As we walked along the "Little White Road" I said "Give Me All of You" and she replied, "Love Here is My Heart." "I Am Waiting for Tomorrow to Come" for then you will hear "Bells" and the "Orange Blossom Rag." We two will build a "Love Nest" and around it will be an "Old Fashioned Garden." "I'm in Heaven" for "Oh, By Jingo." she's the girl for me.

———o———

What's to be thankful for in school days—

I am Thankful

That there are only five school days in a week—

That school does not take up at 8 o'clock—

That we get a change of teachers through the day—

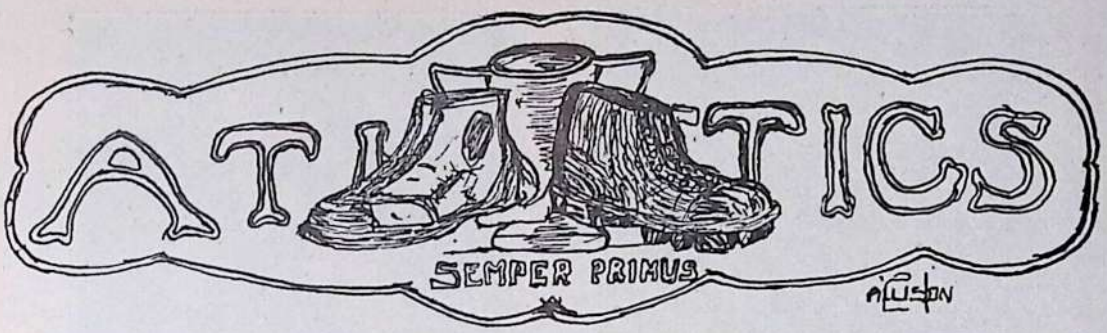
That sixteen credits are needed for graduation—

That 85 instead of 90 is needed for exemption—

That one can be late three times a semester—

That Seniors are more settled than Freshmen—

That we can be models for underclassmen. A SENIOR.



1920 SQUAD REPRESENTS T. H. S. WELL ON GRIDIRON

When it comes to a good representation on the scholastic gridiron Tarentum High is nowhere to be found in the shade. Not only has the varsity shown excellent form but also the scrubs in defending the school goal line for Tarentum High.

At the first of the season Coaches Dinsmore and Fee had about forty "raw" recruits out to contend with. Some did not even know the A, B, C's of football. There were many out who had always liked the game but the only place that they ever played it was in some back alley pickup team, as several of the squad admitted. They immediately put the boys down to real hard work and developed from them the best varsity high school team in this end of the woods. Coach Fee developed from what material the head mentor could find no regular use for, one of the best reesrve outfits that any high school in Western Pennsylvania has. In fact he developed from these boys a team that measures up to many of the secondary high school's varsity outfits. We find among the first twelve men on the squad, four Freshmen, four Juniors and four Seniors. Of the thirty-four men that are out for football, the Freshies can claim thirteen, the Sophomores seven, the Juniors five and the Seniors nine. It may be interesting to know that of the Juniors who went out for football, sixty per cent are among the first twelve men. Thirty per cent of the Freshmen out made this distinction while forty-four per cent of the number of Seniors are on the varsity.

———o———

T. H. S. 128; OPPONENTS 36

T. H. S. scores:
T. H. S. 14; Aspinwall High 0.
T. H. S. 35; Kittanning High 0.
T. H. S. 46; Vandergrift High 0.
T. H. S. 19; Ken High 0.
T. H. S. 0; Kiski Reserves 20.
T. H. S. 0; Parnassus High 0.
T. H. S. 14; Washington High 16.

———o———

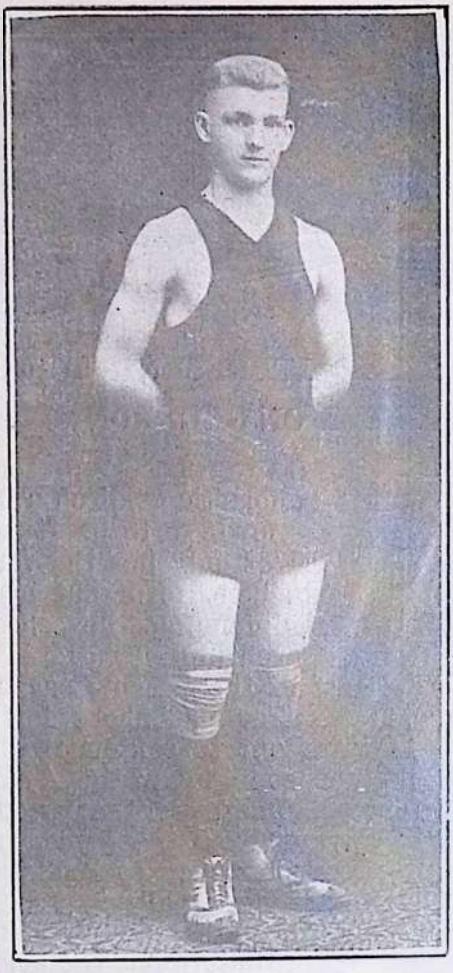
SQUAD LIKES NEW COACH

The football men have all expressed their liking for the new assistant coach, George D. Fee. Mr. Fee is somewhat of a grid player himself. He played center for Geneva College, and showed remarkable ability at the keystone position at that institution. Somehow or other the people of Tarentum have a habit of comparing people with movie actors. It is generally said that Mr. Fee resembles the "Mighty Elmo" K. Lincoln.

———o———

T. H. S. HAS "LUMINARY" IN SLAUGHTER

One of the most formidable players that T. H. S. has on its football team is to be found in the person of Frank Slaughter, the captain of the outfit. "Ick," as he is much better known is not only a gridder but is a basketball player of no small ability. "Ick" was on the Tarentum High cage team



SLAUGHTER **BARTELL**

Last year's stars who will be seen this year again.

last year and cut quite a swath as a guard in the W. P. I. A. L. Frank is a good sport on the field. He will absolutely stand for nothing that is unsportsmanlike. In his class rooms one will find that his marks rank among the highest. Among the boys he seems rather quiet and very indisposed to say anything that would tend to elevate him in the world of sport. The pilot has been hitting the line hard and is considered one of the best full backs on the scholastic circuit. With a captain that encourages every man on the team, a team has one big thing in winning games.

The two Tarentum tackles have been performing very well this season. "Al" Mosley on the right tackle has proven that he is a heavy line hitter when called upon to carry the ball. "Pim" Coulter on the other side is one of the few players who can make the team in their Freshmen year.

———o———

Goose Geisler has been playing a bang-up game at quarter position. George mixes up the plays so that the opponent is constantly guessing.

Brumbaugh plays a good game at half whenever he is called upon. He is a brother of Chester Brumbaugh, the Tech fullback who is a T. H. S. alumnus.

———o———

The toe offerings that Tarentum High has to offer to its opponents are distributed in fine shape by Messrs. Berkes and Kimes.

———o———

Cole and Silverman have been putting up hard fights at Tarentum's two guard positions.

———o———

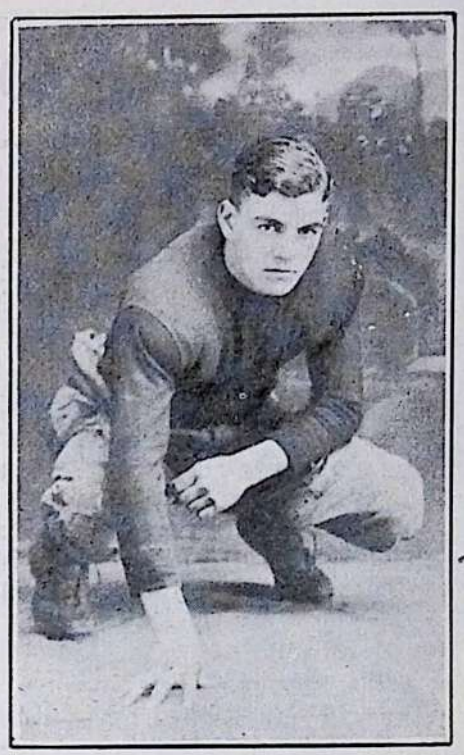
Referee "Pete" Leytle who officiated the Tarentum-Aspinwall game last month said of "Ernie" Bartell: "Whoever that center is from Tarentum High, he is a wonder on the football field. He is every inch a gentleman and a sport on the field and you can't play football without being both of those. Watch him if he ever goes to college."

———o———

Tarentum High pulled some nice aerial work in the game at Parnassus. "Doc" Kline took a beautiful pass which seemed impossible. But the prettiest catch that was ever seen was when "Les" Schwartzlander took a pass that was full ten feet in the air. He was surrounded by three Parnassus players who made a strong bid for an interception but "Les" grabbed the ball for Tarentum, netting a gain of 15 yards.

———o———

Tarentum High need not worry about football material for the next three years at least. With such Freshmen as Berkes, Kimes, Coulter,



"DOC" KLINE

Last year in T. H. S. uniform.

and Cole on the regulars, others as Hammond, Weihagen, Bartell, Zimmerman and Husher on the reserve outfit men are almost sure to be had for the next four years. Good stuff is on hand in the Sophomore class. The class of '23 boasts of such men as Altany, Romito, Jacob, Karl Kuhn and Irwin.

———o———

"So near and yet so far" was Tarentum's intended victory over Washington but past records overbalance this defeat. Tarentum had the game 14 to 13 in the last quarter when Kirkpatrick came into the game for Washington High and made his spectacular drop kick putting the final score at 16 to 14, Washington.

∴ NOTES ∴

SENIOR

The Seniors as the oldest and highest branch of the high school are looked upon as a model by the underclassmen. When a Freshman, Soph or Junior sees a Senior do a thing he says he has the right to do the same thing and so he has. And as every student has the same rights and are under the same law of discipline it is up to the Seniors to do the right thing, in the right way, and at the right time. They should help the school in every way and be the instigators of things that will help the school to grow and prosper. This is the last year that the members of the class of '21 shall be together as a class. So it is up to them to leave a record they will be proud of, the school will be proud of and the town will be proud of. So Seniors let us show our class spirit in everything we do and make our high school the best high school.

SLEEPING SICKNESS IN THE HIGH SCHOOL

Al Mosley was overcome with sleeping sickness during English class several days ago. As this disease becomes quite serious if the victim is not kept awake, he was advised by Mr. Walker to walk about the hall for a few minutes. It is hoped that this disease will not develop further in the Senior class.

Less Swartzlander, one of our football stars, is also a member of the White Sox.

SOPHOMORES

The Sophomores have chosen as their officers:

President—Lellis Maurhoff.
Secretary—Gwendolyn John.
Treasurer—Glen Wolford.

The class of '23 held their party November 5 in the High School. The decorations were handled skillfully by the committee, being worked out in the class colors of crimson and gray. Games were arranged to keep everyone on the jump, and no one experienced a dull moment. A delicious luncheon was served. After every one had done full justice to it, speeches were delivered by Mr. Walker and Mr. McCullough.

Now little Freshie
Don't you cry;
You'll be a Sophomore
By and by.

Armistice day was celebrated in chapel by the singing of patriotic songs. Miss Jean Warner, a Senior, recited "In Flander's Field" to remind the pupils of the supreme sacrifice that was paid by some of our boys. School was dismissed a half hour early.

The Freshies have hopes of growing up and with a starter of 6 ft. 1 in. in the class, they will attain great measure—again they get to Sophs.

———o———

JUNIOR

On October 29 the Juniors held a very successful masquerade party in the high school building. Quite a number were present and all enjoyed the progressive games and other enter-

tainment. A Halloween lunch was served by the committee.

The Juniors can surely make lots of noise. For instance Gephart with his megaphone and Harry Bowman with his cornet.

A number of Junior girls assisted other High School girls in conducting a tag day for the Salvation Army, Saturday, October 30.

The Juniors have completed the story of their ancestry, also the study of the life of Franklin. They are now studying rhetoric. Each Friday programs are given in English class which are very enjoyable.

Sleeping sickness is also prevalent among the Juniors as well as the Seniors. Ask Ches. Crawford about its symptoms and cures.

The Juniors have a very industrious and energetic class and are planning big things under the leadership of Maurice Crawford as president, Eleanor Ruffner as secretary and Harry Bowman as treasurer.

———o———

FRESHMAN

This year's Freshman class is quite large and by the impression already made will prove to be one of the best ever in high school. They have given T. H. S. some good football material in Coulter, Kimes, Cole and Hammand. The Freshman are green but are improving with age. Although some are quite small and some quite large they still seem to be able to adapt themselves to the regular ways of High School. The new divisions into which the Freshman subjects have been divided are proving quite interesting.

The Freshman English classes have been doing some interesting work. It has been based upon Ivanhoe and Treasure Island.

The week of Nov. 1-8 was known as "Better Speech" week all over the country. Each of the Freshmen were requested to write a play illustrating "Better Speech." It was decided that the one written by Charles Goetz was the best. It was given in class, the members of the class taking part.

The Freshies Halloween party was given in the High School Building October 22 and proved to be a success. Games and refreshments were enjoyed. The school was cleverly decorated and many clever costumes were displayed.

∴ ODDS AND ENDS ∴

Our High School paper is here again,

"Quippus" is its name.

For it do the best you can

To help it win its fame.

Fifteen cents is the cost

That much money will not be lost

If you buy a Quippus

It will surely help us.

Thanks.

We all should thankful be
For food of garden and of tree;
For home, country and native land
Ruled by an ever guiding hand,
For shelter and clothing and money enough
With which to buy our worldly stuff.
For work and toil, then sleep and rest,
And all the joys of sweet content
For life at its worst, for life at its best
In hopes of a life well spent.

Success, my boy, is the aim of all
But to live that life to the full,
You want to get there through the
door marked "Push,"
And not through the door marked
"Pull."

———o———

"Knowledge is power."

———o———

Hours in class all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.
By asking foolish questions,
To take up teacher's time.

———o———

The skeeter is a bird of prey,
Which flies about at night,
About three-eighths of it is beak,
And five-eighths appetite,
And fifteen-eighths or so is buzz,
And nineteen-eighths is bite.

———o———

Money makes the world go round.
So do some classes of "beevo."

———o———

Appearances are deceitful. People who have automobiles, often have money.

———o———

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again. Call your aeroplane "Truth."

———o———

Chapel—A period of punishment in which the innocent are made to feel guilty.

———o———

OUR SCHOOL

In our school there are few drones,
But many spirited backers,
Our teachers will not stand for fakes
They put out all the slackers.

Of the four classes in our school
The Seniors take the lead.
This is the year of all the years
A class must increase its speed.

For in June of '21
It will have to say goodbye,
To all good times and to the books,
To the teachers of Tarentum Hi.

Now to describe this class you'll find
Fat Wellinger in the lead,
Sal Petsinger our little sec.,
With many minutes to read.

Of course we have some dues to pay,
And Jimmie Scott—not one bit glum
Sits at his desk with book in hand
To take in checks, as they come.

There is another in this class
Who is so wondrous wise
But when he stands before the class
He almost drowns his eyes.

In this class there are many boys
And also many girls,
At the boys we've many a laugh
When they try to act like churls.

Whereas the girls are studious,
Industrious, not glum;
For them there's one necessity
It is their chewing gum.

Now here's to the class of '21
The best one in the school.
We do our best, to beat the rest,
And obey the golden rule.

There are three other classes,
"22, '3 and '4;
There's no need to discuss them
For of them you'll soon hear more.

Their members tell just where they
stand,
Their rank in school and years,
Of their future and success
We need express no fears.

Now in those classes there are some
Whose talent is surely wit,
They're always having lots of fun
And they never wish to quit.

Now in this school there is a group
Unmentioned by me as yet
They are called the faculty
And a group we'll not forget.

As long as they treat us proper
We students think them nice
But sometimes some of them can act
Just like huge cakes of ice.

Yet here's to dear old Tarentum Hi
The best school in the valley,
Around our teachers and school so dear
Oh students let us rally.

HELEN HAZLETT '21

———o———

Vacation time—a patch of light in a vast gloom.

———o———

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

The following alumni of T. H. S. are furthering their education at other schools:

Steve Hemphill, 18—W. & J.
Mary Eliza Crawford, 18—Wellsley.
Carolyn Lockwood, '18—Margaret Morrison.
Dorothy and Helen Felmley, '18—I. S. N. S.
Joe Dougherty, '18—Tech.
Esler Hayes, '17—Pitt.
Hilda Barnes, '17—Smith.
Cecil Kuhn, '17—State.
Anna Dougherty, '18—Margaret Morrison.
Joe Bartell, '19—W. Va. University.
Bob Heckert, '19—Lehigh University.
Ruth Stoup, Tillie Marshal, Alice Pearson, '19—Business Schools in Pittsburgh.
Mary Newton, '19—I. S. N. S.

———o———

Here's to good old T. H. S. and all of her brave crew
She has hit the roughest weather,
But somehow she still pulls thru.
You cannot phaze her with your knocks,
Nor trample her glories down,
For she's made of the stuff, you cannot bluff
And she knows not when she's down.
So here's to you, dear T. H. S.
Let's shake before I'm thru,
I'll give you my hand, you're the best in the land,
You're the truest of the true.

M. G. S. '21.

———o———

A large proportion of our troubles is caused by too much bone in the head and not enough in the back.

———o———

100 ——— can't be defined. Never was known here.

∴ JOKES ∴

JOKES

"The Quippus reminds me of a toothbrush."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, you must not use your neighbors."

———o———

If you want to lose your good name have it engraved upon your umbrella.

———o———

"Where have I seen your face before?"

"The same place you see it now."

Conductor—"Tickets, please."

Pat hands him a clothespin.

Conductor—"Why, this is no ticket; it's a clothespin."

Pat—"Shur, your honor, that's good on any line."

———o———

ASK CENTRAL

Teacher—"Who was king at this time?"

Senior—"He was a Louis, but I don't remember his number."

Soph—"How many subjects are you carrying?"

Freshie—"I'm carrying one and dragging three."

———o———

Levy and Isaacs were stopping at a hotel.

Levy asked Isaacs the next morning, "Did you take a bath last night?"

"Vy, Levy was one of dem missing?"

———o———

A young lady hailed an old-fashioned horse drawn vehicle, there being no taxi-cab in sight. Just as she was getting in she noticed the horse seemed to be frisky. He was jumping about and swishing his tail in a way that alarmed her. She was a timid little thing. So she addressed a few words to the aged driver.

"I hope," she said, smiling bravely, "that you will not run away with me."

The cabby sighed mournfully.

"No mum," he replied. I have a wife and seven kids at home already.

AND HE BELIEVED IT

Inquisitive Kid (on Oct. 29.)—"Say what are you taking all those cornstalks in the school for?"

Walt. Humes—"To feed Caesar's ponies."

———o———

Rousseau said—"The perfect woman does not wish to shine.

Therefore T. H. S. girls powder their noses.

———o———

A miner sure has a deep knowledge of things.

PATIENCE

Guest—"Look here! How long must I wait for the half-portion of duck I ordered?

Waiter—"Till somebody orders the other half. We can't go out and kill half a duck."

———o———

Physics Teacher, demonstrating a machine—"Notice, class, this is turned by a crank."

YES, IT STOPPED

"Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?"

"Sure, you didn't think it would go on through the floor, did you?"

———o———

Pat was an infidel and at his departure from this world his mourning wife cried bitterly.

"Come, Mrs. Doolan, don't take it hard," said a sympathetic neighbor.

" 'Taint that," she weeped.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Th-th-there's poor Pat all dressed up and no place to go."

———o———

PROTECTING THE BIRD

Mary! Mary! Come here and take the parrot downstairs. Your father has dropped his collar-button.

———o———

HE NEEDED A CHANGE

Smithson—Come with me to the zoo.

Johnson—No, thank you; I'll stay home. My eldest daughter does the kangaroo walk, my second daughter talks like a parrot, my son laughs like a hyena, my wife watches me like a hawk, my cook is cross as a bear, and my mother-in-law says, I'm an old gorilla. When I go anywhere I want a change.

———o———

ENVY

Sammy—"Over in America we got a lilac bush fifty feet high.

Tommy—"I wish I could lilac that.

———o———

EFFICIENCY

An industrial commission was looking over a mill. While the investigators were busy, the whistle blew. The workmen put up their tools and vanished as if by magic.

"Do all the workmen leave their tools the moment the whistle blows?" asked one of the commission.

"No, not at all," said the workman, who was acting as a guide, "the more orderly men have their tools all put away before that time."

We editors may dig and toil
Till our finger tips are sore,
But some poor fish is sure to say
I've heard that joke before.

———o———

RED

Red—Did you ever think of its many meanings? If you are a strong, healthy, human being, red is the color of your blood. When our forefathers founded our country and made our flag, red was the first color used meaning truth. It is the first of the patriotic trio, truth, purity and loyalty.

Red, the symbol of the Red Cross—the servant of humanity.

Red—Bolshevism. What a combination! When you see it all the red blood in your veins and all your love for the red, white and blue should rise within you and cause a deeper realization of your duty as a citizen of the country where the tricolored flag waves.

Are you a true red-blooded American?

Smith's Drug Stores

FIFTH AVENUE AND LOCK STREET

"Tarentum's Best"

Stationery, Fountain Pens, Kodaks, Apollo Chocolates

MEET AT SMITH'S

Stewart Realty Co.

FIRE INSURANCE

WINDSOR MUSIC CO.

has served your fathers
for the last 26 years.
Why not let us serve you?
When in need of anything
musical, SEE

WINDSOR, the Piano Man

GIRT-SEFTON CO.

The best place to buy

CLOTHING, DRY GOODS AND CARPETS

How the HOOSIER Shortens the Day

If your hours in the kitchen drag on, and the day seems unnecessarily long, get the HOOSIER Kitchen Cabinet.

$1.00 delivers your Hoosier.

MILLER BROS. TARENTUM, PENNA.

FISHKIN'S

TARENTUM'S BIG STORE

312-14-16 CORBET ST.

ONE DOLLAR OPENS A SAVINGS ACCOUNT. WE WANT THE GIRLS AND BOYS TO COME TO THE TRUST COMPANY WITH THEIR BANKING BUSINESS

Tarentum Savings & Trust Co.

WE SERVE

Abraham Lincoln Said

"Teach economy, that is one of the first and highest virtues, it begins with saving money."

If you will stop and think for a moment over this saying you will realize that it is just as true today as it was in the time of our great President.

We aim to teach economy and practice it in our daily transactions. It is surprising when you learn of the number of great fortunes that have been begun by small savings deposited in a strong bank.

We welcome the accounts of school children that they might lay the foundation of a successful life.

Safe Deposit Bank

Tarentum, Pa.

THE BANK WHERE YOU FEEL AT HOME

The constant drop of water wears away the hardest stone,
The constant chewing Towser masticates the toughest bone,
The constant cooing Lover takes away the blushing maid,
The constant Advertiser is the one that takes the trade.

The National Bank of Tarentum

A Bank of Strength and Character.

The Peoples National Bank

RESOURCES OVER $2,000,000.00

OFFICERS

W. A. MARVIN, President
R. J. TOEPFER, Vice Pres.
JOHN R. LONG, Vice Pres.
JOHN P. CRAWFORD, Cashier
JOHN ARMSTRONG, Teller
HARRY E. GRINE, Teller

Dickerson's Millinery

326 FOURTH AVENUE TARENTUM, PA.

Phone 199.

Compliments of

Tarentum News Co.

Telegram Printing & Publishing Co.

"BETTER PRINTING PAYS"

Engraved or Printed
Stationery
Announcements
Invitations
Cards

Publishers of

THE EVENING TELEGRAM
The Valley's Best Newspaper

Printers of "The Quippus"

Paul Caldwell's Drug Store

TARENTUM, PA.

THE PENSLAR STORE

IN BUSINESS FOR YOUR HEALTH

KODAKS DRUGS FILMS

SODA WATER WHITMAN'S CANDY ICE CREAM

Prescriptions Our Specialty

601 CORBET ST. Phone 9776 TARENTUM, PA.

IF
YOU
CAN'T
KEEP
AWAY
FROM
HOME
COOKING
GO
TO

Broad's Restaurant

AND
EAT

409 FOURTH AVENUE BELL 145-J

PALACE

The Home of Better
Motion Pictures

and the most comfortable and
sanitary theatre in the
Allegheny Valley

Our latest improved
ventilating system changes
the air every three minutes

PALACE TEA ROOM

MEZZANINE FLOOR

Delicious French pastries
Sodas
Sundaes
Hot Drinks

Exclusive local agency for Fishel's Baked goods

THE QUIPUS

DECEMBER, NINETEEN AND TWENTY

PHONE 366 TARENTUM

STAR THEATRE

COMFORTABLE & SANITARY
PERFECTLY VENTILATED

HOME OF
SELECTED REFINED SILENT DRAMA & COMEDY
Presented in the better way

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a merry time
When glad bells are all a-chime
When we're gay and busy too,
There's so much for us to do.

There are presents to look o'er
Tokens from love's lavish store
There are precious friends to greet
As on this glad day we meet.

There are bounties to divide
At this holy Christmas-tide,
With the poor and comfortless
We their poverty can bless.

There are praises to be sung
By each grateful, cheerful tongue,
Unto Christ, whose natal day
Must be happy, bright and gay.

The Quippus

Published by Tarentum High School, Tarentum, Pennsylvania

VOLUME ONE DECEMBER 1920 NUMBER TWO

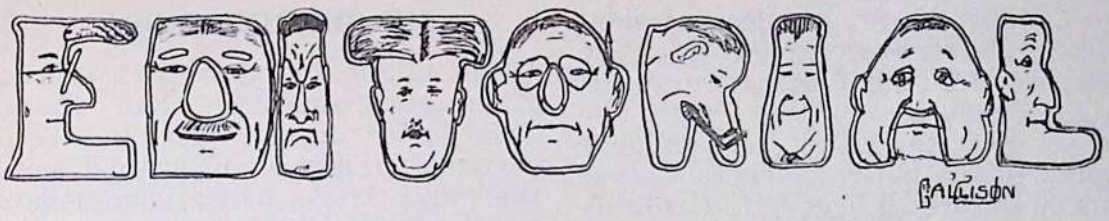
EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Pearle Sober, '21
Assistant Editor .... Marion Brown, '22
Associate Editor .... George Schied, '23
Athletic Reporter .. Clemens Swartz, '21
Business Manager .....
.... Walter Montgomery, '22
Advertising Manager .....
..... Florence Williams, '23

Art Editor.....George Allison, '21
Senior Reporter ..... Mabel Arner, '21
Junior Reporter ... Alvin Silverman, '22
Sophomore Reporter .. Alice Shaner, '23
Freshman Reporter..Mary A. Brown, '24
Faculty Advisors ..... Miss Howe
Mr. Nease, Mr. Walker

CONTENTS

Staff ---------- 2
Editorial ---------- 3
Literary ---------- 5
Athletics ---------- 12
Notes ---------- 18
Alumni Notes ---------- 20
Odds and Ends ---------- 20
Jokes ---------- 22



CHRISTMAS

Though one thousand nine hundred and twenty years old the Christmas bells are ready to ring once again as sweetly and clearly as ever. Although so many years have passed we should not forget the true meaning of Christmas and be ready to celebrate the birth of Christ. Those who have plenty look forward to Christmas as a day of jollification and think only of gifts. In all probability these people do not think of the many who will receive no gifts and who barely have enough to keep them comfortable. Especially does this condition exist this year after the hard times we have had. The world is slowly but gradually coming back to its normal condition and we have many things for which to rejoice. It is of these poor and unfortunate that we should think. Of course we do not want to spoil our Christmas by thinking of the worries of others but we will greatly increase our pleasure by helping some one who is needy. Our gifts may be of little value but it is the spirit in which they are given that really counts. The Christmas season should be one full of great love, cheer, gladness, peace, good will.

The Quippus wishes for all its readers the merriest of a merry Christmas and the happiest of a happy New Year.

"THE" NEW LIBRARY

One of the most significant misfortunes of this vicinity is the lack of a good up to date, well furnished public library. Teachers and students of the town have lamented the fact for quite a number of years—it has been evident for the past decade that Tarentum should have the much sought for volumes, whose very absence themselves express the need of such an advancement along the civic lines of the borough.

There are many well-stocked libraries in the private homes of the town, but a public library with at least two thousand volumes is needed. That the Y. M. C. A. contains a store of many worthy books is true, and that a student's spare hours will find no better profit than in the "Y" reading room is evident, yet one can quote a few outstanding facts for the furtherance of such a library. First, the Young Men's Christian Association is for boys only, thus girls lose the benefit of those books. Second, it is considered only fair that members of the institution should have the privileges of the building, and though an "outsider" is welcomed in the "Y," the members are practically the sole readers of those books. Third, the library lacks probably a thousand volumes of literature, thus, with the first two points, making evident that a crusade must begin for a library of the people, by the people and for the people.

Students, this is not written to "fill up space" simply because an edi-

torial must be propounded occasionally. It is written expressly for the purpose of instilling a new pep in the high school, a pep that must be spread over the vicinity and brought home to the public. There is one manner in which to start the ball rolling, and that is—"High School Propaganda." Make it evident to your fathers and mothers, to the man next door, the merchant, that a public library is needed and must be founded. With at least three hundred and fifty students to instigate and begin this thing there are mighty big chances of success. Make your talk talk of "the" library. Simply compel the subject to be current throughout the vicinity. Then—push.

ALUMNI

Each year from forty to sixty students are graduated from T. H. S. Each time there is talk of an Alumni Association. For quite a few years there was rumor of a school paper and now that paper is here. This year about sixty students will graduate. Why not make an Alumni Association a real thing and not merely a pipe-dream? Students graduate and for the next few years are somewhere in this locality and you know a little of their whereabouts. In a few years members of the various classes are scattered in all directions. Although far away, they never forget T. H. S. and often wonder concerning former schoolmates. An Alumni Association would be a means of happy reunions and would produce a lasting feeling of good school friendship.

Why not make plans for such an association? Would it be too much for the classes that have graduated to have representatives meet in an effort to form such an association. Just a little work and effort but it would be worth while. Think it over.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross is a branch of the great American Red Cross. This Junior organization has been particularly active during and since the war. Over a half million dollars were contributed by auxiliaries of the Junior Red Cross for educational relief work among the children in war-devastated lands, during the past year. Junior projects are being conducted in many foreign countries. Scholarships, apprenticeships, industrial training, housekeeping schools, orphan schools, farm schools and hospital training are included among the projects. Coincident with this work abroad, great work has been done at home.

For sometime a campaign has been going on to get more funds for the Junior Red Cross. This was especially stressed in the school room. Each room was given a quota of 45c, all over that amount going to welfare work in the community. The campaign was received with great enthusiasm in T. H. S. Our school had a quota of $6 and went way over the top with over $40. This organization does great work and should be well supported. Have you contributed something?

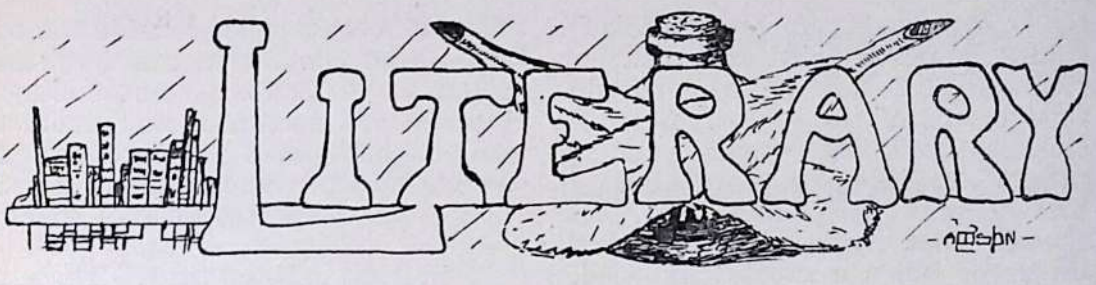
IN SCHOOL DAYS

Mary had a little cold,
It started in her head,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That cold was sure to spread.

It followed her to school one day,
'Twas not against the rule,
It made the children cough and sneeze
To have that cold in school.

The teacher tried to drive it out
She tried hard but—katchoo!
It didn't do a bit of good
The teacher caught it too.

E. W. '22.



CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

Although Christmas is not celebrated in other countries as it is in America it is still a happy time everywhere.

In Holland, no work is done on Christmas but the people go to church and keep it as a holy day. They do not give presents but there is a great deal of feasting. The day that the children like is Santa Claus' day which comes nearly three weeks before Christmas. The children believe that St. Nicholas comes driving a white horse and fills their wooden shoes with hay and oats for this great white horse. The next morning they find toys and candy there instead of hay and oats.

In Italy, Mother Goose takes the place of Santa Claus. "Befana," as the children call her is supposed to ride on a broom stick from door to door carrying gifts to the children. On Christmas Eve the children go to a certain room where, on a table is found a large urn. In this urn are placed all the gifts and each child reaches in and gets a package. If it does not have his name on it he must put it back and try again and again until he gets the right one. The little Italian children think as much of their urn as American children do of their Christmas trees.

In Denmark, the Christmas tree is always lighted on Christmas eve, and the family all meet together. The older people get their presents on a plate at their place at the table, and the childrens gifts are on the tree. The Danish children know nothing about Santa Claus, but have instead what they call "Nisson," meaning a Christmas Brownie, who is a little old man with a large gray beard. Another Danish superstitution is that at midnight Christmas Eve the cows in the stable all rise and bow in salutation.

In Spain and Portugal it is a general custom for families to assemble at their family home on Christmas. Santa Claus' place is taken by the "Three Kings." The children believe that the one who brings them their gifts is Balthaser, one of the Kings who comes with his camel laden down with gifts. The religious festivities are the most elaborate of any country in the world, and it is the custom for everyone to attend church on Christmas Day.

In Switzerland the children set one shoe outside the door for two Saturdays preceding Christmas and Santa Claus to fill them with candy and nuts. Then on Christmas the children get up early to find a Christmas tree which is similar to the American Christmas tree. The candles are lighted and the family sings a hymn and offer a prayer of gratitude before removing the gifts from the tree.

T. M. '21.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

How much do people eat and how much should they eat are two questions that never coincide. It is a rare person who does not eat more than he should. Until a compara-

tively few years ago few schools included Domestic Science in their curriculum. But now it is known that food is one of the main reasons for sickness and the schools and all others are thinking more about it. The benefits are many, and it is thought that the world will be greatly improved when a greater knowledge of food has been acquired. Planning a meal is' one of the housewives greatest worries. Time any money must be considered. The products on the market and the quality must be known before a meal can be properly planned. The girls are learning to serve the food in a clean, neat and appetizing manner. In all the girls are learning the correct methods of cooking and housework, and will be properly prepared to take up this work after leaving school.

A new class introduced this year is Food Chemistry. Every day from 1 o'clock to 2:10 a number of Senior and Sophomore girls journey to the Grandview building. They receive work on dietetics and a little chemistry.

A FRESHMAN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

A sleepy looking Freshman sat before the fire on Christmas Eve. He was exceedingly happy, happy because he was free from school for a week. Like a child, he was thinking of his presents for the following day. He heard a noise in the chimney and thinking it was Santa pretended he was asleep. Soon the pretention was over and the boy was truly asleep. Dreaming it was Christmas morning he opened his presents with great excitement. One alone remained and he could tell by its size and shape that it was a book. Carefully unwrapping it he found a green covered book with white printing entitled "Advice to a Freshman," written by a Senior. Seating himself on a comfortable chair he began to look inside the co ers of the book. He was quite su prised at its contents, but finding interesting continued to read. O page 27 he found a list of "don'ts" f a Freshman. Wondering what S niors really expected of Freshmen, h read:

Don't fail to be on time. The earl bird catches the worm.

Don't talk during chapel. Ther are others on the programme besid you.

Don't waste your chewing gum i study period. The waste basket i always grateful for contributions.

Don't fail to lay a strong founda tion for your high school course.

Don't deface school boks or schoo property. Your younger sister ma wish to use them some day.

Don't pass notes. Paper is scarc and costly, too.

Don't ask foolish questions to tak up teacher's time.

Don't forget to support all worth school measures.

Don't make yourself too important You have three more years to show you are a shining light.

When the little boy awoke he thought over his dream and realized its true meaning. He was to have a good time yet get his work and do the right thing. As it was the time of year to make resolves he made his then.

MUSIC.

Music hath charms. It appeals to the feelings and emotions of people and sometimes seems to touch the very heartstrings of human beings and sets them all a-tinkle. For centuries it has won the hearts of all. Even in the story of "Pied Piper" we may see how the music of the piper caused the children to follow him.

Music is appropriate in most all occasions. It makes the glad rejoice

and it comforts and cheers the sad. It leads the bride on her wedding day and it precedes the dead to their grave. Many a disheartened soldier has been encouraged by the music he heard. An army was once led to victory following the strains of a drummer boy's music.

Music has a foremost place in schools. The music of T. H. S. is such that Mrs. Rowe, our competent leader, and all concerned can be justly proud. Our orchestra is composed of fifteen pieces. There are seven violins, three cornets, one trombone, one flute, one saxaphone, the drum and piano. Our glee clubs show remarkabl e ability. As yet there has been no boys' glee club organized, but the girls' club is well under way. A portion of our chapel period is devoted to music. From time to time special selections are given, helping to break the monotony and enabling the students to appreciate the best of music. No student would be willing to see our musical department taken from our curriculum.

ITER AD TURTLE CREEK.

Nos, "Chubby" Butch et ipse adventiebamus in Turtle Creek de decima hora via gasoline carro. Salutem dixerunt nostrum team cum brass tubis. In prime quarter, Goose fecit longum currum ad goal posts; cum duo of the opposite team sequeretur eum. Fecit touchdown. Cum kicking, suo pedite, faciebat bonum; not a boner.

During relinquum tria quarters, the Onionites faciebant a bonam pugnam, sed nostri pueri victoriam consequebantur. Uterque teams swam similes turtles.

The police vir permittebat nos inire in Turtle Creek ex Lynwood Park propterea quod habebamus a Kuhn, non animal sed footbal player cum nostris.

Thus erat finis of a perfect diei. T. H. S. septem, et U. H. S. goose egg out nihil.

Remigrabamus Tarentum cum multis impedimentis et several players.

H. L. M.

THE LEAGUE PREVENTING WAR

It is no longer any use for prejudiced people to pretend that the League of Nations as constructed in Paris cannot prevent war. It has, even without the backing of the United States, which most people consider necessary to a successful league. The Council of the League has prevented one war and seems to have stopped another actually in progress. In the first place the dispute between Sweden and Finland over the Aland Islands in the Baltic was referred to a committee of inquiry appointed by the Council of the League. In the second place, Poland and Lithuania agreed to submit boundary differences to a similar commission and suspend hostilities. It has always been said by people opposed to the League that the League would infallibly drag our boys to die on foreign battlefields. The League has settled these two questions and not a weapon has been used, not a soldier sent, nor a shot fired. The League settled this by simply offering to the quarreling nations a commission of inquiry which they could trust. The Aland Islands case , two questions both evolving the issue of war, were presented to the League, and it is to the credit of the League that these two questions were favorably settled. It proves the League is alive and not in the condition reported.

It is plain to be seen that the League has prevented war, has established a precedent, and now it needs only the added strength of the United States to make it a powerful body for prevention of war. Eventually America will not join a league of

nations, but the League of Nations. It is inevitable. There is no other honorable course.

LESTER SWARTZLANDER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

On December 17, 1807, in Haverhill, Mass., John Greenleaf Whittier, the great New England poet, was born. It has been said that if all records of early New England history were lost, the story could be constructed again from the pages of Whittier. Much of Whittier's work has been in the form of contributions to journals which he has edited. The affectionate simplicity of Whittier's nature is seen in the poems which he addressed to his personal friends and to those whose life-pursuits ran in the same channels as his own moral sympathies.

Cheerily then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can.
Ah! that thou couldst know try joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!
—The Barefoot Boy.

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's great school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph, and his loss,
Like her, because they love him.
—In School Days.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.
I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.
—The Eternal Goodness.

ANNIVERSARY OF PILGRIMS' LANDING IS CELEBRATE

During the latter part of Novem ber, the attention of the people wa taken up in celebrating the three hun dredth anniversary of the landing o the Pilgrims. This little band onl one hundred and two in all sailed int Cape Cod harbor on the "Mayflower and landed on December 11, 1620 ol style, December 21, 1260, new style.

Two towns, Plymouth and Prov incetown, across the bay, both clai that they landed there first. Whe casually asking where the Pilgrim did land, the answer of nine peopl out of ten will probably say Ply mouth, but the rival village Province town stoutly denies this. Most peo ple have come to think Plymouth th real landing place, probably becaus the diary of Governor Bradford, about the only written history or indeed record of any kind, the province could boast of was lost for almost a century and when at length it did turn up in London the Plymouth idea had such a firm footing that it was hard to discourage it. Even to this day school histories say that the first landing place was Plymouth.

The diary of Governor Bradford tells us though that they first dropped anchor in "that deep bay of Cape Cod," riding there for some ten or twelve days, during which time the famous "Mayflower Compact" was drawn up. About four days after anchoring Captain Myles Standish with sixteen armed men went ashore, on the Provincetown side, this being truly their first landing place. Finding the country so very wild and unprotected they took the women ashore sometime later on the other side of the harbor, the Plymouth side, where they built their first settlement. Here the women alighted, laden with four months washing under their arms. The picture of Mary Chilton, for she

was the first woman to set foot in the new world, shows her prim and serenely stepping off the boat. One can hardly imagine her quite so neat and prim under the above circumstances, with probably a wash boiler or tub added to her load.

What a different place that coast must have been from the New England coast of today. Imagine the long, low, sandy coast—on which now countless little New England vilages nestle snugly against one another—entirely bared of human life, stretching silently in both directions, with only a deep forest in the background. What a depressing sight. Where, then, the early settlers planted their grain perhaps now stands a modern hotel. The paths over which the Pilgrims wended their way to church are now likely main thoroughfares, on which walk hundreds of visitors each year, come to view the birthplace of a great nation. The scenes then, in which some little Pilgrim figured with her long, gray dress, large white collar and cunning white cap, now perhaps, depict women dressed in the latest fashion where now a little of the Pilgrim modesty might be used to some advantage.

The thing apparently needed today is more of the spirit of the Pilgrims. More self determination. More courage. More of the spirit that made them willing to endure hardships, while they were striving for the right. Had it not been for these qualities earlier in the country we might not have grown to be what we are now. Let us not forget them, then. Remember it was only by their great determination that they finally won.

M. E. B. '22.

The North Pole—A good location for those anarchists who yell for more latitude.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN IN BLACK

It was a chilly, foggy evening. An impressive silence, broken only by the blowing of a fog-horn traveled over the city. The dark, clammy, weather seemed to have a touch of the Demon in it which made it excellent to appear as the background for some great crime. One had the feeling that a terrible deed was to be carried into execution that night.

It was on that evening in New York, that in one of New York's best known establishments, a man wearing a plain black coat and slouch hat might have been seen bending over a small metal door located in the wall of the room. The dim light which came from a small, green shaded light hanging overhead, was reflected from the nickel plated bars of the cashier's window with a dull gleam. As the man straightened himself and scrutinized the metalic door, a look of keen disappointment crossed his rough, unshaven face.

"I can't work it," he said simply. "I don't understand, unless—" The man again bent over the polished door. With a short cry of triumph he placed a small round object in a crevise on the face of the door. There was a faint click within the wall followed by a low rumbling noise.

"At last," said the man with satisfaction, as a piece of custard pie dropped on the counter of the automat.

HOLLY AND THE MISTLETOE.

Among the families of trees there is one family that has the lovely trait of staying green the year round. It is called by a very good name, evergreen. The trees of this family are the only ones that afford shelter to the winter birds and the wild animals when the snow piles high. Their

friendly branches are always ready to help protect them from the cold.

The family of laurels and magnolias are very beautiful. They are always dressed up, and have beautiful glossy leaves. To this family belongs the holly, with its shiny leaf and pretty red berry.

It has been used for decoration many hundred years. Long before there was any Christian church, the pagans used the holly at their winter festival in December. They sent sprigs of it to each other with best wishes for a prosperous year.

The early Christians took the holly and decorated their churches with it. It was called the holy tree because they put it there.

In Germany it is called a Christhorn because, according to a legend, the holly was the burning bush in which Jehovah appeared to Moses. In those Bible countries the holly grows low and bushy. In temperate climates it grows to be quite a tall tree, and is very fine and hardy.

The holly tree is used to decorate our churches now, at Christmas time, just as it was in very olden times, and the pagan custom of sending a sprig of it in the winter season with the best wishes, is too beautiful to let die out, and so we keep it to this day.

Another plant that stays green all winter is called the mistletoe. It is not a tree, but seems to descend from the upper air and falls upon some tree, especially the apple and the oak. It is with a feeling of wonder that people see this beautiful growing plant twining around a bare tree that has no green branches of its own. It belongs to the parasite family. It has no roots and receives all its sustenance from the tree upon which it grows.

In England originated the custom of kissing under the mistletoe. A white berry was taken from the branch for each kiss. The game was kept up until there were no more berries.

AT LAST THE GIRLS HAVE STARTED.

It was a question for many years among the members of Tarentum Hi just what could be done to make the girls more friendly and better acquainted with their fellow classmates.

This year, Miss McNease, a teacher known and well liked by every student in high school, decided upon a plan with which all the girls are cooperating. The first movement was to call a meeting of all the girls and see if they were in favor of this plan. Then Miss McNease held conferences with different girls every afternoon at which topics of interest to all the girls in the school were discussed.

It was decided to have a tea for the girls of the high school and their mothers. At this tea, the girls of the various classes became better acquainted, as did the mothers of the girls.

Later the girls gave a motion picture show in which Douglas Fairbanks played. With money secured from these two events, the girls, with the aid of their sponsor, Miss McNease, furnished a room in the high school building known as the "Girls' Room." This room is furnished in old rose and gray.

After these two events were over, Miss Amos from Pitt University gave a lecture which proved helpful to the girls.

On the last Friday of each month an assembly for all T. H. S. girls will be held. Each class will take its turn in preparing a program for one of these meetings. Each month each class will give a party for the girls of the class. All the parties given so far have proven quite successful.

Up to this time the girls have had little show in T. H. S., but now they

are coming to the front and showing what they can do. H. M. H. '21.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

The Stantons, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. George Stanton, their son Robert, and daughter Gertrude, had a beautiful home along the Hudson. Stanton, Sr., had made a fortune in coal and oil deals, and this accounted for his present position on Easy street.

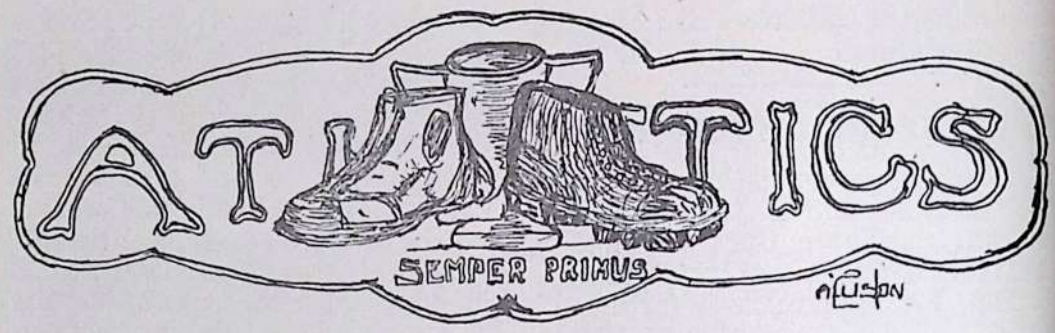
It was a happy family till Gertrude, according to her parents' ideals, had disgraced the family by marrying Thomas Bronson, their chauffeur. The Stantons considered Bronson a refined, respectable young man when he served in the capacity of a chauffeur, but after his marriage, circumstances did not prove agreeable, so the young people left home.

Years passed, former grievances were forgotten and many were the desires to know about the whereabouts of Gertrude. She and Bronson had been gone ten years and never a word had they sent to the older Stantons. Society talked for a time, but soon all was forgotten except within the hearts of the immediate family.

Bob Stanton and a party of other young fellows went to the mountains to hunt. All went well until the third day, when Bob was accidentally shot by one of the hunters. First aid was given him, but a better shelter was needed if such could be found. The fellows were seemingly lost until late that afternoon a ragged little boy and girl were seen walking far over in the woods. After a conversation with the children it was learned that they were following a path to their home. It was decided to carry the wounded man, now unconscious, to the little home at the farther end of the woods. The mistress of the humble home met them in a friendly manner, and seemed to take quite an interest in the wounded man. One of the men secured a horse and rode to a little village which boasted of one country doctor. Upon his arrival at the home it was discovered that the wound was not as serious as first thought. He had received a wound in the forehead and the bandage necessitated the covering of his eyes. The housewife told the hunters her sad story of how her husband had been killed in a mine accident several years before, leaving her a poor widow with several small children. After learning the wound was not serious, the hunters continued their hunt, returning to the home at night.

Bob was beginning to think he was in the home of some one he knew quite well. He knew the voice, and the hushed whispers and half-answered questions told him he was in his sister's home. Bob decided to wait till the bandages were taken off before he made any further recognition. Time crept slowly on and at last that day came. The other hunters were out and the children were at their play. After much coaxing the bandages were removed, and then what a happy sight for Bob. Tears were shed for joy and not for sorrow. Several days before Christmas the party prepared for their trip home. All of the hunting party had left a remembrance in the home in the way of money. Bob had left a little more than the others for the preparation of a Christmas dinner. He was planning to bring the others of the family to the mountain home for Christmas dinner. They were not to know of their hostess until the arrival, and then there would be a happy reunion full of love—the true message of Christmas.

The majority of the racket in the world is derived from exploded theories.



THE 1920 T. H. S. FOOTBALL SQUAD.

Capt. Frank "Ick" Slaughter, '21.
Thomas "Heiny" Kimes, '24.
Franklin "Pim" Coulter, '24.
Richard "Dick" Cole, '24.
Ernest "Ernie" Bartell, '22.
Alvin "Slim" Silverman, '22.
Albert "Al" Mosley, '21.
Lester "Les" Swartzlander, '21.
George "Goose" Geisler, '22.
Leonard "Len" Berkes, '23.
George "Brumy" Brumaugh, '22.
George "Doc" Kline, '21.
Walter "Fat" Wellinger, '21.
Robert "Bob" Hammond, '24.
Karl "Kuhnie" Kuhn, '23.
Glen "Glennie" Wolferd, '23.
Stephen "Steve" Conwell, '21.
George Allison, '21.
John Weihagen, '24.
Charles "Chuck" Irwin, '23.
John Jacobs, '23.
Frank "Tony" Altany, '23.
Romy Romito, '23.
Arthur "Artie" Bartell, '24.
Leigh "Kid" Kuhn, '24.
Forrest "Red" Gibson, '22.
Ralph Silverman, '21.
Wellington "Zimy" Zimmerman '24.
Clemens "Lem" Schwartz, '21.
John McNally, '24.
Kenneth "Kennie" Stickley, '24.
Wilbur "Mutt" Hazlett, '24.
George "Wa-Wa" Walters, '24.
Clarence Husher, '23.
Charles "Chuck" Hindman, '23.

TERM OF '20-'21 WILL BE BIG IN ATHLETICS

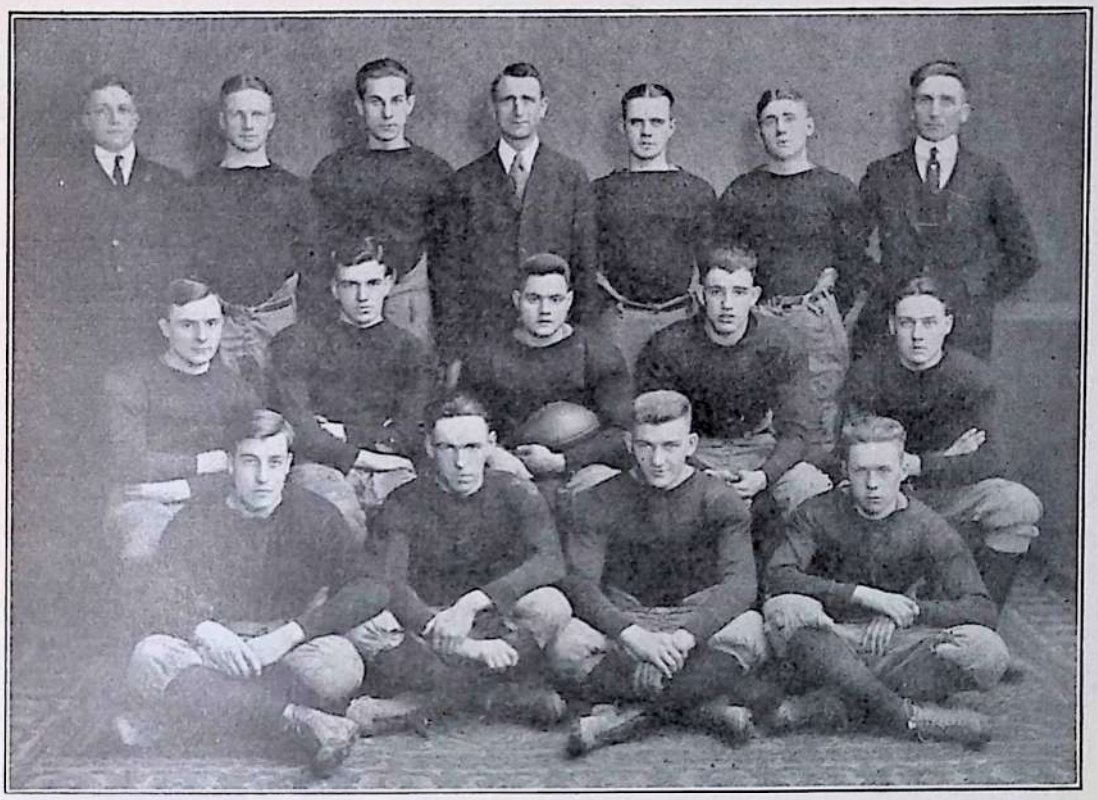
Every student should go out for some kind of sport is the edict handed down by Principal W. S. McCullough. For this reason:

The 1920-21 term for Tarentum High school will be the biggest athletic team in the history of the school. This term being extended to 10 months' duration will give more time for sports than the school has ever before. It will allow the school to put spring teams on the field of sport.

The football season which has just passed has been the most successful in the history of the school. Every indication points to the most successful basketball season that the school has ever had.

Previous to this year there have been only these two sports organized in the school. This year plans are being formulated for a baseball team and a track team. With the announcement that there will be a skating pond at the Fair Grounds there is strong agitation for a hockey team. The girls of the school have already organized for swimming.

One snag arises in baseball. If the Allegheny Steel has a team in the field this coming year the question is will the fans support a good high school team. There is some mighty fine baseball stock in the school and it is almost certain that the school could produce a team that would be



Top row, left to right—Manager Allison, R. T.; Silverman, R. G.; Coach J. M. Dinsmore; Cole, R. G.; Coulter, R. T.; Asssitant Coach Fee.
Middle row—Geisler, Q.; Kline, H.; Capt. Slaughter, F.; Berkes, H.; Brumbaugh, H.
Bottom row—Wellinger, G.; Swartzlander, E.; Bartell, C.; Kimes, E.

on a par with many college freshman teams. The sheckle is the big factor in all school baseball teams for expenses must be met.

If however the T. H. S. student council cannot see its way clear for a baseball team this will not hinder the track team. There are some mighty fast and springy men in the school. This team will meet with Western Pennsylvania High School teams.

The girls have arranged for swims in the Summit "nat." There will be races between the different classes. There is little chance of a swimming team from the school for there are few schools in this district who have a girl's team in the tank.

Points Scored for T. H. S. and By Whom They Were Registered.

	Touch-downs.	Goal from T'ch-down.	Field Goal.	Total Pts.
Slaughter	5	7	..	37
Geisler	5	2	..	32
Kline	5	..	..	30
Berkes	3	2	1	23
Bartell	1	..	..	6
Mosely	1	..	..	6
Kimes	1	..	..	6
Brumbaugh	1	..	..	6
Conwell	..	2	..	2
Romito	1	..	..	6
Husher	..	1	..	1
Totals	24	14	1	161

(The latter two players registered for T. H. S. in T. H. S. Reserve-tna game.)

Points Scored Against T. H. S. and By Whom They Were Registered.

	Touch-downs.	Goal from T'ch-down.	Field Goal.	Total Pts.
Caffrey (Kiski).....	2	2	..	14
Tracey (Kiski).....	1	..	..	6
Seybold (Washington)...	2	..	..	12
Meham (Wash.).....	..	1	..	1
Kirkpatrick (Wash.)...	..	..	1	3
Totals	5	3	1	36

Much Credit Due Scrubs.

While we are distributing all the football laurels we must not forget Coach Fee's striving scrubs. They worked hard all season and were seldom heard of and never heard from. Let us stop to consider some of the things the scrubs did.

The first night of practice saw about 60 out. In about three weeks few over 30 remained. These stuck to the end. To a large extent these scrubs were improperly equipped for the gridiron, but worked hard and took their bumps without a whimper. They elected as their captain Glenn Wolferd, '23. Glenn is an able gridder and very capable of his position. He is a good back and has gotten into a number of varsity games. He worked at a half on the scrub team. Romito, '23, ran the other half and proved himself to be coming varsity stock. Frank Altany was the scrub fullback and hit the line hard. The quarter position was filled by Arthur Bartell, '24. The two ends were run by Clarence Husher, '23, on the right, and Zimmerman, '24, on the left. At tackles were Fat Wellinger on the right and Karl Kuhn, '23, on the left. Chuck Erwin, '23, and Bob Hammond filled the guard positions. The scrubs found a good keystone man in John Weihagen, '24. Another equally as good was John Jacobs, '23.

The scrubs won their only game with Etna High School on Wednesday, November 3, by a score 7-0. Romito scored the only touchdown on a 30-yard run through a broken field. Husher kicked fair goal.

Washington Hi's Win Puts T.H.S. Up.

The much-discussed and much-desired Syracuse Alumni football trophy has been awarded to Washington High School after the team from that place defeated Fifth Avenue High of Pittsburgh, 14-7, on the Bluff campus, Saturday, December 4. Washington had their opponents outclassed and showed them that the fastest company was not to be found in the city high schools.

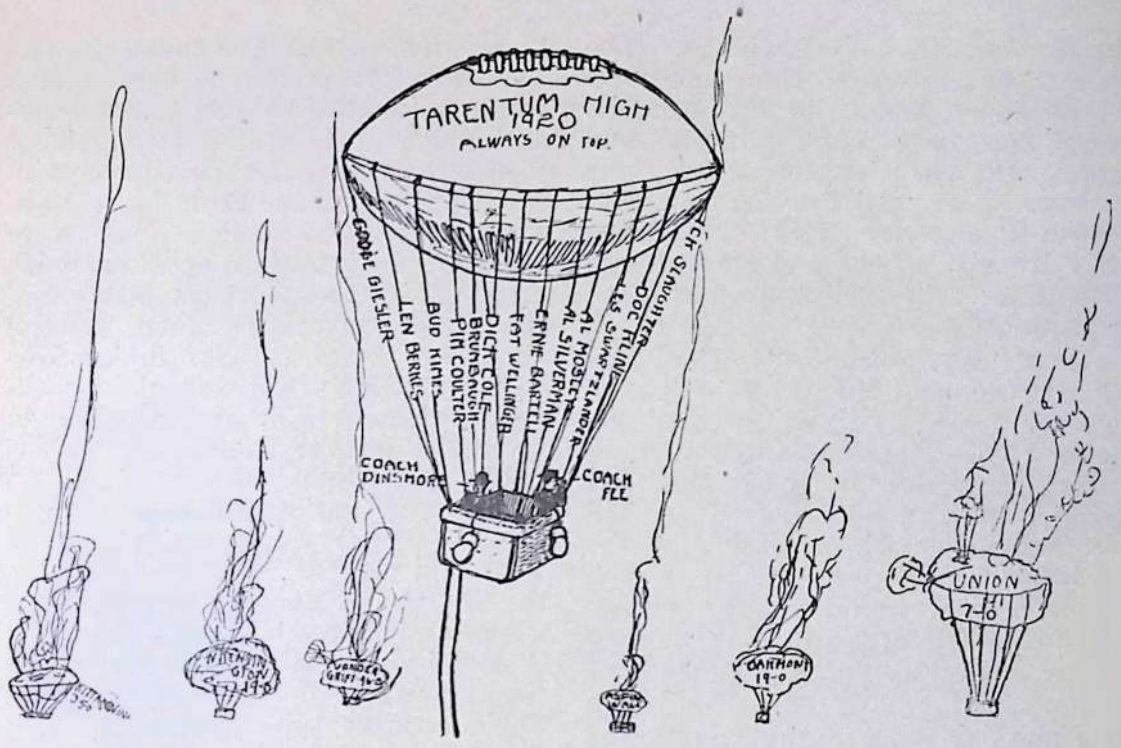
By Washington defeating Fifth by such a margin, Tarentum can claim to be better than the runners-up. Washington had a stiff time beating T. H. S., 16-14, and may well say that the widely known Kirkpatrick won the Syracuse trophy for them.

T. H. GRIDIRON HONOR WELL DEFENDED BY 1920 TEAM

The past season was the most brilliant that Tarentum High has ever had. The team took just one contest after another. Only one high team scored on the T. H. S. squad this season. In that game the score was close. Tarentum was nosed out by Washington in that game by only a two point margin.

In the first game of the season Aspinwall proved to be easy meet for Tarentum High. The final score was 14-0. The game was played at Aspinwall on Saturday, October 2 and was well attended by the T. H. S. student body.

The season opened at home on Friday, October 8. Kittanning was Tarentum's victim this time. The up-river lads were overcome, 35-0. On



Saturday, October 16, the team and a few faithful followers journeyed to Vandergrift . The locals returned home with a choice slice of bacon which they wrestled from the Kiski Valley lads in a 46-0 contest.

The next contest was with Tarentum High's oldest and keenest rival —Ken Hi. The game was played on Friday afternoon, October 22 at Peterson. The battle was hotly contested but Tarentum managed to come out on the long end of a 19-0 score.

On Saturday, October 30, the locals were scheduled to play Ford City high. Just previous to that time the T. H. S. student council decided that all home games should be played on Friday. Ford City would not agree to this and the result was cancellation. In place of Ford City Kiski Reserves were engaged to appear at Peterson. The Reserves came down 25 strong and they defeated Coach Dinsmor's stellar machine 20-0. This team was the first one to score on the locals this season. They put up a stiff fight. It is hoped that this same team can be engaged to play the locals next season. This game was the poorest attended game of the season.

On Saturday, November 6, the locals went across the river to play the Parnassus High team. The locals made the pilgrimage without Leonard Berkes or Ernie Bartell, two of the most dependable players on the whole team. A very close game resulted, ending in a scoreless tie. Tarentum returned convinced though that they had a better team on the field than their opponents. If the all stellar aggregation would have been there the score would no doubt have been much different.

The next game was the toughest game of the whole season. That was the game with Washington on Friday. November 12. The team went to the college town with only a few local followers. The Washington rooters numbered about 700 and hilarity reigned. They had a large

brass band to enliven things. The crowd that witnessed the game numbered about 2500. The Tarentum Hi boys were nosed out by only a field goal. The Washington team was beaten 14-13 until the last moments when Kirkpatrick was substituted and dropped a field goal from the 45 yard line. The final score was 16-14 Washington.

On Friday, November 19 the locals played Oakmont High at Peterson, on a very heavy field and defeated the team 19-0. The Oakmont boys were simply outclassed. This is the first year that Oakmont High has had football and much credit is due the showing that they did make. Coach John Berry, a brother of former Assistant Coach Berry of T. H. S. 1919 squad is the mentor of the Oakmont team.

The final game of the season was with Union High at Turtle Creek on Thanksgiving. The Union game was also played on a very muddy field. The locals were again the victors in this contest. The final score of this game was 7-0. The lone touchdown was made by "Goose" Geisler after a 65 yard run through a broken field.

In the nine games that Tarentum High played they won six, tied one and lost two.

FIRST T. H. S. GRID TEAM IN 1906

While discussing the success of the past football season it would be appropriate to consider the first team that represented Tarentum High in football. There are some who were on the team who are quite familiar to us yet and who are identified in local business activities while there are others who have left the town and who no doubt few students know.

The first Tarentum High school football team was organized in 1906. Previous to this time there were teams that represented themselves as Tarentum "Prep" teams. These teams were made up of the boys in the seventh and eighth grades. Strangely, it seems that at that time the boys in these grades ranged from 14 or 15 to almost 18 years of age. They were all large boys, too. In speaking with an old T. H. S. student the latter said that it was surprising when "several years ago several boys in knickerbockers entered high school." He added that few now enter the freshman year with long trousers.

The first team proved itself a strong aggregation. Without a coach the boys would practice in the rear of an old planing mill that stood on the site of the Masonic Temple. They would run through signals only, for they did not have enough fellows on their "squad" to have scrimmages. Their captain was Harper Boyd at present superintendent of the T. B. and B. Street Railways Co. The manager of the team was Frank Stewart a well known local newspaperman and real estate man.

This team had on the ends W. R. Kennerdell and Forrest Manker. Kennerdell is one of the members of the E. H. Kennerdell jewelry firm in this city. He was a fast end and was much better known by the moniker of "Newt." He is still a great sportsman. He is an ardent follower of all kinds of sport. Among some of his chief diversions are hunting large game, golf and skiing. Manker was a good end also. He is now living in Boston. The tackle positions were filled by "Moss" Nicholas, Roy Porter and Harry Euber. Nicholas is the only one of this trio that reains in Tarentum. He is a veteran of the late war and is an active member of the local post of the American Legion. There was seemingly ample material for the guard positions for we find that Ralph Lardin, Fred Kennerdell, Clifford Biehl and Thomas Lardin

played at thes e positions. Fred Kennerdell is also a member of the Kennerdell jewelry firm. Ralph Lardin and "Tom" Lardin are still residents of Tarentum. Clifford Biehl is now an accomplished tenor and has pleased large audiences all over the United States. The backfield was an array of speed. Quarter position was filled by Frank Walker and Riley Wilson. Wilson was the regular quarter. Walker also often played an end. Walker is now an accountant with the Steel Co. W. E. Flick and Capt. Boyd worked at the halves. Both were fast men and made credible showings with the team. Flick is now a well known undertaker. The late William Harrison played fullback on this team. He was a clean athlete and his death several years ago was sadly felt by his many friends.

And many thanks to those boys who started the greatest sport that Tarentum High has.

BASKETBALL SEASON HAS BANG-UP OPENING

The Tarentum High School 1921 basketball season opened with a bang when the local team beat the Pittsburgh Academy team 36-31 in the Grandview cage on Saturday evening, December 18.

This was the premier public appearance of the 1921 team and already comments are being passed on the showing that it will be able to make during this season. It was generally thought that the team would be considerably weakened by the loss of "Joe" Bartell. It is true that Joe was no doubt an individual player of the first degree, but from the appearance that the team made on Saturday evening it is plain to be seen that it will be able to take good care of itself in fast company. The team works together, every man apparently for his teammate and this is what wins the games. In their initial game the locals had to play against a team that has been playing basketball for the last month. Pittsburgh Academy beat some of the fastest teams in the Pittsburgh district and a victory for the locals against them in the latter's opening game is commendable.

Capt. Slaughter starred for the locals at guard. He made a pretty shot from the middle of the floor in the first canto. Bartell was the luminary at the forwards. Ernie made several difficult shots. Mosley also played a nice game. Berkes outjumped his opponent at center and also scored two pairs of counters from the field. Kline played his man well at the guard position. Coulter made an enviable showing in the few minutes that he was in the game.

Cheer leader Gephardt coaxed some voluminous noise from his chorus of rooters. There was a good attendance of students at the game. About 350 persons saw the game. The score::

Tarentum Hi 36		**P. Academy 31**
Bartell	Forward	Freeman
Mosley	Forward	Hays
Berkes	Center	Taubler
Slaughter	Guard	Bennett
Kline	Guard	Baranowski

Field goals—Bartell 5, Berkes 4, Mosley 4. Slaughter, Hays 5, Freeman 3. Baranowski. Foul goals—Bartell 8 out of 22; Baranowski 13 out of 20. Substitutions—Coulter for Mosley. Kennedy for Freeman, Freeman for Kennedy. Corbet for Bennett. Kennedy for Corbet. Time of periods—10 minutes. Officials—Referee "Eck" Henderson. Timekeeper, Dinsmore.

Don't jump at conclusions. It isn't good exercise.

∴ NOTES ∴

SENIOR NOTES.

Football Banquet.

"Who was with Jim at the banquet? What kind of a dress did Betty have? Were the eats good?" These are some of the questions afloat in the High School after the football banquet. The Seniors did their best to show the football men that they were proud of them. Everybody came dressed in his best bib and tucker and they surely looked nice. The toastmaster was Mr. Lantz. Everybody knows Mr. Lantz, so it need not be said how well he filled his position. Coaches Dinsmore and Fee spoke, and our boys could easily feel proud of their work. Mr. McCullough then told the boys what he thought about them. It surely must be nice to be a football man and have so many good things said about you. "Ick" Slaughter said his piece, and we realized what a "real" captain we had to lead and inspire the boys on the field. A review of the season was given by George Allison, a record of which everyone can be proud.

One of the old stars of T. H. S. was with us. Everyone says with pride, "Joe Bartell was a student of T. H. S." The class was very glad to have this hero at the banquet and have him meet some future stars like himself. A very amusing playlet was given by three Seniors, Pearle Sober, Manford Thompson and Clemens Swartz. The title of the playlet was "The Darkey Wood Dealer."

Some are perhaps wondering if it really was a banquet, because the eats have not been mentioned. The tables and hall were prettily decorated with red and black, also Christmas suggestions. The following menu was enjoyed:

Creamed Tomato Soup
Saltines Olives
Roast Pork
Sweet Potatoes Mashed Potatoes
Cranberry Jelly Stuffed Peppers
Hard Rolls and Butter
New Manhattan Salad
Frozen Dainty
French Pastry Demitasse

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

The four classes had "little girl" parties this month and everyone felt as though they were back to childhood—although some of them aren't far from it, especially in the lower classes. The Sophs held their party Dec. 13. Everyone was dressed as "kids" and, with their lollypop, what kid could ask for more? Each one was served with an ice cream cone and a sandwich. Kid games, such as London Bridge, Ring around the Posy, were enjoyed. At 10:30, Miss Goldinger, who forgot to be a grownup teacher and was also a little girl, made the move to go home, so everyone left with the feeling of having a good time and looking forward to next month's party.

The Sophomore class finished studying "The Merchant of Venice," and the following Saturday, Dec. 4, Miss Howe and Miss Yost chaperoned a party of girls to see the play at the Nixon Theater in Pittsburgh. The play was produced by Robert Mantell and company. Everyone appreciated the fine acting, especially the part of

Shylock, which was portrayed by Mr. Mantell. After the play the girls had dinner and then went to a movie.

FRESHMAN NOTES

The A Division of the Freshmen Latin Classes has completed the third declension and third conjugation and are thankful that they have only one more conjugation and two more declensions to learn. Bear up Freshies, it will soon be over.

Freshman girls, do you intend to play basketball? If so get your shoes and togs ready and come out to the first practice. Don't expect to make the varsity team this year but practice faithfully and perhaps by the time you are a Sophomore, Junior or even a Senior you will be able to make the varsity. "Practice makes perfect," you know.

Freshie English classes are now studying dramatization. Miss Kahl has given each class a play to work on. The best one will be given in chapel sometime before Christmas. Each of the classes are working very enthusiastically.

We Freshies admit that Algebra is rather difficult but the only way to get it is to work. Maybe by the time we are Juniors we'll know how to add and subtract positive and negative terms. We hope so anyway.

JUNIOR NOTES

The Junior History classes have concluded a detailed study of the Revolutionary War and have started on the colonization of the West and the Republic in the Making.

Macauley's "Life and Writings of Addison," has been taken up by the Junior English classes under Mr. Walker. The opinion of the students varies considerably; some declare it "dry"; others just so-so and some term it interesting. However it is rather a deep book and requires a great deal of study but it is a drill in good writing. The next book to be studied will be "Johnson" by the same author.

The Junior class ,as in all other branches of school life, is well represented in the orchestra this year. Junior members are: cornet, Harry Bowman; flute, Chester Crawford; saxophone, Ernest Bartell, and violins, Miss Young, George Giesler and Ward Nolf. The class also holds some claim to Walter Stewart, trap drummer. So in an orchestra of fifteen members this is a very good showing.

The Hi-Y club is planning a stag party for the football men, on December 27. According to all indications it will be an enjoyable affair.

Every Friday Mr. Walker permits the Junior English classes to give a program. These have been very successful and interesting and provide experience. Much talent has been discovered in these programs.

And how is the climate up there?

Having been astounded by seeing his death in an announcement in the paper, he rang up his friend and asked:

"Have you seen the notice of my death in the paper?"

"Yes," replied the friend, "Where are you speaking from?"

Reporter—I wish to see Mr. Robertson.

Servant—He's out now.

Reporter—Is his wife home?

Servant—She's out, too.

Reporter—I understand there was a fire here last night.

Servant—That's out, too.

∴ ALUMNI NOTES ∴

Tarentum Hi is well represented in higher schools of education.

Alice Bash, '18, Pitt.
Anthony Knoch, '17, State.
Francis Kiskadden, '19, Pitt.
Arthur Sober, '19, Pitt.
Stanley McFall, '20, Westminster.
Florence Derrick, '17, Ann Arbor.
Linnie Lowden, '18, Allegheny.
Ruth Stuart, '19, Indiana.
Jennie Deemer, '19, Pitt.
Mary Pleva, '19, Pitt.
Virginia Bert, '18, Indiana.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Jane Vogeley, '17, and Russell Smith, '15.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hemphill, formerly Katherine Houghton, '18, are living in Boston, Mass., where Mr. Hemphill, '17, is attending M. I. T.

Mrs. Gene Packer, (Glenna Wolfe, '11), is living in St. Louis, Mo.

Hugh Craig, '14, and Helen Huntsman who were recently married are now residing in Kittanning.

Mildred Pettigrew, '13 is teaching school in Colorado.

John Walker, '17, is one of the writers of the play to be given by the Pitt Cap and Gown Club.

Preston Love, a T. H. S. graduate, is candidate for postmaster.

Ernest Starke, '14, and Verne Eaton, were married December 9.

Mrs. Jane Goodwin Seele, '15, is now living in Tampa, Florida.

∴ ODDS AND ENDS ∴

There is a brand new rival,
On the high school facultee.
She's the dearest little teacher
That ever you did see.
She's quite an influential little girl, too,
If you please;
She'll soon command and order Daddy
To get everything she sees.
I don't know what her name is,
And it doesn't matter much,
For she'll be just as sweet
Without a name or such.
But I do know she's a darling.
And she's diplomatic, too,
For she will influence her Daddy
And that's more than "we" can do.
Congratulations. G. M. S. '21.

CHRISTMAS.

There is one time in all the year
That is just filled with cheer.
'Tis then the old forget their care
The young, of theirs, are unaware.
Holly and mistletoe you may see,
Curious bundles, big and wee.
Mysterious glances and wishful eyes,
With childish hopes as big as skies.
Happy the day in all its array,
Filled, we may say, with its presents gay,
Forgetful not of the love in it all,
Mindful of joy that comes to us all.

FASHIONS OF TODAY

Styles, styles, styles,
Styles of the newest mode,
Almost anything is worn today
If it is the latest vogue.

We see a model aged lady
Very hard pressed, we see
Very hard pressed, we see
With her daughter wearing woolen hose
And a flimsy dress up to her knee.

We notice also her hair is bobbed
And frizzled, I'm sure too much,
Her mother is ashamed of her, I think
For it resembles a large heap of brush

Oh I almost forgot to mention
Of the short jade coat she wore
And her cheeks were just a shade too pink
Though I've seen some girls use more.

Her collar was thrown clear open
And her neck was tightly bound
With a very small fur neck piece
Oh by far, the prettiest brown.

She wore a cute feather hat at an angle
She thought she was quite coquette
A pair of kid gauntlet gloves, completed
A toilette I can never forget.

Now girls which is most becoming
A conspicuous outfit like this
Or a nice dark dress, or a tailored suit
Or a quiet sailor hat. A. F. "22.

Policeman (to street musician)—"Have you a permit to play on the streets?"

Musician—"No."

Policeman (making him a prisoner)—"Then accompany me."

Musician—"With greatest of pleasure. What do you wish to sing?"

There were four little girls in the Senior class,
Who all had such beautiful hair,
They wore fans, rolls and puffs, piled high on their heads
And they always combed it with care.

Said the boys, "It's all false,"
"Most of it is not their own."
And, being overheard by some of the girls
They decided to show the boys their mistake, next
Morning wearing their hair in curls.

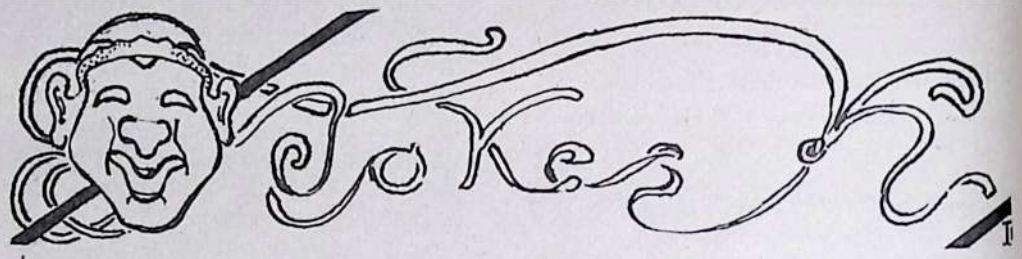
There was "Ike," with her kinky, black, curly hair,
With a black beau of ribbon tacked on with care.
She looked fairer and more bebautiful by far
Than any moving picture star.

There was Rosalie with her curls of brown,
And, oh! how long and thick!
How young and innocent she looked
Instead of frivolous and chic.

And Sally Petsinger looked awfully cute,
For Sally has wonderful hair.
It fell in ringlets around her sweet face,
With a little curl here and there.

And Thelma wore hers like she did in Eighth grade,
She had nice long curls, if they were hand-made,
Mr. McCullough asked her, "Who made the plan?
And she answered obediently, "Oh, you wouldn't understand."

If you see a smiling phrase
That really makes you grin;
Don't waste it just upon yourself
Cut it out and hand it in.



"Why should free seats in churches be abolished?"

"Because they make people good for nothing."

Silence is golden, they say, but some teachers seem to think it is only worth a zero.

"They tell me, Professor, that you have mastered all the modern languages—all the modern tongues."

Prof.—"All but two, my wife's and her mother's."

George—"How do you like my new shoes?

Bill—"Immense."

FULLY PREPARED

One Sunday afternoon as Fat Wadding and Johnny McGeary were engaged in looking at the pictures in their "Bible Story Book" they came to one of the Prophet Elijah ascending to heaven in a chariot of fire.

When Fat saw the halo about Elijah's head he cried, "Oh, Johnny, he's carrying an extra tire."

Mr. Walker—"What is an anecdote, Mr. White?"

White—"An anecdote is a short, funny tale."

Mr. Walker—"Quite right, and now, you may write on the blackboard a sentence containing the word."

White hesitated and then wrote: "A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote.

PRESERVING HIS DIGNITY

Daughter (having just received a beautiful set of mink skins from her father)—"What I don't see is how such wonderful furs can come from such a low, sneaking, little beast."

Father—"I don't ask for thanks, dear, but I really insist on respect."

Suitor, (in passionate tones)——"Just one dearest, just one."

Bass voice from upstairs—"No, it's not just one; it is 3 o'clock and time you were going, young fellow.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Freshie—What relief is that contribution box for?

Senior—For the relief of the suffering Quippus staff.

CONCISE

"Don't be so long winded in your reports as you have been in the past," said the manager of the Wildwest railway to his overseer. Just report the condition of the track as ye find it, and don't put in a lot of needless words that ain't to the point. Write a business letter, not a love letter.

A few days later the railway line was badly flooded and the overseer wrote his report to the manager in one line.

Sir: Where the railway was the river is. Yours faithfully.

Willie—"Pa won't let us keep a goat."

Mother—"Quite right. One's enough in this family."

Holiday Chocolates
Stationery
Fountain Pens
Manicure Sets
Toilet Articles
Perfumizers
French Ivory

Craig's Drug Store

"THE MODERN DRUG STORE"

THE ONLY ARCADE IN TOWN

344 FOURTH AVENUE

Smith's Drug Stores

FIFTH AVENUE AND LOCK STREET

"Tarentum's Best"

Stationery, Fountain Pens, Kodaks, Apollo Chocolates

MEET AT SMITH'S

Stewart Realty Co.

FIRE INSURANCE

WINDSOR MUSIC CO.

has served your fathers
for the last 26 years.
Why not let us serve you?
When in need of anything
musical, SEE

WINDSOR, the Piano Man

GIRT-SEFTON CO.

The best place to buy

CLOTHING, DRY GOODS AND CARPETS

How the HOOSIER Shortens the Day

If your hours in the kitchen drag on, and the day seems unnecessarily long, get the HOOSIER Kitchen Cabinet.

$1.00 delivers your Hoosier.

MILLER BROS. TARENTUM, PENNA.

FISHKIN'S

TARENTUM'S BIG STORE

312-14-16 CORBET ST.

ONE DOLLAR OPENS A SAVINGS ACCOUNT. WE WANT THE GIRLS AND BOYS TO COME TO THE TRUST COMPANY WITH THEIR BANKING BUSINESS

Tarentum Savings & Trust Co.

WE SERVE

Abraham Lincoln Said

"Teach economy, that is one of the first and highest virtues, it begins with saving money."

If you will stop and think for a moment over this saying you will realize that it is just as true today as it was in the time of our great President.

We aim to teach economy and practice it in our daily transactions. It is surprising when you learn of the number of great fortunes that have been begun by small savings deposited in a strong bank.

We welcome the accounts of school children that they might lay the foundation of a successful life.

Safe Deposit Bank

Tarentum, Pa.

THE BANK WHERE YOU FEEL AT HOME

The constant drop of water wears away the hardest stone,
The constant chewing Towser masticates the toughest bone,
The constant cooing Lover takes away the blushing maid,
The constant Advertiser is the one that takes the trade.

The National Bank of Tarentum

A Bank of Strength and Character.

The Peoples National Bank

RESOURCES OVER $2,000,000.00

OFFICERS

W. A. MARVIN, President
R. J. TOEPFER, Vice Pres.
JOHN R. LONG, Vice Pres.
JOHN P. CRAWFORD, Cashier
JOHN ARMSTRONG, Teller
HARRY E. GRINE, Teller

If you can't keep away from
home cooking go to

Broad's Restaurant

and

E A T

409 FOURTH AVENUE BELL 145-J

Compliments of

Tarentum News Co.

Telegram Printing & Publishing Co.

"BETTER PRINTING PAYS"

Engraved or Printed
Stationery
Announcements
Invitations
Cards

Publishers of

THE EVENING TELEGRAM

The Valley's Best Newspaper

Printers of "The Quippus"

Paul Caldwell's Drug Store

TARENTUM, PA.

THE PENSLAR STORE

IN BUSINESS FOR YOUR HEALTH

KODAKS DRUGS FILMS

SODA WATER WHITMAN'S CANDY ICE CREAM

Prescriptions Our Specialty

301 CORBET ST. Phone 9776 TARENTUM, PA.

When you have parties

Don't forget

Chantler's

Everything in the Grocery Line

BAKER

The Photographer takes everything in sight in the way of Photos, and makes them right.

East Sixth Avenue
TARENTUM, PA.

PALACE

The Home of Better
Motion Pictures

and the most comfortable and
sanitary theatre in the
Allegheny Valley

Our latest improved
ventilating system changes
the air every three minutes

PALACE TEA ROOM

MEZZANINE FLOOR

Delicious French Pastries
Sodas
Sundaes
Hot Drinks

Exclusive local agency for Fishel's Baked goods

THE QUIPPUS

-THS-

JANUARY, NINETEEN AND TWENTY-ONE

PHONE 366 TARENTUM

STAR THEATRE

COMFORTABLE & SANITARY
PERFECTLY VENTILATED.

HOME OF
SELECTED REFINED SILENT DRAMA & COMEDY
Presented in the better way

ADDRESS TO THE NEW YEAR.

O Good New Year! we clasp
  This warm, shut hand of thine,
Loosing forever, with half sigh, half grasp,
  That which from ours falls like dead fingers' twine.
Aye, whether fierce its grasp
  Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
  That it was blessed: let the old year go.

Friend, come thou like a friend,
  And, whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend
  We'll hold our patient hands, each in his place
And trust thee to the end,
  Knowing thou leadest onwards to those spheres
  Where there are neither days nor months nor years.

The Quippus

Published by Tarentum High School, Tarentum, Pennsylvania

VOLUME ONE JANUARY 1921 NUMBER THREE

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Pearle Sober, '21
Assistant Editor .... Marion Brown, '22
Associate Editor .... George Schied, '23
Athletic Reporter .. Clemens Swartz, '21
Business Manager .....
...Walter E. Montgomery, '22
Advertising Manager .....
..... Florence Williams, '23

Art Editor.....George Allison, '21
Senior Reporter ..... Mabel Arner, '21
Junior Reporter ... Alvin Silverman, '22
Sophomore Reporter .. Alice Shaner, '23
Freshman Reporter..Mary A. Brown, '24
Faculty Advisors ..... Miss Howe
Mr. Nease, Mr. Walker

CONTENTS

Staff ---------- 2

Editorial ---------- 3

Literary ---------- 5

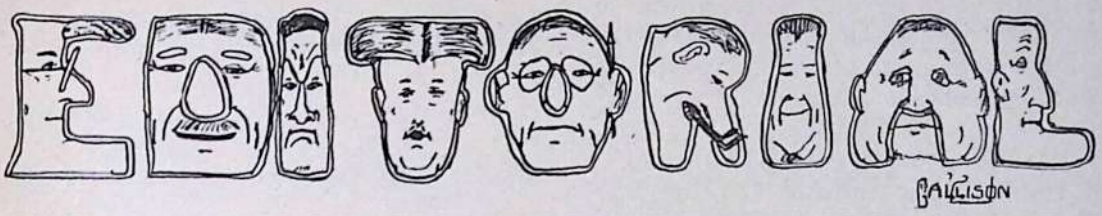
Athletics ---------- 10

Notes ---------- 12

Odds and Ends---------- 14

Alumni Notes ---------- 20

Jokes ---------- 21



RESOLUTIONS

New Year's Day seems to be the most common day for making resolutions, but every day should be a resolution day because each day brings many different problems and circumstances. We find resolution means a thing resolved, determined or decided upon. It may mean firmness, constancy or fortitude. Are our decisions and determinations always made for the best? We find all through life the world wants the best. A college offers scholarships to the best of students, employers offer advanced positions to their best employes. This business and intellectual world wants 100 per cent or none. Would not a proper and timely resolve be, to aim to be one of the best in the world?

Students can make resolutions and greatly benefit by them. As the school year is passing, grades should be pulled to the highest possible standard. An exemption grade is a worthwhile aim. As students our resolve should be to study, work hard and do everything to uplift our school.

As citizens we should be an asset rather than a liability to our town, the state, the nation. Citizenship is started in the home, then modified and enlarged by means of education and experience. We should resolve to be loyal, honest, wide-awake citizens and strive to strengthen our community. Just now the country is in need of people with aims to suppress the evils of crime. We should study the laws and help others do the right and save the country from getting into the hands of incapable people.

A resolution is not hard to make, but it is the execution of it that takes the will power. Let us make our resolves the highest and most uplifting for our own lives, our school and community.

EDITORIAL

What does the future hold for us as a nation? Is the coming year going to be a period of prosperity or one of depression? In comparing this country with others, one can hardly help being an optimist. Other nations have survived, why cannot we and prosper in the meantime, so that the future generations may look back upon this age with great satisfaction.

We must admit that the morale of the nation is very low. The minds of men have been and still are to some extent, restless, having been agitated by the recent war. They are suffering a reaction. Stupidity and demoralization have taken the place of the nervous as well as physical strength people exhibited during the war. Greed and hate, dishonesty and avarice have caused a great crime wave to spread over the country. It is hard to tell whether this "wave" has reached its peak or not; but it rather seems as though people are beginning to show a little respect for law and order.

The depression in business means only a lessening of commerce which follows, it seems, all wars. Prices on some commodities have been exorbitant and naturally people have refused to buy. Until the readjustment is completed, one cannot expect fair prices to all and consequently no marked pick-up in business. But, in

spite of this, it is surprising how few real failures or serious disasters ahve happened; things that might point to an approaching panic. The reason is probably because of the vast amount of money in the country.

Although we have loaned millions, destroyed other billions in the war and, unfortunately, wasted much more, we still have a great deal left. Many people are willing and anxious to put money in new enterprises. Many new companies have thus sprung into existence. Many great and new improvements are being made. Does this foreshadow a panic? Do people want to lose their money? The outlook for 1921 seems very favorable, from present indications.

DO YOU DO YOUR BIT?

What are you doing for The Quippus? It is very evident that the more you put into something the more you get out of it. The more contributions that are received the larger and better the paper will be. Everyone should understand that The Quippus is a paper gotten up for the students, by the students and about the students. It should not be a paper only for the staff and for the Seniors. Each student should aim to have some of his work published. Of course, it is impossible to publish all the material contributed, but one can at least try. Let us hear more from the student body.

A funny old man told this to me,
I fell in a snow drift in June, said he;
I went to a ball game out in the sea,
I saw a jelly fish float up in a tree;
I found some gum in a cup of tea,
I stirred my cream with a big brass key;
I opened my door on my bended knee,
I big your pardon for this, said he,
But 'tis true when told as it ought to be
'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see.

Study Hall

Study Hall is the place for noise,
The children bring with them their toys.
The teachers are sure their patience to lose,
The children do all their best tricks use.
The janitor then tries to roast
All the inmates to brownest toast.
The teacher always tries to freeze
The pupils, by letting in the breeze.

Our Principal

Our principal is cert'nly fine,
That is, when we are all on time.
Our feelings he can surely rouse
On the mornnig after the night of carouse.
When we're late 'tis often feared
The lion in his den to beard,
He's monarch of all he surveys,
At least so his glare conveys.
But after all he's not so bad,
For there's many worse to be had.

The Rest

The other teachers could be knocked
In a hundred different ways.
But they are the ones we'll want for friends
Before very many days.

The School

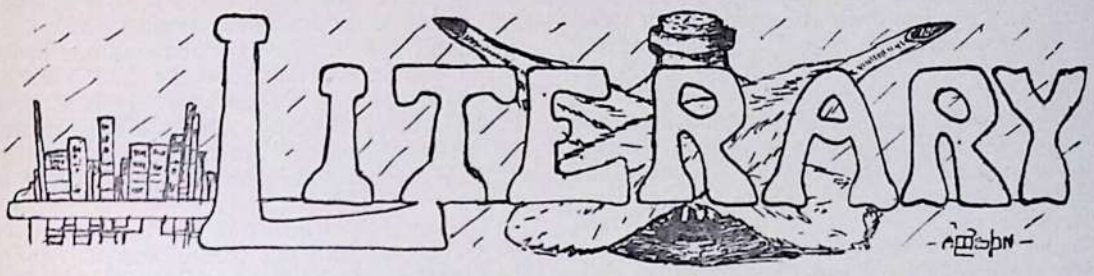
But after all it's a grand old school,
And has started many a fellow.
He has been taught the "Golden Rule"
And why not to stay out at night.
But still a brand new building would
With all the modern improvements,
Like gyms and chapels and a stage,
Be welcome; let's start these movements.

Deep—What is the technical name for snoring?

Short—Sheet music.

Philosopher—A kiss is the language of love.

School Girl—Well, why dont you say something.



HOW JANUARY GOT ITS NAME

January is named after Janus—a god of good beginning. This is a very good name for the first month in the year, when everyone wishes to make a good beginning. Janus was thought to control the progress of every undertaking. He is represented as having a key in his left hand to show that he opens the gate at the beginning of the year and shuts it at the end. He has two faces, one young, looking forward, and the other old, looking backward.

A few weeks ago the Stewart Realty Company conducted a contest. Students of the Freshman and Sophomore classes were eligible to enter. Essays were to be written on "Fires and the Ways of Preventing Them." A prize of $10 was awarded to Miss Grace Greiner of the Sophomore class for the following story:

CAREFUL VS. CARELESS

Ha! ha! laughs the demon Fire. What cares he for the sorrows of others? He delights to see someone do a careless thing, something which will cause them sorrow and woe. Fire! how short yet how terrible a word! It chills the hearts of fathers and mothers, when away from their loved ones, fearing disaster to their household. Everyone knows the horror when that shrill alarm of the fire truck sounds on its way to the scene of the fire, yet how few are those who are careful to prevent fire? Someone or something in your home may never have been burned, yet think that it is never too late for it to happen and be careful. This story, really an example of two families in their carefulness and carelessness is not new. In fact, it is very old, having occurred in millions of homes of yesterday, today and will happen tomorrow if people do not open their eyes to the fact that they must be careful.

Mr. and Mrs. Careless sat despondently by the open grate fire in the drawing room of their beautiful mansion, each waiting for the other to speak. The room in which they sat was not comfortable, having too many rich tapestries and hard-backed chairs, rather than softly-tinted draperies and cozy chairs. From the day of their marriage neither Mr. or Mrs. Careless could agree, yet neither had ever confessed it. They had reared four children: Sorrow, a small girl with a sad face which never lighted up in a smile; Wretchedness, a boy with a long name and a long face; Gloom, who never came into a room that he did not make its occupants sad and gloomy, and Despair, a girl who never got her studies and was despair in all ways, manners and customs. At this time the children were upstairs in the nursery quarreling, and the floor seemed to shake with the repeated stampings of feet and the house echoed with the shrill cries of Wretchedness. Then there was a banging of doors, the cry came nearer and nearer, till standing in the door of the drawing room was Wretchedness, completely enveloped in flames. Then he fell. His mother rushed toward him, grasped a rug and wrapped it about the child. The flames were extinguished but the boy was badly burned. No one asked how he had gotten burned. All were too sad and gloomy to think of it, till finally the mother asked: "Sorrow, please tell me how this happened?" Sorrow, her face saddened more than ever, said: "We were quarreling and I struck Gloom. Gloom fell against Wretchedness and knocked him into the open fireplace." The mother cry rang out: "Oh! I knew, yet I was so careless; why didn't I get a screen for the fireplace? Wretchedness is dying, and had it not been for my own carelessness I might have saved my boy." With this she rushed from the room, blinded by grief. The small boy lingered on for a week, then one night when the moon shone brightly over a peaceful earth the boy died, leaving a sorrow-stricken family who swore never again to be so careless and thoughtless.

In another home in the same town lived the Careful family. By a fireplace safely screened sat Mr. and Mrs. Careful, happy as larks. Mr. Careful was talking about the funny things which had happened in the office where he was manager. Mrs. Careful was speaking of the nice people who had moved in next door, etc. From the day they were married they had never had a cross word. They were both careful and agreeable. They had reared four darling children: Joy, a girl with a broad beaming face; Prudence, a small girl, very prim and prudent; Wisdom, the oldest boy, a bright fellow, the very essence of wisdom, and Strength, a chubby child of four years, who from babyhood had been very strong. Joy was, of course, the favorite of the family, how well she deserved the name. In the parlor, Joy was now sitting at the piano, playing and singing. Upstairs in the nursery, away from another screened fireplace, was Strength with some little toy dumb bells. Prudence was in the kitchen wiping the dishes which she placed in a shining row on the white kitchen cupboard. Wisdom, in his room, sat working diligently at a very hard geometry problem. In a little while he mastered it, straightened up sort of triumphant like and reached for his history, studied about "Frederick the Great and His Wars." Nowhere in the world could have been found a prouder father and mother of their children than were Mr. and Mrs. Careful. They knew that some day Joy would be a second Alma Gluck, that Strength would be able to fight the descendants of Dempsey, that Wisdom would be a world-famed philosopher and Prue would make the best wife in the world. They were thinking of this when the newsboy brought the evening paper. In glaring headlines were the following words: "Child of Great Wheat King Careless Badly Burned." Mrs. Careful, who loved everyone, although she had been snubbed unmercifully by Mrs. Careless, felt a profound pity for the mother of the child which lay, perhaps, now in the greatest suffering and danger. She could not keep the tears back and said, "George, I must go and comfort that mother." Her husband said, "My dear, you are the greatest little wife a man could have. I shall go with you on your mission of mercy and love." They needn't tell their children to behave and keep away from the matchbox and fire; carefulness was born and bred in them. They went to the home of the Careless family and were taken to the drawing room. The open grate seemed something out of place to the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Careful. Soon a very tired and disheveled woman came into the room. Her eyes were swollen from crying, her face white and drawn. She poured out her heart to the comforting woman she had but the day before passed by with the slightest nod. A week later, during which Mrs. Careful had almost lived at the Careless' home, the child Wretchedness died, as I have said before.

The Careful children were introduced to the Careless children, which was at first a poor policy, as the gay Careful children could not make Despair, Sorrow or Gloom laugh or play, yet they did not despair. Mr. Careful had spoken to Mr. Careless about his lack of fire preventions in his largest wheat granaries, where all his wealth was stored. When anyone spoke to Mr. Careless about fire, it always brought a cloud upon his brow that Mr. Careful did not like to see, and so he ceased to speak of fire, its preventions or anything about it. One morning about a year after the death of Wretchedness, Mr. Careless, with Mr. Careful, was walking through his large storehouses making sure that all was ready for the next day's shipment. He threw his cigarette which he was smoking to one side, seemingly unaware of what he had done. Mr. Careful noticed the action and rushed to where the cigarette lay, tramped it till no spark remained, then picked it up and threw it out the window. Mr. Careless shook Mr. Careful's hand and was very much ashamed of being so careless. All the grain was in very good order, but Mr. Careful again suggested that Mr. Careless have the water line, which was only in the back of the storehouse, extended to all parts of it. He knew that the pipe line would only cost a paltry sum. If his building should catch fire he would lose thousands of dollars, because he did not even have fire extinguishers. He did not think he needed to have the pipe line extended that day, because in an unwise thought he believed fire would not come on so short a notice.

Mr. Careful shook his head, feeling discouraged, as he believed in the old proverb, "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today." Then he decided on a plan of his own. He sent a fake telegram to Mr. Careless, calling him away on business. Then when the stage was set, he hired some men and with the help of the office fellows and his friends he extended the pipe to all parts of the storehouses, and at every length of pipe he placed a spray. That night, from some unknown origin, the storehouse caught on fire. Mr. Careful awoke with a sense of fear, and as his house stood in full view of the storehouses he saw through his windows a red light sort of creeping through a

black, black aisle, licking here and there, going out and then coming on again, and he realized that the storehouses were on fire. He hurriedly dressed and was at the scene of the fire before anyone else. He rushed to a place where a low line of fire was creeping along the sacks of wheat and turned on the spray. Almost immediately the fire was extinguished. Mr. Careful came out of the building after being thoroughly satisfied that the fire was out and everything was safe. Just then he heard the whistle of the midnight train as it pulled into the depot. He knew Mr. Careless was one of the passengers on it. He mingled among the crowd which had gathered about the storehouse. He bade them good night, and just as he was about to cross the street a taxicab came to a sudden stop in front of the building. Out stepped Mr. Careless with a look of wonder upon his countenance at the crowd gathered about his warehouse. He was informed by one of the men just what had happened, also of the miraculous feat which had been performed in extinguishing the fire so promptly. He was amazed, and when he questioned the man he learned how this feat had been performed and of what Mr. Careful had done in the way of erecting the pipe line and spraying system which had proven most efficient. He turned about and faced Mr. Careful and tears of gratitude filled his eyes. He grasped the hand of Mr. Careful and thanked him in a stammering way, but everyone who saw the expression on his face read the appreciation of the fact that he was more than thankful. Also that he had a man in his employ who had the courage to take the reins in his own hands, as it were, and do the thing that he should have done long before. He put his arm about the waist of Mr. Careful, just like a fond brother, and led him to a taxi and took him to his home. As he bade him good-bye, Mr. Careless assured him and Mr. Careful had no reason to doubt that he would carry out his assurance that from that time on he would give more thought to fire protection in his home and in his business, and that he would also teach his children the advisability and necessity of being careful in everything all through life that would pertain to fire protection and safety.

—o—

WHAT THE BELL TOLLED

One evening as Fat Wellinger was standing in front of the High School he saw Edith Barnes running to tell Ruth Davidson that Bud Kimes had broken his arm while running to tell Doc Kline that Elizabeth Campbell had lost her diamond ring while running to tell Vi Huber that Ernie Bartell had lost his balance while running to tell Mabel Arner that Thelma Mahaffey had lost five pounds while running to tell Josie Nease that Clemens Schwartz wrecked his Ford while racing to tell Lee Erdman that Ike Harvey had fallen for Glen Wolford while running to tell Helen Hazlett that Peg Girt had said silk stockings had come down 13 cents a pair.

—o—

REMEMBER!

'MEMBER!
WHEN yer was a Freshie?
AN' sneaked in?
TH' High School?
ON the First?
Day?
AN' yer didn't know ?
WHERE ter go?
OR nothin'?
AN' yer was scared stiff?
AN' yer hunted all over?
FER "Room 2"?
BUT couldn't find it?
AN' some girls?
LAUGHED at ya?
AN' yer got red?
AS anything?—
'MEMBER?
GEE, will I ever forget it?

E. B. '22.

Nothing to Eat

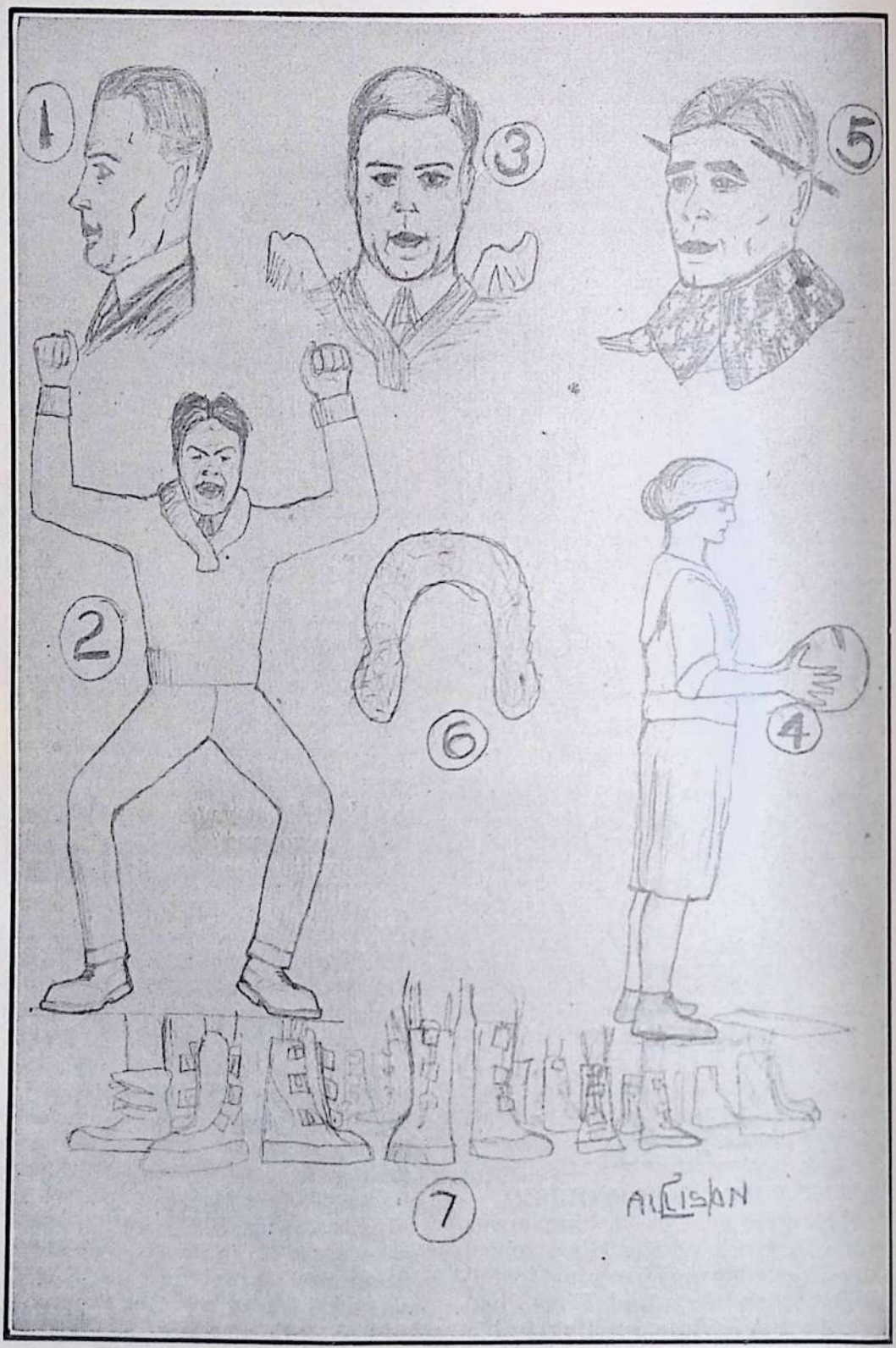
Old Mammy Mary Persimmons called one day on the village lawyer.

"Well, old lady," he said, "what can I do for you."

"Ah wants to divo'ce mah husband," said Aunt Mary.

"Divorce your Uncle Bill!" cried the lawyer. "Good gracious, why?"

"Bekase he's done got religion, dat's why," said Aunt Mary, "an' we ain't had a chicken on de table fo' six weeks."


1
3
5
2
6
4
7
ALLISON

WHO'S WHO IN T. H. S.

No. 1. Most of us know this gentleman, or at least ought to. The principal of our high school, Mr. McCullough, is hard to beat, in our opinion, as a man and as a principal.

No. 2. No, Cytherea, this isn't an esthetic dancer or even a trained monkey. It's merely Clarence Gephart yellin' 'imself 'oarse and pleading vociferously (gulp) with you to do the same. Notice Clarence's boyish blush.

No. 3. Friends, Romans and countrymen, lend him your eyes. For he is Walter Wellinger, president of the Senior Class of T. H. S., and one of the most capable, affable and sizable fellows in the school. Fat was also a guard on the grid squad and always did what was required of him in a very saintly manner (as a Senior president should).

No. 4. We challenge anybody in the whole school to shoot fouls any more accurately than Vera Hawk, '21. At the Parnassus game she shot seven straight, which is a whole lot better than some of our fellows can do. Come to Grandview gym on Friday afternoons and see our girls' team and Vera. They're something to be proud of.

No. 5. Bill Peet II. and Lem Schwartz I. is the cognomen given this handsome young fellow. It was reported that Lem had just turned down a $15,000-a-year from the N. Y. Sun as their chief sporting editor. Lem said he couldn't bear to leave Tarentum, and as money was nothing to him he decided to continue to honor us with his presence in T. H. S., for which we all may be extremely thankful and justly proud.

No. 6. Last month some sarcastic poet called "Ike" a movie star! No, indeed! She has all the movie stars beat. Ye artist felt he was not equal to the task of portraying her er-ah countenance, so the gentle reader can do that for himself.

No. 7. Do you belong to any of these arctics?. They're mighty valuable now, y'know.

THINGS THAT COUNT IN THE NEW YEAR

Not what we see, but what we choose.
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness."

The old year has passed away forever, while in its place there stands a new one, new in every sense of the word. It holds a portion of your life —just as you will take it. It is yours to make or break, to appreciate or cast aside as useless. For as it is expressed by an exchange, "Today is what you have, what you are and what you do. But if you haven't anything and aren't anybody—and do nothing—why then there is no today for you."

This year is new, it holds all—music, art and literature. It holds joy, work and play. Last year is no problem, for it is past. Next is no problem, for it is not here. In this year are opportunity and chance held in supremacy.

This is the New Year—your year to start new. The center of your life may revolve about this year. For

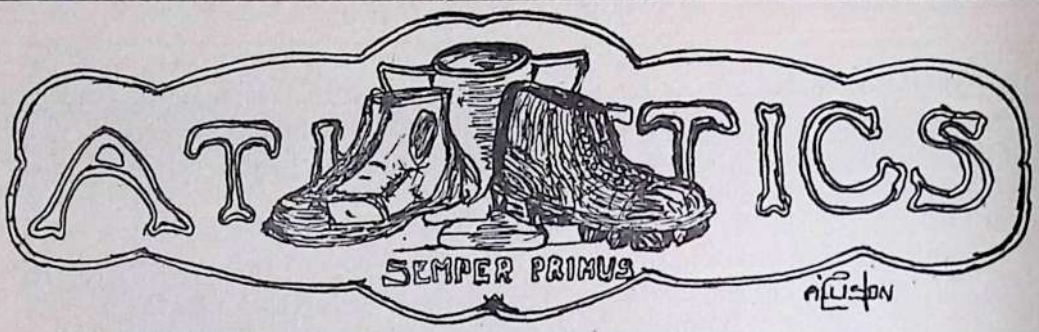
"The things nearby—not things afar,
Not what we seem, but what we are.
These are the things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not as we take, but as we give,
Not as we pray, but as we live.
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after time shall cease."

—Outlook.

But above all do not fear the year. Things that do not count, cast them from your life. Work—help—and love in this new year, for 1921 will never dawn again.

—G. M. S. '21.



SKATING POPULAR WITH HI STUDENTS

"Go out for something," is Principal W. S. McCullough's edict. Every one must have physical exercise. There are scores of different ways to exercise. One popular diversion which is being encouraged now is skating. The lake is good and is frequented by many high school students. The better place for skating is the new Fairmount park artificial glacial lake. Adequate lighting is provided and skating at night rendered a real pleasure. It is easily accessible by the trolley. It is kept in the best of condition by the T. B. & B. Car company. Why not an inter class skate?

FORD CITY LOSS PUTS T. H. S. OUT OF FIRST PLACE

The 38-24 loss at Ford City has put T. H. S. out of first place in the Sixth Section of the W. P. I. A. L. league. The Ford City team will likely retain their position in the 1.000 column until they meet Tarentum at Grandview. It is not thought that any teams in Section Six can beat the leaders if Tarentum can't.

We are not alibi howlers, but the thing that lost the game at Ford City was the floor. The floor at Ford City is a perfect square and presents a striking contrast to the fine Grandview parquet. The Tarentum boys seemed at sea on this floor for a while. The Tri-State News representative of the Ford City district conceded that "Tarentum did have the best team" and "that the floor running and passing of the visitors was superior to the local team."

GIRLS PUT UP GOOD FIGHT FOR SCHOOL

The T. H. S. Varsity Sextette is holding up the honor of the school on the floor as well as the boys are. They won their first game from Parnassus by a 33-16 score. Capt. Bark's lassies are working fine and show real fight on the floor. The day is far past when one can consider the boys only to be counted in athletics and another is near at hand when the girls will be in big athletics.

Girls' Basketball

The varsity practice on Thursday and Friday afternoons has been well attended. If this keeps up, in a very short time a team will have been made up which it will be hard to beat. A very good team is needed for some of the games they have scheduled.

At a recent meeting, Nellie Bark, a member of the Junior class, was chosen captain. She has made a very good record in basketball and was awarded a letter last year. From all indications she will make a very good captain.

The classes have not organized their teams yet, probably because there has been so few out to practice. Basketball is one of the best athletic games and everyone should participate who can. It is the only form of winter sport the school has, as a

school, and handicapped because of the lack of a gymnasium is the only form of gymnastics. It is a game which develops one greatly, physically as well as mentally and morally.

See if you cannot arrange to practice at some of these hours:

Senior ----------4-5 Monday
Freshman ----------5-6 Monday
Junior ----------4-5 Tuesday
Sophomore ----------5-6 Tuesday

STANDING OF SEC. VI, W.P.I.A.L.

(To Saturday, Jan. 15.)

Ford City	3	0	1.000
New Kensington	3	0	1.000
Tarentum	2	1	.667
Apollo	2	1	.667
Parnassus	1	2	.333
Vandergrift	1	2	.333
Arnold	0	3	.000
Kittanning	0	3	.000

Section VI Scores

Tarentum 31; Apollo 14.
Tarentum 48; Parnassus 24.
Tarentum 24; Ford City 38.
Ford City 27; Kittanning 21.
Ford City 54; Arnold 20.
Arnold 28; New Kensington.
Apollo 27; Vandergrift 23.
Vandergrift 21; Kittanning 16.
Kittanning 9; New Kensington 21.
Parnassus 19; New Kensington 36.
Parnassus 38; Vandergrift 35.
Tarentum 55; Vandergrift 20.

VANDERGRIFT WINS EXTRA PERIOD CONTEST

Vandergrift H. S. defeated Kittanning Hi at Vandergrift January 13 in an extra period contest at the end of the second half the score was tied at 16. An extra period was resorted to and the home team nosed the visitors out by a 21-16 score.

Another real good skater is the versatile Pim. And don't forget Jim Scott.

SPORT PICK UPS

Speaking of skating, Ruth Williams likes it very well. She says at first she got too familiar with the ice and that it flew up and hit her on the back of the head. When she returned from the lake one day someone asked her how long she was on the ice. She replied, "The biggest part of the time."

"Doc" Kline has been playing a good game as a guard on the Hi Varsity five with apparently little credit.

After all the scoring's done
There is really only one
And Leonard, Leonard, that's you.

About a dozen pairs of goulashes accompanied the team to Ford City last Friday night and their flopping created quite a sensation, let alone commotion in that quiet town.

"The team will have to fight hard from now on to regain their place in the league leaders. They will have to nose out all contenders up to the close of the season. It is up to the students to push, too. Nothing encourages a fellow on the floor more than a hearty crowd of rooters outside the cage. Boost the team and the team will boost its own position in Section VI.

Mother—"Willie, if you put this piece of wedding cake under your pillow whatever you dream will come true."

Willie—"Why can't I eat the cake and put the pillow over my stomach?" —Life.

Teacher (after a lesson on snow)—As we look around on a cold winter's day, what do we see on every hand?

Pupil—Gloves.—Life.

What has a mouth that never eats and a bed that never sleeps? A river.

∴ NOTES ∴

SENIOR NOTES

Let's go, Seniors! Let's go!

The Senior girls "went" on the afternoon of January 14. This was the rst of a series of general assemblies planned by the girls. The Seniors furnished the program and it proved to be one that the other classes will have to work to excel. Jean Warner, general chairman of the girls, gave an introduction telling of girls' activities in other schools and those planned by T. H. S. Miss Iama Nut (really Ruth Wliliams) told of "Misfits in School Life." Her story was quite different than the one given by Josie Nease. In a letter she showed how much one can get out of school life if they put something in. A parody to "Margie" was sung by a group of girls. It was written by Laura Nicholas. A contrast of ways by which two girls entered society was given by Pearle Sober. A stunt "Jack-in-the-Box" was given by Ike, Mike and Ike, namely Sally Petsinger, Laura Nicholas and Helen Dougherty. The programme received hearty applause.

The Seniors are now passing through something sublime — the study of "Burke's Conciliation With the Colonies." It is difficult, but if the class doesn't get the work it is not a fault of Mr. Walker's teaching, for he sure knows "Burke." This work has always proven a "Jonah" for Seniors. Class of '21, let's make the most from its study.

French.

The Senior French class is beginning "La Question D'Argent," by Alexander Dumas. This play is very interesting on account of its wit, its discussion of subjects of general interest and its fine character studies. At this time when everyone is trying to get rich quick by fair or unfair means, it is especially good. The book is read as a play in class, the various students taking the parts of the characters of the play. This is somewhat different from the work which has been done before, and everybody likes it.

In connection with the study of Burke, the Seniors are also studying the parliamentary rules of organizing a meeting. Some experts have been found to fill the position of chairman. Strange to say, although women have the vote, the male species have the majority when it comes to the number participating. The girls can always find excuses. Are they bashful or do they need to be coaxed?

JUNIOR NOTES

The Juniors are studying "Macbeth," preparatory to dramatizing it at a later time. It has been the custom for some years for each Junior class to give it, trying to surpass the preceding one. With the practice and the unusual ability (?) it is doubtful whether any class will ever surpass '22.

The algebra classes are having a terrible time trying to figure out how nothing equals something, but then you know, that's algebra. Always trying to make something out of nothing.

The classes are now deep in the complex mysteries of the French verb. It is hard to tell whether they will come out alive or not. It cannot have been so very dull because one of the members has not had a good nap for

some time. We all fear that this dreadful dissipation will bring awful results.

In one of the Junior public speaking classes, Miss Kahl said that she had a sketch of which the two characters were insane. She immediately selected Chester Crawford and Ethel Balentine to work upon it.

FRESHMAN NOTES

The Freshie Science classes have completed the course assigned in electricity, as set forth by the book. Mr. Fee has explained it as thoroughly as possible and they have found it quite interesting. The tenth experiment has been performed.

The Latin classes are studying comparison of adjectives and adverbs. They are both somewhat difficult, but getting them first is better than later after we have passed on to something else.

The fourth declension comes next, and they are anxious to know whether it is harder or easier than the other three.

Whether they will get good marks or not is all that is bothering the Algebra classes now, it seems, since the six weeks' tests have been given. Square and cube root have not been very easy.

The usual recitations are being given in Miss Kahl's public speaking classes. Patriotic selections are preferable because of the month of February.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Soph girls are planning to organize a basketball team. All the girls who have hopes of gaining a position on the team should go out and practice. You know, as said many times before, practice makes perfect. A perfect Soph team is wanted, so girls, get busy.

On account of the Christmas holidays there wasn't a meeting of the girls last month, but one was held January 14. The Seniors gave an interesting program and we only hope the other classes will do as good or better. Miss McNease certainly started something good when she inaugurated the girls' gatherings, and every girl looks forward to the next one.

"Daddy" Lantz looked o'er his specs
to say,
"What is the text of our lesson today?"
He peered down at his book and says
he
"I guess we take—the anatomy."

The class looked up and the class
looked down,
And every pupil began to frown.
For this takes up everything under
creation,
Foods and dietaries, circulation and
oxidation.

Believe me kindly, if you want to
know
About anything from your head to
your toe,
Ask any of Lantz's pupils, and you
will see
That he taught them well—the anatomy. —A. S. '23.

Uncle William taking his nephew for a ride in his motor car, hearing an explosion in the immediate neighborhood, said—"Get out Jimmy and look at the tire to see if it is flat.

"It looks pretty good," said Jimmy after inspection, "it's only flat on the bottom side."

It takes sand to propose but rocks to marry.

∴ ODDS AND ENDS ∴

JUST IMAGINE

Mr. Lantz tall and thin.
Bob Hammond short and fat.
Walter Stewart in a hurry.
Jean Warner playing hook.
Harry not talking to Gwendolyn.
Rosalie Walters sitting still five minutes.
Bernice without her color scheme.
Mr. Walker without a joke.
Thelma without her French.
Miss Yost never saying, "No talking."
Helen Hazlett not vamping.

MODERN NURSERY RHYMES

Mary had a pair of arctics,
They came with her to school.
It made the students laugh and talk
To see such things at school.

Clem Schwartz had a pair of skates.
Clem Schwartz had a grand big fall.
All the fair damsels and all who were there
Were needed to lift poor Clem up again.

The poor old editor went to the box
To get what material was there.
But when she got there
The box was found bare,
And the editor went home in despair.

Poor little Edna has lost her puff
And can't tell where to find it.
Leave it alone and sooner or later
Your neighbor'll return it to you.

Little Miss Rosalie sat in study hall
Listlessly gazing upon the old wall.
There came up a mouse and sat down beside her,
And now Miss Rosalie will sit there no more.

Spend a quarter to see a game,
To see our boys beat any old team.
With victory behind and victory ahead
They play a good game wherever they're seen.

———o———

With apologies to Service.

It isn't the foe that we fear,
It isn't the enemy's line,
It isn't the business career
Of a backfield, that wishes to shine;
It's not the drop kickers who seek
To nip our young hopes in the bud,
It isn't the fumbles
That worry us so
It's the mud, the mud, the mud.

It isn't the melee we mind,
Aye, that always is rather good fun:
It's not the discomfort we find
When walked on, by over a ton,
It isn't a hard hitting line
That gives us a positive pain,
It's the soaking we get
When the weather is wet
It's the rain, the rain, the rain.

It isn't defeat that we fear,
It isn't the muscles so sore,
It isn't the scrimmage we fear,
In fact, that is what we are for.
It isn't the knock-outs and things
Make us wish we were back in the fold,
It's the fingers that freeze
In the boreal breeze
It's the cold, the cold, the cold.

Oh the cold and the rain and the mud
The mud and the cold and the rain,
With the weather at zero
It's hard for a hero
From language that's rude, to refrain
With your uniform weighing a ton,
And a sky that is pouring a flood,
The worst of our foes
Are the pains and the woes
Of the cold and the rain and the mud.

D. C. '24.

POETRY

The Pessimist

Algebra is so hard this year
I know I'll fail, for sure.
And History greatly do I fear
Unless the teacher's curse I cure.
And English, it is such awful stuff;
With French, that's worse than ever.
To get my English I'll have to bluff,
But get that danged French, never.
All the teachers seem to pick on me,
I get bawled out every day.
It's this part I cannot see,
For the others have their own way.
—M. C. '22.

FAREWELL TO THEE

The very best of friends must part
And though it grieves me to the heart
It is alas, Fate's harsh decree
That I must part—must part from thee.
Oh! I shall miss thee very much
For oftentimes thy tender touch
Has gently—gently—stroked my cheek,
And yet another I must seek—
Another one to take thy place,
And smooth with soft caress my face.
No more I need thy loving aid—
My worn out safety razor blade!

POORIBUS BOYIBUS.

Theiribus wasibus a sweet girliorum,
Also a boyibus very tallorum.
Thisibus boyibus courtus girliorum
Andibus thereibus was much loviorum.

Onceibus this boy called on sweet girliorum,
Theyibus satibus in the parlorum.
Thereibus wasibus much talkiorum
Tillibus paibus called his sweet girliorum:

"Sendibus thatibus boy right homeorum,
Heibus is a nuisanciorum!
Iibus wishibus a little sleeporum
Iibus cantibus with that talkiorum.

Tellibus himibus to come tomorrorum
Whenibus noneibus wish to sleeporum
Thenibus you discuss your loveorum
Andibus I wil not botherorum.

Nextibus dayibus tall boyus comorum
Toibus seeabus girl in parlorum.
Paibus comibus in with rageorum
Kickibus boyibus into streetorum.
Dontibus come againibus, boyorum,
Cried the paibus very angorum.
Iibus sawibus you kiss my girlorum,
Therefore I kiickibus you from houseorum.

Hazlett, '21.

Little cans of raisins
Little cakes of yeast,
Little jugs of grape juice
Revive a thing deceased.

High Hopes of the Seniors

That they will not need to deliver orations at Commencement.

That they will be exempted from final exams.

That the Juniors will give them as good a banquet this year as they gave last.

That the underclassmen will look upon them with reverence.

That they will have first choice in anything that is to be chosen.

That Mr. Walker will not give any more exams on "Burke."

That all the members of the class will pay their dues. No names mentioned, but some in mind.

Jean: "Oh, don't you think these lifesavers are thrilling?"

Josie (absently) "Yes, they often take my breath away.

What is the biggest room in America?

Room for improvement.

The largest single round sum of money one usually sees is a silver dollar.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 18, 1931.
Editor of T. H. S. Quippus,
Tarentum, Pa.

Dear Sir—Within the past few months it seems I have heard quite a bit of news concerning former T. H. S. classmates and students, and I thought it might be interesting news for Alumni Column of the paper. Our alumni association is surely doing splendid work in the way of keeping alumni in touch with one another. This will seem somewhat of a gossip party because I got letters from different friends and it seemed each one knew a little concerning the whereabouts of someone I formerly knew.

I was quite surprised when I learned that Fat Wellinger had entered the ministry and and was now in charge of one of the large New York churches. Dr. George Kline, now an osteopath, lives several blocks from Fat, and they have some very pleasant visits with one another. Last week I learned that a new restaurant had been opened here in town. Upon inquiry, I learned two classmates of mine were the proprietors, Jean Warner, after teaching domestic science for several years, has married James Scott, and it seems Jim is owner of a chain of restaurants similar to the Childs'.

Sousa's band gave gave a concert here last month, and it has as assistant director Harry Bowman, once our cornetist. Violet Huber and Eleanor Hazlett are now conducting a dressmaking establishment. I guess they specialize in "elderly ladies' apparel."

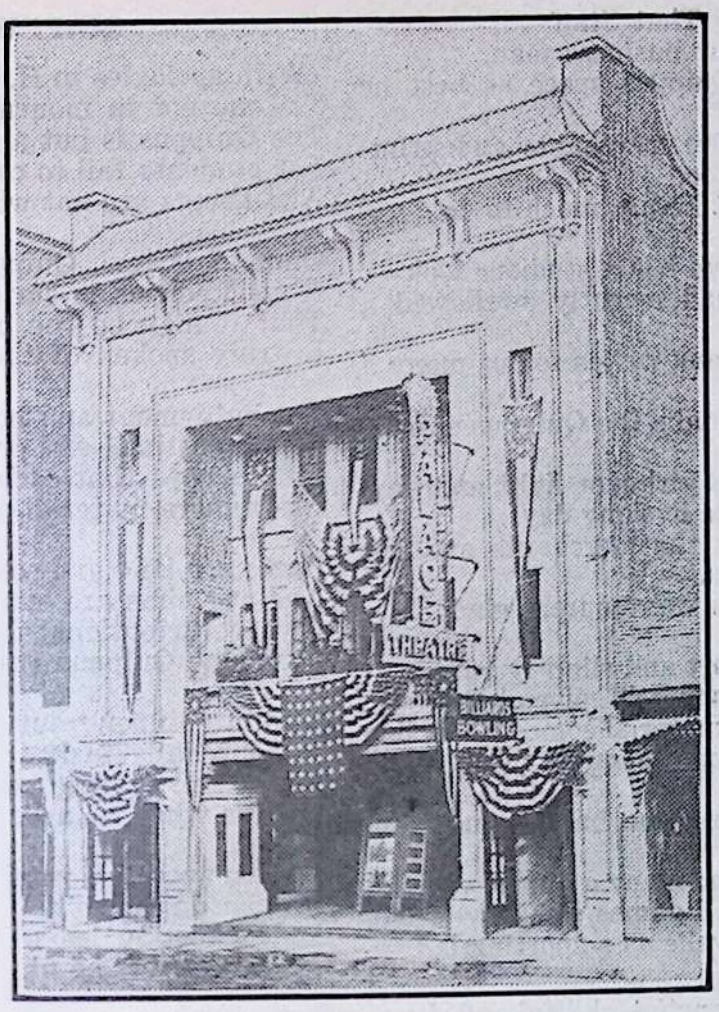
While traveling through the West last summer I chanced to meet some Los Angeles movie favorites. Among these were Bernice Rutherford and Edna Dougherty.

I attended church service conducted by Rev. Manford Thompson of Los Angeles Presbyterian Church. Betty Lardin and Grace Greiner were the soloists. I was much pleased with the music, and when the organist faced the congregation I saw it to be none other than Leroy Marshall. He is teacher of pipe organ in that city and during my visit there I attended a very pleasing recital given by Mr. Marshall. While in San Francisco I visited Edith Barnes, now cartoonist for the San Francisco Times. In Chicago I decided to visit the factory of Sears, Roebuck & Co., and there I met Rosalie Walters, their chief fashion model. Rosalie told me I was just two blocks away from the undertaking establishment of Clem Schwartz. Clem was well and very much alive, even though everything around him seemed to be dead. Clem had spent the former evening with Artie Bartell, now chief salesman for Armour Packing Company. Artie had just received a large order from Joe Evans, now living in Rio de Janeiro. Joe holds large interests in a rubber refining company. In Wyoming, I spent several days with George Scheid, now owner of a large ranch. George had a trip to town and I decided to journey with him in the old Ford. We went to the bank, and I certainly was surprised when Charles Goetz, the cashier, waited upon George. He told us Bill Yost had taken up a claim about 30 miles from there, but my time was too limited to visit Bill.

Not long ago I had a letter from Mary Hammond. She is much interested in her work as gym teacher at Vassar. Helen Hazlett has become quite a suffragette and now is one of Ohio's principal stump speakers. Louise McVicar has entered the political world and is now a member of the Ohio Legislature.

Edith Wolfe is Dean of Allegheny College and Nellie Bark is teacher of French and Latin in that institution.

I heard George Allison was expected home soon. After completing architectural work at Tech and Harvard, he went abroad for several years



PALACE THEATRE, TARENTUM

and now his work is completed.

I know you will think my letter quite long, but I had so much news that I had to send some of it to "The Quippus." I certainly feel proud to be a member of that class of '21 who revived the school paper.

Best wishes for the continued success of "The Quippus," and all those who may be concerned with it.

A SENIOR, '21.

The same reason some nations love Uncle Sam is the same reason the first baby is named after the uncle who has the most money.

1921

1 by one the years are slipping,
Though be9ly they have run,
Others have been far 2 gripping,
What will this have lost or 1?

—Life.

Prepared

"How many law books will you want to carry to court, counselor?"

"Not over four. It's only a ten-dollar dog case."

It is a great satisfaction now and then to see a woman's hat and recognize it as such.

That Staff

Walter is our business man,
Who sells Quippus space as best he can,
With visits to merchants and printers, too,
We find that he has much to do.

Marion Brown has a studious look
As if she had recently swallowed a book.
She studies and writes for us many a line
In order to make the Quippus shine.

Florence is a girl ever light and gay,
Happy all the livelong day.
She talks to the merchants and get us ads,
And for this we're surely glad.

Schied is short and slightly wide,
But from work he'll never hide.
All kinds of material comes in his line
And as a help he's surely fine.

Lem at each game has a pencil and pad,
And many and many a line he will add
Concerning all games we've ever had,
He's wide-awake as a sporting lad.

George is our artist, skillful and clever
Without him we could do never.
He's quite handy with pencil and pen,
We're always in need of just such men.

Pearle is a girl with shoulders broad,
She always has a jolly laugh.
Her burdens are many and sometimes odd,
Because she is chief of the Quippus staff.

Surprised

Elderly Hostess—"So you are the daughter of my old friend, Margaret Blank. I was at your christening 18 years ago—but how you've changed."

QUIPPUS.

(With apologies to H. W. Longfellow)
Tell me not in mournful words
The Quippus is but a dream.
For students fail to contribute,
And things are not what they seem.

Quippus is real, Quippus is earnest,
A good edition is our goal.
That it may be the best
Is truly spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to hope that each tomorrow
Finds more material on the way.

Pages are long and contributions few,
And our aims are stout and brave.
Give contributions old and new
That The Quippus you may save.

As you go upon your way,
In your daily task,
Do not fail to have your say.
Give us what we ask.

Other papers all remind us,
We can do our bit.
And departing leave behind us
One that's just as fit.

Papers that perhaps another
Reading once and then again,
May realize there is no other
Better than written by our pen.

Let us all be up and writing
Anything a-tall.
Still a-writing, still a-working,
To fill that box in the hall.

Tailor—"Do you want a cuff on the trousers?"

Customer: "Do you want a slap on the mouth?"

Hue—Were you ever in an auto that turned turtle?

Yost—No; my old car acts more like a lobster.

A STUDENT'S RESOLUTIONS

Resolved—

1. That I will be a better student in the year 1921 than in 1920.

2. That I will bluff the teachers every time an opportunity permits.

3. That I will have a jolly time in school, yet not to get lower than "G."

4. That I will do my utmost to receive an exemption from tests.

5. That I will attend as many basketball games as my quarters permit.

6. That I will not chew gum, pass notes, nor talk unless the above can be accomplished without teacher's notice.

7. That I will have no yellow slips.

8. That I will have no tardy marks.

9. That I will do enough night work to get me through each day's classes.

10. That I will not be a "kidder" after all, but will be 100 per cent efficient in every possible way.

T is for taste of material we use,
H is for humor, punk as it is,
E is for errors, may there be few.

Q is for quality, old and new,
U is for up-to-date, which we hope this to be,
I is for ideas, whatever they be.
P is for pep and purpose good
U is for usefulness, for which we've stood.
S is for service we render to you.

No. He Was Tired.

"Some people believe that 13 at table is unlucky."

Wonder if that's why the maker of the multiplication tables stopped at 12.

The Greeks used an instrument called the lyre. The instrument is now a mouth organ.

"How are you?" I asked the blind man.

"I can't see nothing wrong," replied he.

"And you?" I inquired of the tailor.

"Sew-sew," came back his answer.

"How's your health?" I prayed of the lame person on the street.

"I ain't kickin'," growled he back.

"How's life treating you?" I asked the dumb man.

And he replied, "You don't hear me yelling."

"How do you do?" I smiled at the sailor.

"Easy sailing," he rejoined.

"How's business?" I asked the baker.

"My dough is rising," he declared.

I inquired the same of the stove dealer.

"Simply grate," he answered back.

Ain't life "grate."

"Wee Two"

In the Senior class of Tarentum Hi
There's a boy called "Lem" with a face like pie.
His face is never long and thin
And always seen with a great big grin.
There's another boy in that class,
And it would never do to let him pass.
His face is solemn and sedate,
Always waiting to meet his fate.
In work and play he's just the same,
Manford Thompson is his name.
These two a funny combination make
And truly, neither one's a fake.
Knowledge and fun, neither one in excess,
We all must have if we wish success.

—Wood B. Poet.

HAIR-RAISING

Geppy—"Why do you keep telling me all these horrible murder stories?"

Barber—"Well, you see, sir, I find they help me a lot by making your hair stand on end.

∴ ALUMNI NOTES ∴

Considerable interest has been aroused concerning an Alumni Association as suggested in our December issue. Some members of the class of 1920 held a meeting at which they discussed and made plans for an association. This is a start, and why not have members of former classes show their interest and see what could be done. At the T. H. S.-Alumni game there was many Alumni students present. This shows interest in the school. Why not further the idea and form a lively association with as many members as possible? Let us hear from you, Alumni.

Chester Metz, '14, is working in Cleveland.

Mrs. Albert Bolen (Frances Dyer, '16) is now living in Akron, O.

Jean Howe, '20, and Margaret Houck, '12, are students at Allegheny College.

Chuc and Joe Ross are attending State.

In November, announcement was made of the marriage of Don Crawford, '15, and Miss Daisy Carpenter of Cleveland, O. Dr. and Mrs. Crawford are residing in Cleveland, where the former is practicing dentistry.

Esther Crawford, 14, was recently married to Alvin Teets of Aspinwall. Mr. and Mrs. Teets are residing in Aspinwall.

Nelle Walther, 12, who is doing government work in Washington, spent the holidays at her home in Ninth avenue.

It is interesting to note that the following persons composed the staff for Commencement number of the Mirror, '07 and '08:

Frank C. Stewart, '08, Ed-in-Chief.
Guy Mahaffey, '08, Assistant Editor.
Frank Walker, '08, Associate Editor.
Alva Chapman, '09, Business Manager.
Cliff, Biehl, '09, Athletic Manager.
Paul McWarner, '09, Exchanger.
Robert Schultz, 09, Art Editor.

Class Editors

Estella Peffer, '10; Laura Grine, '11; Arthur Stark, '11.

Other Alumni attending other schools are:

Chuc Geisler, '17, Tech.
Florence Turner, '19, Pitt.
Chuc Walters, '17, State.
Russell Humphreys, '19, Pitt.
Dorothy Skillen, '20, Indiana.
Ben Skillen, '17, W. & J.
Ches Brumbaugh, Tech.
James Hudepohl, Allegheny.

NOCTURNE

The hour grows late,
And hungerly I wait
To hear her say—three little words.
Yet great
Enough to bring completeness to the day.
At last she comes,
Cassandra tall and dark—
Oh! Very dark, a careless tune she hums
And pauses shamelessly to mark
How her delay has angered or unnerved
The weak among us. Then she snuffles—
Hark—Dinnah am served.

Male Teacher—Don't you think we ought to form a union?

Female Teacher—Oh! This is so sudden.

At vacation time we laugh with glee
To think of rest for day's galore,
We offer smiles and grins some more,
And then—oh—shaw—right back we go
To the same old life we had before.

"There was a chap just in here looking for you, Bob."

"Was he tall or short?"

"Both."

"What do you mean?"

"He was a tall man and said he wanted to borrow a dollar."

"Wonder what time it is? I'm invited to dinner at 6:30 and my watch isn't going."

"Why, wasn't your watch invited?"

A young girl being asked, upon her return from the library with the latest novel, if she had ever read Shakespeare, tossed her pretty head and answered:

"Shakespeare? Of course I have! I read that when it first came out."

There is a strong family resemblance between Jack and his sister. I believe it's in the nose."

"Yes, that does run in the family."

Clemen Schwartz said he fell for skating this winter.

Fat Wellinger says it is true—he saw him do it.

TOOK THE HINT

Harry—"You look sweet enough to eat."

Gwen—"I do eat. Where shall we go?"

She—Do you think the food in this restaurant is healthful?"

He—"Maybe; but the prices are sickening."

Said the skeeter to his victim,
As on his nose he lit,
You will pardon my attention
But I've come to do my bit.

What is your first name?
Owen.
Owen who?
Owen everybody I can.

Gentleman: Sonny, what makes you like the druggist's son so well?

Little boy—Because he gets all the pills we need for our B. B. guns.

George Allison—(Before reciting the dagger scene from Macbeth—I hope no cowardly eggs will be thrown during my recitation.

Ike Harvey—"What is a cowardly egg?"

George—"One that hits you and then runs."

Mother—There, Fat, that's twice you've come home and forgotten the lard.

Fat Wadding—It was so greasy it slipped my mind.

Did you mail my letter, Helen, asked Mrs. Hazlett. It was very important you know.

Helen—Yes, Mother, I did.

But why have you brought back the two cents I gave you to mail it with.

I didn't have to use it, said Helen. I slipped the letter in the box when no one was looking.

Gray—"What does it mean to say, seeing the humorous side of things?"

Harry—"Well, let us take an example.

How many sides has a banana skin?"

Gray—"Two."

Harry—"Exactly. And when some other man steps on the banana skin, he sees the serious side of it, and you see the humorous side."

We call a person "yellow," and say he feels blue, whilst we attribute the Freshie with "greenness"—the villain of the play is often black charactered but the hero is true white. We often see "red," although we are in the pink of perfection. Whew! Officer, call me an artist.

Ten little Resolutions
Standing in a line,
Two weeks passed by
And then there were nein.

Levi was talking enthusiastically to his son, telling him to save—pointing out examples he said,

"Vy, 20 years ago he stood on this corner selling strings. Today he owns the corner."

"Ain't taht too bad?" said his boy, "too bad, vot nonsense, vy too bad."

"Vy, dot poor man, if he had only walked up and down the street he would have owned the whole block."

Pity the girl who wants to hide her age and has a twin brother.

Old Man (to crying boy)—"What's the matter, my little man?"

Boy—"I'm lost, boo-hoo!"

Old Man—"Lost? Nonsense! We mustn't give up hope so soon. Where do you live?"

Boy—"I don't know, sir, we've just moved, and I can't remember the address."

Old Man—"Well, what's your name?"

Boy—"I don't know, sir. M-Mother got married again this morning."

"Yes, dear, I'm your Aunt Nell, on your father's side."

Child—"Well, you're on the wrong side, you'll find that out."

Julia—"Father gave me a watch for Xmas and it's the most bashful creature in the world."

James—"Bashful?"

Julia—"Yes, it holds its hands before its face all the time."

"Mother, what is an angel?"

"My dear, it is a little girl with wings, who flies away up in the skies."

"But I heard father telling the governess she was an angel, will she fly?"

"Yes, my dear, she will fly the first thing tomorrow."

Old Gentleman—Little boy, I am sorry to see you smoking a cigarette.

Little Boy—I ain't smoking it. I'm keeping it lit for another fellow who's gone on an errand.

Kline—What are you thinking of, Fat?"

Wellinger—I am going to think of what I would be thinking if I wasn't thinking now.

The school of experience has no correspondence course.

FREE!!!

With Every Drink or Ice Cream at the Fountain at

THE REXALL STORE

PURITY--CLEANLINESS and SERVICE

We Pride Ourselves on our Hot Chocolate

Craig's Drug Store

"THE MODERN DRUG STORE"

THE ONLY ARCADE IN TOWN

344 FOURTH AVENUE

Smith's Drug Stores

FIFTH AVENUE AND LOCK STREET

"Tarentum's Best"

Stationery, Fountain Pens, Kodaks, Apollo Chocolates

MEET AT SMITH'S

Stewart Realty Co.

FIRE INSURANCE

WINDSOR MUSIC CO.

has served your fathers
for the last 26 years.
Why not let us serve you?
When in need of anything
musical, SEE

WINDSOR, the Piano Man

GIRT-SEFTON CO.

The best place to buy

CLOTHING, DRY GOODS AND CARPETS

How the HOOSIER Shortens the Day

If your hours in the kitchen drag on, and the day seems unnecessarily long, get the HOOSIER Kitchen Cabinet.

$1.00 delivers your Hoosier.

MILLER BROS. TARENTUM, PENNA.

FISHKIN'S

TARENTUM'S BIG STORE

312-14-16 CORBET ST.

ONE DOLLAR OPENS A SAVINGS ACCOUNT. WE WANT THE GIRLS AND BOYS TO COME TO THE TRUST COMPANY WITH THEIR BANKING BUSINESS

Tarentum Savings & Trust Co.

WE SERVE

Abraham Lincoln Said

"Teach economy, that is one of the first and highest virtues, it begins with saving money."

If you will stop and think for a moment over this saying you will realize that it is just as true today as it was in the time of our great President.

We aim to teach economy and practice it in our daily transactions. It is surprising when you learn of the number of great fortunes that have been begun by small savings deposited in a strong bank.

We welcome the accounts of school children that they might lay the foundation of a successful life.

Safe Deposit Bank

Tarentum, Pa.

A Goal!

FOR THE HIGHEST AVERAGE

First Period, Second Semester

$5.00

Started on a Savings Account at the

The National Bank of Tarentum

Play the Game and Win the V.

The Peoples National Bank

RESOURCES OVER $2,000,000.00

OFFICERS

W. A. MARVIN, President
R. J. TOEPFER, Vice Pres.
JOHN R. LONG, Vice Pres.
JOHN P. CRAWFORD, Cashier
JOHN ARMSTRONG, Teller
HARRY E. GRINE, Teller

If you can't keep away from
home cooking go to

Broad's Restaurant

and

E A T

409 FOURTH AVENUE BELL 145-J

Compliments of

Tarentum News Co.

Telegram Printing & Publishing Co.

"BETTER PRINTING PAYS"

Engraved or Printed
Stationery
Announcements
Invitations
Cards

Publishers of

THE EVENING TELEGRAM

The Valley's Best Newspaper

Printers of "The Quippus"

Paul Caldwell's Drug Store

The Penslar Store

IN BUSINESS FOR YOUR HEALTH

Kodaks **Whitman's Candy** **Films**

Prescriptions our Specialty

Paramount Phonographs and Records

All the Latest Hits

Paramount Records Play on all Machines Using Steel Needles

Come in and Hear Them.

PALACE

The Home of Better Motion Pictures

and the most comfortable and sanitary theatre in the Allegheny Valley

Our latest improved ventilating system changes the air every three minutes

ALUMNI

How About a Subscription to the

QUIPPUS

BOOST YOUR HIGH SCHOOL

THE QUIPPUS

-THS-

FEBRUARY, NINETEEN AND TWENTY-ONE

BIEHL, the Tailor

406 CORBET STREET

BOYS -- We make good suits to order from $25.00 up. Give us your

Easter Order

GIRLS -- The best store for Stockings, Gloves and Sweaters

CLASTER'S

Fifth Thru to Fourth Tarentum

Home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Kuppenheimer and Michael-Sterns

SUITS

The latest in Hats, Caps and furnishings

OUR COLORS

Red! 'tis the hue of battle,
The pledge of victory;
In sunset light, in northern night,
It flashes brave and free.
"Then paint with red thy banner,"
Quoth Freedom to the Land,
"And when thy sons go forth to war,
This sign be in their hand!"

White! 'tis the sign of purity,
Of everlasting truth;
The snowy robe of childhood,
The stainless mail of youth.
Then paint with white thy banner,
And pure as northern snow
May these, thy stately children,
In truth and honor go.

Blue! 'tis the tint of heaven,
The morning's gold-shot arch,
The burning deeps of noontide,
The stars' unending march.
Then paint with blue thy banner,
And bid thy children raise
At daybreak, noon and eventide,
Their hymn of love and praise.

Valor and truth and righteousness,
In threefold strength today.
Raise high the flag triumphant,
The banner glad and gay.
"And keep thou well thy colors,"
Quoth Freedom to the Land,
"And 'gainst a world of evil
Thy sons and thou shall stand."

The Quippus

Published by Tarentum High School, Tarentum, Pennsylvania

VOLUME ONE FEBRUARY 1921 NUMBER FOUR

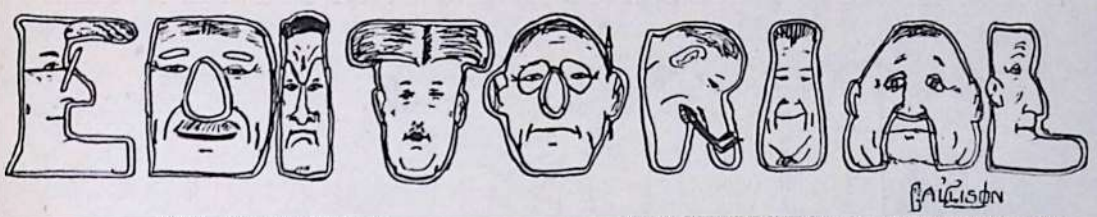
EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Pearle Sober, '21
Assistant Editor .... Marion Brown, '22
Associate Editor .... George Schied, '23
Athletic Reporter .. Clemens Swartz, '21
Business Manager .....
...Walter E. Montgomery, '22
Advertising Manager .....
..... Florence Williams, '23

Art Editor.....George Allison, '21
Senior Reporter ..... Mabel Arner, '21
Junior Reporter ... Alvin Silverman, '22
Sophomore Reporter .. Alice Shaner, '23
Freshman Reporter..Mary A. Brown, '24
Faculty Advisors ..... Miss Howe
Mr. Nease, Mr. Walker

CONTENTS

Staff ---------- 2
Editorial ---------- 3
Literary ---------- 4
Athletics ---------- 10
Notes ---------- 12
Odds and Ends ---------- 13



MY COUNTRY

There is a phrase that deserves to belong to the choicest of all our expressions—"My country." The French author, Fenelon, said that he had three loves: the love of his family, his country and his God.

We have read the story, "The Man Without a Country." Happily, the sorrow described in this famous book is not a sorrow that any of us are likely to suffer unless we prove ourselves unworthy of our country. The man who does not live according to the ideals of his country cannot be said to possess a country. To truly possess it he must have it in his feelings, emotions, faith and love.

Two things are implied when we say "my country!" with understanding of its meaning. First, there is a rightful sense of ownership in the country. Its opportunities and privileges are ours. The unseen things of a country belong to the citizen, too. Its freedom, constitution, laws, citizenship, flag, government, victories and defeats are ours. Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt are ours, for are not their lives built into our country.

True citizenship means obligation and responsibility. The ciitzen must be willing to do more than receive benefits, he must give help and strength to this country.

During the month of February we have the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln. The results of their labors are seen at the present time and will last for generations. It can truly be said that these men possessed a country because in reality they gave their lives for it.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

The observance of Washington's birthday is by no means a new thing. The first public holiday celebration was held in 1781. On this occasion Comte de Rochambeau, commander-in-chief of the French army, declared Washington's birthdate a holiday for the French forces. He clung to the actual date, February 11, but the day falling on Sunday, it was celebrated on Monday, the twelfth. When the calendar was changed in 1752, 11 days were omitted between September 3 and September 14, thus causing the great man's birthday to fall on February 22 that year and each succeeding one.

Washington wrote the following letter to Rochambeau, thanking him for the attention paid and interest shown to his birthday:

New Windsor, 24, Feb., 1781.

Sir—The flattering distinction paid to the anniversary of my birthday is an honor for which I dare not attempt to express my gratitude. I confide in your Excellency's sensibility to interpret my feelings for this, and for the obliging manner in which you are pleased to announce it.

I have the honor to be Your Excellency's most obedient and most humble friend,

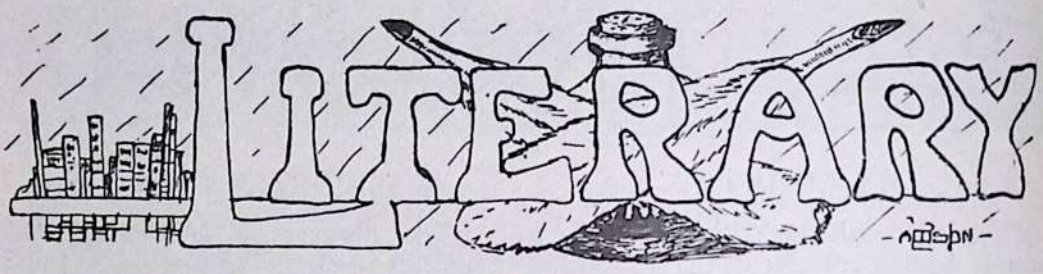
G. WASHINGTON.

———o———

Fortune may knock at the door, but it will never search the house for you.

———o———

If you want things to come your way, clear the way.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln! What a thrill it gives, or should give a person at the mentioning of the name. What many remembrances throng our minds when the name of that great American is uttered.

First the long, lean boy in his 'teens dressed in homespun, splitting rails. A faraway look in his eyes, not blank, but sympathetic, with the honest grey eyes smiling under thick eyebrows. Perhaps even earlier than he comes to your mind, a little fellow, helping his father to move, doing all the simple tasks and helping greatly with the larger ones, now and then stopping to gaze into the forest to dream dreams. Or, perhaps, you see him engaged in friendly play with a brother or one of his few friends, performing feats of great strength or astonishing his companions with an outburst of eloquence.

A little later in life he has grown into the honest, trustworthy man of middle age. The many sorrows and cares have moulded his being into the well-known countenance and body we are so familiar with today, in pictures and statues of him. His huge, gaunt frame clad in homespun, which indeed would make any person appear ungainly, towering head and shoulders above everyone else. His mass of thick, black hair standing upright on his head, but underneath it all his rugged, yet handsome face. He had deep eyes, wonderfully expressive, which peered from beenath his shaggy eyebrows. Eyes that revealed his very emotions. His mouth, probably, was his greatest backset, the thick, protruding under lip which was responsible for the belief that he was homely. But still we must remember that Bartlett, the great sculptor, says, "It is to be remembered that the right kind of a thick lower lip is a physiognomical mark of sensitiveness and tenderness of nature."

Still others may remember him as President—firm, never complaining, cheerfully and in a wonderful manner bearing his many burdens; his hidden humor always ready and his sharp wit hardly able to be surpassed.

Lincoln was a man with a character of many sides, hardly showing the same person more than one side. As a recent biographer has said, "Let us take him as simply Abraham Lincoln, singular and solitary as we all see that he was. Let us be thankful if we can make a niche big enough for him among the world's heroes without worrying ourselves about the proportion it may bear to other niches and there let him remain forever, lonely as in his strong lifetime, impressive, mysterious, unmeasured and unsolved."

Lincoln stands as a notable example, in the highest grade, of the American of this century.

"His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

GETTING DOPE FOR FICTION

Out of the night, William Burke, fiction writer and private inspector, drove from the country into a small village. His latest book had just been published and was acclaimed a success. What if Frank Monroe should see his eccentric self in the underworld's master mind?

He mused over his friend's possible anger and smiling stopped in front of Willsburg's only hotel. Having made arrangements for the night's lodging, he sat down near the stove and listened to the village gossip. The topic of discussion was a strange letter which had been found in the desk of a recently deceased villager.

"Well, he didn't leave that letter fer no purpose," spoke up one shaggy-haired individual. "And if there is somethin' behind it, I reckon it's our bounden duty to see that Mary Jane gits all that's comin' to her."

"Yep," aswered a second, "and if all them funny figgers on it don't mean nothin', I'll eat my hat."

"Say, Hen," said the first, "since you're constable of Willsburg, why don't you try to figger it out; let's have another look at it."

Constable Bill reached in his inner coat pocket and took out a long, important looking envelope from which he withdrew a small sheet of paper that was passed around the crowd. Someone handed it to Burke, who, looking at it, was surprised to see the following:

M I R VI III I N II I L L V H I V I
H I V II I L II I V II V IV VI U I N
T H II N II W VI IV R K N I V I IV
N I L B I N K VI IV U W I L L F I N D
D II P IV S I V II D T II N T H IV U
S I N D D IV L L I R S T H II S I V
I N G S IV F M VI II N T I R II
L I F II. D I R II C T I IV N S F IV R
G II T T I N G T H I S M IV N II VI
VI IV U W I L L F I N D B U R I II D
I N B I C K IV F T H II H IV U S II
U N D II R M VI L II T T U C II
B II D. G IV D B L II S S VI IV UH

HIRAM HARP.

For Mary Jane Harp.

After studying it for a while, he said to the constable, "Do you care if I copy it and try to solve it?"

"'Course not, young fella. Harp was always supposed to have quite a bit o' money. Funny none of it ever turned up." And spitting into the coal bucket, he continued: "Hiram always was writin' letters like that and then lettin' Mary Jane try to figger 'um out. He used to say it was a good way to kee p outsiders out o' your business; but Mary Jane can't figger this 'un out no ways. I'd like to know what it is. That lazy, good-for-nuthin' Jim Harrison tried to figger it out, but said it was all bosh."

"Say," interrupted the shaggy-haired one, "I hear Jim is goin' to New York tomorrow."

"What for?" questioned the constable.

"I dunno. I reckon it's another one o' them fool ideas o' hisn."

That night Burke solved the code and early the next morning went to the house of the former Hiram Harp. He found the place deserted, and going to the rear seemed to find what he had expected.

He went back to the hotel and inquired as to the description of Jim Harrison, and then left Willsburg on the 10:30 flyer.

About a week later Mary Jane received a letter requesting her to come to New York. It was signed "W. Burke." The constable received a similar missive, asking him to accompany Mary Jane.

They followed the directions given in the letters, and when they arrived in New York found themselves in a richly furnished suite of rooms. Here they were met by Burke, who requested that they sit down and let him tell his little story.

"About a week ago," he started, "I stopped in the village of Willsburg, which was stirred up over the event

of a certain man's death and the plight of a girl named Mary Jane. A certain letter was left, which, Constable, if you will remember, I copied.

"The code of the letter was very simple: Every fifth letter of the alphabet was designated by a Roman numeral in their order in the alphabet, thus: A was I; E was II; J was III; O, IV; T, V, and Y, VI."

"Wall, I never!" ejaculated the constable.

"The letter read," he continued:

Mary Jane:

All that I have I leave to you; in the New York National Bank you will find deposited $10,000, the savings of my entire life. Directions for getting this money you will find in back of the house under my lettuce bed. God bless you.

HIRAM HARP.

For Mary Jane Harp.

"Someone had said that Jim Harrison had gone to New York, seemingly without any reason, and also that he had a copy of the letter. I suspected that he had gotten the directions and was off to get the money, so the next day I went to the lettuce patch, where my suspicions were confirmed."

He paused for a moment, and Mary Jane asked: "Am I to lose all of Uncle's savings?"

"No," replied Burke, "a friend of mine happens to be vice president of this bank, and I told him the situation.

"He said that no such claim had come in yet; but when it did he would hold the person presenting the check.

"Two days ago a man presented the check, and my friend had him arrested.

"I have asked you to come here to prove his identity, for I believe he is Jim Harrison, and to get what is rightfully yours."

After they went to the jail and swore that the man was Jim Harrison, Burke got the money for Mary Jane, and made arrangements for them to return to Willsburg in his auto. As he bumped over the muddy road his thoughts again returned to Frank Monroe.

"Well," he thought, "I can use him for a hero this time. It will please him, and I'll use this recent material," and he drove on into the night.

—o—

A COLLEGE BOY REFORMED

Mr. Fillmore had just returned from his usual morning trip to the postoffice, after having received two letters. A glance at one of the letters told him it was from his son Harold, who was away at college. His son stated that he would arrive home sometime that day for a week's vacation, as it was the end of the first semester period.

After rejoicing very much about the homecoming of his son, whom he had not seen for quite awhile, he opened the other letter, but alas, he was very much disappointed for there was Harold's report, showing the work he had done, flunked two subjects out of five, and just getting through the other three by a close shave. He broke the news to Mrs. Fillmore, who at once broke into nervous sobs. The Fillmore family was not wealthy, but they had always hoped to make something out of their only son.

Mrs. Fillmore was sitting in the sun parlor thinking how she might reason with Harold concerning the attitude he was taking toward his future career. Just then her next door neighbor said her daughter was coming home, and was delighted on telling what a fine report she had received as the result of her first semester's work. This made Mrs. Fillmore feel worse than ever. She thought, Oh! how proud she would be if she could say that.

Late that afternoon Harold's train arrived, and when he came up the steps, instead of greeting them as a

son should, he just greeted them as though he had just seen them a day or two before, and strode on into the house to make a fuss over his old Airedale, an old pet.

Mrs. Fillmore had a lovely dinner awaiting him, and after dinner he said he was going down to take a look over the town and to see some of his old pals. Harold was always a great reader, but he never read books which benefited him any. As he was walking slowly along the street, he thought he would go in the library, which had just recently been dedicated. The neighbor girl who had arrived home from school with Harold was reading "The Life of Lincoln," but this was not the type of reading which interested Harold. As she laid the book down it fell open and a page seemed to stand out from all others: "Lincoln, a Self-Made Man." A sudden change came over his countenance, and he thought what a success Lincoln had made out of himself, with practically no schooling, and he with all modern conveniences of going to college and having the chance to acquire an education, how he frittered his time away and wasted his hard-earned money.

With permission of the librarian, he took the book home and read it through, and he told his people what an impression the book left on him.

During that summer he both worked and studied very hard, made up his two subjects which he had flunked, and earned enough money to put him through his last year of college. He determined to pattern after Lincoln as best he could.

The next year when he graduated, his father and mother were at the Commencement; they were a proud couple to hear the announcement that thir son was valedictorian.

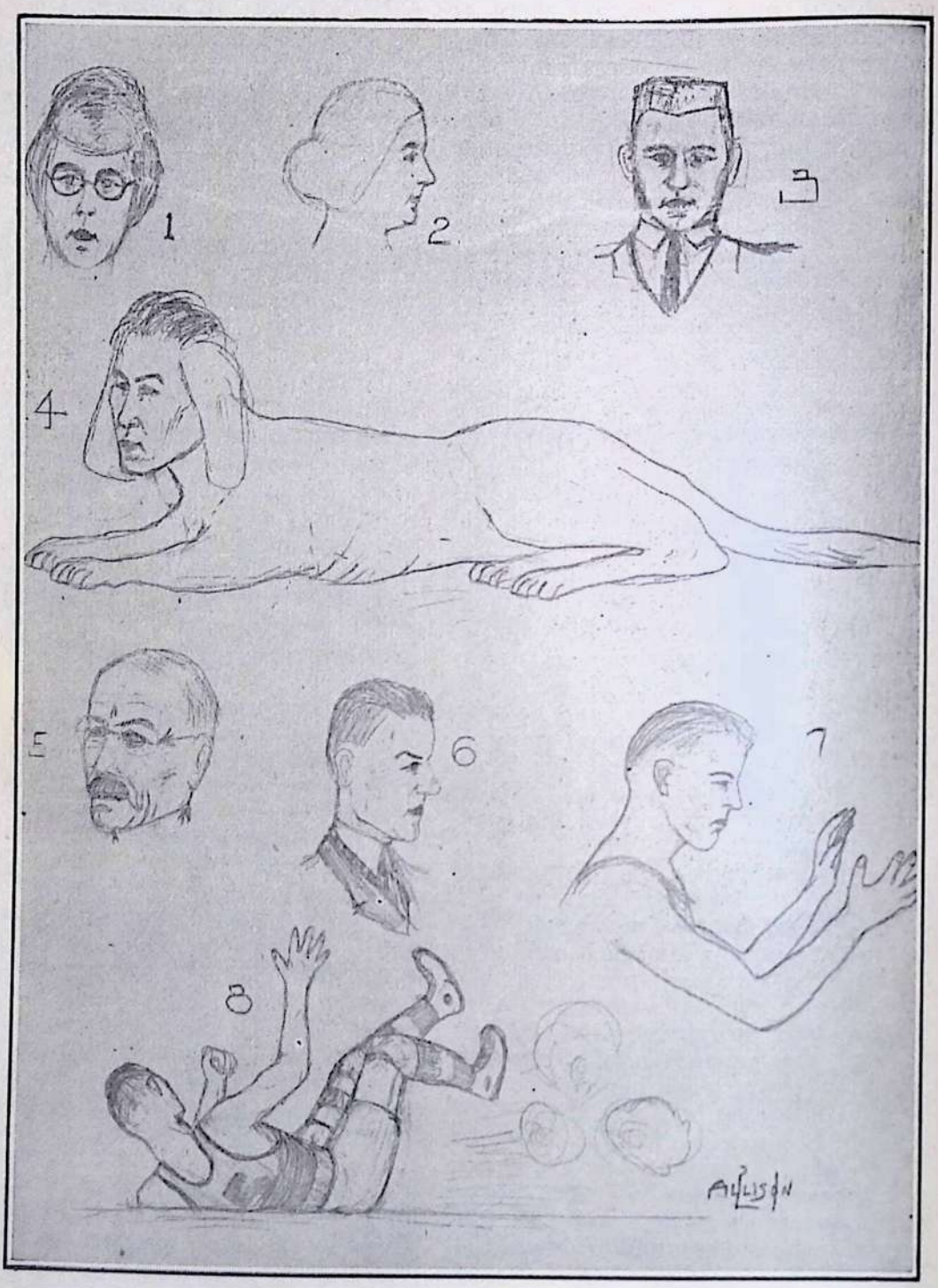
Harold often said all he was, or ever expected to be, he owed to Lincoln.

—Helen M. Cross, '21.

A NONSENSICAL MEDLEY OF POPULAR SONGS

I found my love in Avalon beside the bay; I left my love in Avalon and sailed away just like a gypsy I've wandered my whole life through, watching and waiting for somebody just like you my little Margie. I'm always thinking of you, Margie; dear heart, are you true to me? My heart yearns for Peggy, come out and meet me, dear, for you know in the spring it's ring time weather. Peggy, come out and greet me, dear; we'll roam along the golden sands of old Miami shore. There I always find a girl whom I adore whispering while you cuddle near me, whispering so no one can hear me. Each little whisper seems to cheer me. I know it's true, there's no one dear, but Broadway Rose; there's a tear in your eye, Broadway Rose, seems I oft' hear you sigh, "Oh, I want to go back to that tumbledown shack where the wild roses bloom round the door," but wait 'll you see how different I can be. Oh, by gee! by gosh! by gum! by Juv! Oh, by Jingo! won't you hear our love? We will build for you a hut, just a love nest, cozy and warm, like a dove rest down on the farm by the old mill stream where I first met you and I saw your eyes, your wonderful eyes, with love light and tenderness beaming. I'm forever thinking of you, seems I can't forget that you have opened up the gates of gladness. On the road to Sunshine Land, there's a long, long trail a-winding into the land of my dreams and the nightingales are singing, "K-k-katy, beautiful Katy, you're the only g-g-girl that I adore." When you're a million miles from nowhere the birds are humming, "Go feather your nest, tomorrow is coming so feather your nest, and let the rest of the world go by."

—T. M. '21.


1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
ALLISON

WHO'S WHO IN T. H. S.

1.—We had a hard time drawing Miss McNees; she kept her eye on us too much. Nothing needs to be said regarding her real ability as a teacher and her popularity among the students.

2.—Pur-rul is our editor-in-chief—some job, but she handles it in a first-class manner. Much credit for the success of the Quippus is due to her.

3.—This doesn't look much like Ernie, but it's he, all the same. President Hi-Y's, Soph. '22, president, '21 football captain, athlete extraordinary, saxaphonist, dramatist and Virgil shark (is, are) Ernie Bartell.

4.—One day Mr. Lantz told "Slim" Silverman to sit up straight; that he was laying around like "some ol' houn' dawg." Slim was a guard on the football squad and certainly deserved his "H."

5.—Here we have the best and most loved teacher in the school, Daddy Walker. It seems that he is just as much a part of T. H. S. as the room where he teacher us (the ignorant). "What's the use of English if you can't use it?" and also gives "tub-b" and "in-dee-p-pend-ence."

6.—Harry Bowman sure can toot the cornet. He also has the position as Junior treasurer and is already engaged for life.

7.—Maury Crawford is Hi-Y vice president and captain of the T. H. S. basketball Reserves and Junior president. He'll probably be a regular forward next year, as he has the goods.

8.—Doc Kline executed some truly gymnastic stunts in the Vandergrift game—nose dive, ear slide, double flip-flop, etc. Doc is one of the best athletes T. H. S. has ever had, besides being a good student.

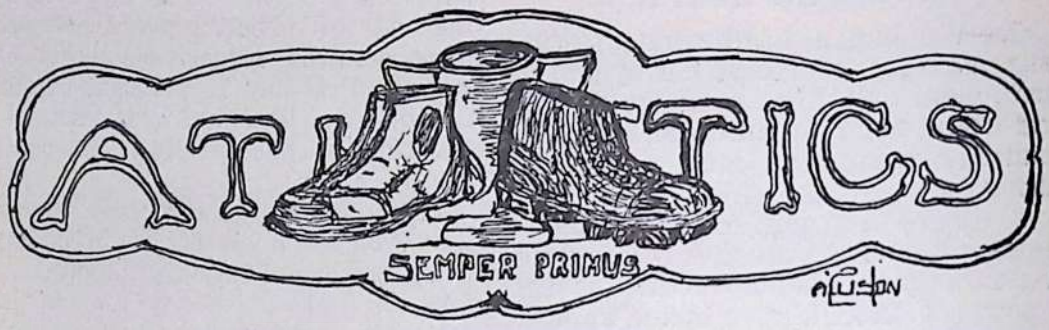
THE LITERARY SOCIETY VS. THE BEGINNER

Experience is the great educator. From the age of 12 a child's school of experience begins. There are many methods of advice, reproof and bits of wisdom that Experience allows her pupils. Probably 75 per cent of this learning can be found in the schools, institutions that are always in coalition with her.

Probably one of the most important events in a youth's life is the day when he gloomily stands in recital before his first audience. Few are the fortunate beginners that can assume the air of a Demosthenes and without any sign of fear stir an audience. One might declare to the mirror in his home a very contrite oration; yet upon viewing his listeners he quite forgets all he has learned.

The greatest antidote for stage fright and forgetfulness is the public school literary society. Teachers of the grades patiently debate with the children the plan of making themselves at home. At first they refuse to speak or sing, but upon persuasion and the sight of others reciting bring to them the realization that they can accomplish something. The grammar schools do not furnish polished speakers or singers, neither do the first years of high school present a finished immaculate effect. But experience's school requires a lifetime. Jealousy of others' merit often arouses pupils to a very marked increase in their work.

In conclusion, boost the literary and chapel exercises. A word of influence from a younger person produces greater results than advice from the older. Keep in mind that Dame Experience never does the work she prescribes; it is for you to accomplish her suggestions. Now that you have reached the age where fear is banished, improve your choice of words, your voice or perhaps your position and motions. Terror of an audience can be forgotten—now is the time to improve your smoothness of speech together with your ease and daring.



Will T. H. S. Have a Baseball Team?

The arrival of a few balmy days last week was heralded as the arrival of Miss Springtime and the retirement of King Winter. But the period of balm was shortlived, for the old sovereign came back with an offering of several inches of snow just a few days later.

But the sun did shine long enough to instill a little of the diamond spirit into sport lovers. The ball bugs of the town have already got into session to formulate plans for a first-class independent team in the field representing this community for the season of 1921. And so the students are agitating a team for the high schools since we are in session ten months. The sentiment for baseball was well shown by the way the students in chapel responded to Mr. McCullough's question as to whether they wished baseball or track events. It seemed that the body wanted baseball decidedly.

Baseball is expensive, though, and to put an equipped team on the field means no small outlay of money. The question is, "Will the community support High school baseball if a strong independent team plays here?" Some say "yes," others "no." It is really doubtful.

There is real baseball talent in the school, and if a team is in the field it would no doubt be exceptionally strong in its class.

THE UNDEFEATED GIRLS

The Tarentum Hi girls have done something that the boys haven't accomplished in basketball this season. They have gone through thus far without a single defeat. With such a record, they have every right to lay claim to the Western Pennsylvania girls' championship.

On Friday, February 18, they defeated the Kittanning girls on the Grandview floor by a 30-12 score. On Tuesday, February 22, they invaded Westmoreland county and defeated Ken Hi's lassies by a —— score. Capt. Bark sure is cleaning up in the valley with her crew of lassies.

Hats off to the ladies!

Joe Bartell Not Forgotten

When Pittsburgh papers have any occasion to mention Joe Bartell, they always remind their readers that he was the lad who cut such a swath with Tarentum High last year in the W. P. I. A. L. Chilly Doyle mentions in the Pittsburgh Gazette Times that he is the "lad from Tarentum High with the coat of many colors." Joe has been put on the West Virginia varsity squad from the freshman team.

PICK-UPS

The Ford City rooters went fairly wild at Grandview when their team defeated the Red and Black. The subs at the locker room doors and Coach McIntosh rushed out on the floor at the final whistle and fairly carried the team off the floor.

Coach Fee was trying to figure a way to stop sliding on the Vandergrift rink. He used rosin, sandpaper and even glue, but all without avail. Suddenly "Geppy" rushed out of the rink like a house afire and returned with a pair of chains off his Ford. Diogenes, blow out your lantern and curl up in your tub!

Will Tarentum Hi get in the W. P. I. A. L. elimination?

A former Tarentum Hi student, Frank Shoupe, is now in the boxing game. Frankie has the stuff and will stick with anyone in his class, we wager.

"Kid" McNally is also reported to be in the ring. Watch for a Welsh lightweight champion.

"Doc" Kline is sure winning admiration wherever he goes with his wonderful game as a Tarentum guard.

The Hi team was surely royally treated at Apollo on Saturday, Feb. 12. Too bad we had to take the game, 38-27, but that's what we went up for.

"Joe" Bartell has a new nickname at Morgantown. He is now known by the cognomen "Sheeney."

—o—

LEAGUE RACE NARROWS

The race for supremacy in Section VI. of the W. P. I. A. L., is narrowing down. With every game Ford City looks best now. Tarentum has only one chance. That lies in Ford City's outcome at Apollo on Friday, February 25. If Ford City should lose this contest and Tarentum win all their remaining games, a playoff will be necessary between Tarentum and Ford City. Up to February 25 the standing of the leaders is: Ford City, .833, and Tarentum, .727. Ford City won 10 and lost 2. Tarentum won 8 and lost 3. Ford City is one game ahead of Tarentum in the number played, owing to the postponement of the T. H. S.-Parnassus game.

CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. LANTZ

Mr. Lantz has accepted a position as principal of Parnassus H. S. and has left T. H. S. We hate to see him leave, but we know our loss is Parnassus' gain. The members of the present physics class have presented Mr. Lantz with a beautiful gold fountain pen as a token of appreciation to him. "J. A. L., from Physics '22" is engraved on the pen.

Mr. George Parfitt has accepted the position vacated by Mr. Lantz. We are glad to welcome Mr. Parfitt and wish him the greatest success in his work.

—o—

__"Nevertheless, I cannot begrudge him a cent of his fortune. He began at the foot and got many a kick."

"He did."

"Yes, he was a blacksmith."

HARD QUESTIONS

Why is a weathercock so vane?
What makes a bucket pail?
What makes the fir tree pine?
Who sings an old hen's lay?
What makes the teakettle sing?
What makes the window pane?
What makes the paper read?
What makes the sea sick?
What makes Niagara Fall?
What makes the ball game?

SCHOOLROOM PERSONALITIES

The Blotter—Retentive; absorbs a great deal.

The Desk—Receptive; likes to be leaned on.

The Pen—Likes to be held; makes many pointed remarks; ever waits for an opportunity to make its mark.

The Waste Basket—Frequently gets full and has to be carried out; fond of scraps.

The Calendar—Always up-to-date, but frequently takes a month off.

Teachers' Grade Book—Rather stiff-backed, yet popular.

∴ NOTES ∴

SENIOR NOTES

The Seniors are now on the home-stretch of their high school career. Many of them are slowing up and will be put out before they reach home. Just think, Seniors, how terrible it would be after having made three bases to be put out on the home-stretch. Keep up to the last minute and help win a good name for the class of '21. It willl go over the top with flying colors if everyone works at the bat and returns answers for questions as fast as the teachers pitch them.

Senior Sewing.

"How do you like my new dress?"

"Yes, I made it myself. I feel quite proud."

This is a sample of conversation of the girls who are working under Miss Weeter in the sewing department. The group has taken up sewing, which includes the fundamentals, odvanced sewing and millinery. They enjoy the work and are making some pretty garments for themselves. Some who have not run sewing machines find them as bad as a Ford to run. But live and learn is their motto, and they cannot help doing this work with such a fine teacher as Miss Weeter.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Sophomore English classes are making books in which scenes from "The Deserted Village" will be illustrated. Mr. McCullough, Miss Howe and Mr. Walker are to be judges to decide which class makes up the best book.

Miss Goldinger is very considerate to her History classes. Every day she gives little written tests. This saves some of the indolent pupils from going to the trouble of getting out of their seats to make a recitation—if they have any prepared.

FRESHMAN NOTES

The Freshman classes seem to be progressing very rapidly in Latin. The conjugations and declensions have been completed, and they are now hard at work mastering infinitives.

The Freshman girls are turning out for basketball in fine style, better, perhaps, than any of the other classes. Keep it up, girls. Remember, several of our basketball stars will graduate this year and girls will be needed for the varsity. Practice on class teams is very good and qualifies one the more for varsity in years, even months, to come.

JUNIOR NOTES

The Junior girls entertained the girls of the other classes with a program on Friday afternoon, February 18. It was a very good program.

The first number was a playette on "Sports," telling of the different kinds we have in our High school and the benefits.

"Slang's Funeral" was also held that day, the pallbearers and mourners making a very sad sight, indeed, moving some of the audience to tears. The eulogy, a parody on Mark Antony's speech, written by Marion Brown, was given by Marion Elder. After the mourners had passed out Elvira Lewis brightened up the scene.

A song, a parody on "Whispering," written by "Bobby" Boyd and "Mid" Ulsh, was highly enjoyed, and "An If for Girls," some very good advice indeed, was recited by "Bobby" Boyd.

The nonsensical number was perhaps the one most enjoyed. Valentines were presented to members of the High school, among the faculty and students, of each one in his or her favorite posture.

∴ ODDS AND ENDS ∴

WHEN THE WORLD'S A-GOIN' WRONG

Who says the world's a-goin' wrong,
'Cause clouds seem overhangin?
There never was a cloud so deep
There was no sun a-shining.

No sun a-shining? Who said that?
Why, that's a great mistake.
If we could cage the sunlight in,
Just think of the clouds 'twould take!

Just think of the cloud 'twould take,
To hide one little ray,
For what in the world would you do
When it came to the brea kof a day.

Oh! yes, it's a great mistake,
That the world's a-goin' wrong,
For the world will sing, and in a measure bring
The height and depth of your song.

—G. M. S. '21.

—o—

EXCHANGE

We attempted to start an Exchange Department, but only a few schools answered our Exchange. We are hoping for more to answer before next month.

—o—

Exchanges Received

"Crimson and Gold"—We consider this one of the best school papers that we have read. The Literary Department deserves special mention.

"Slippery Rocket"—Your paper is very interesting. We like your editorial and class notes.

Beaver Falls "Tiger"—Has expressed their wish to exchange with us and will send their annual in May.

JOKES FROM EXCHANGES

APPLIED ANATOMY.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Or can his eyes be an academy
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what gems are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Does the calf of his leg become hungry at times
And devours the corns of his toes?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
Where's the shade from the palm of his hand?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'm hanged if I understand.

—o—

Owen Moore went out one day
Owen Moore than he could pay.
Owen Moore came back next day
Owen Moore.

—o—

GOOD NIGHT

"Fairest of the fair," said I,
"For your smile I'd gladly die!"
Laughing, thus replied the elf:
"O, you silly, chase yourself!"

"Nay, but it is really true;
I would conquer worlds for you.
Say the word, and it's enough!"
"Fudge," she answered, "can that stuff."

"Angel," cried I, "thing of grace,"
"There's a garden in your face!"
More I would have added, but
She broke in with, "You're a nut."

"Lovely scorner, smile on me;
Here I wait on bended knee!"
"Kid," she says, "it's after eight.
Beat it now; I've got a date."

—W. R. R. '18.

WOULDN'T YOU BE SURPRISED—

If Libby Campbell would forget her powder puff?

If Ruth Peters would be on time for a whole month?

If Mr. McCullough would declare a whole half holiday?

If Johnny Wilhelm ever studied English?

If Ruth and Mary Boreland were ever seen separated?

If Mr. Walker ever forgot to call the roll when you hadn't read the assignment?

If Al Mosely wasn't "making eyes"?

If Bill Yost was ever seen n o t talking to a little Springdale girl?

—o—

Jim—What are you drawing, George?

George—Why, a dog!

Jim—But where's it's tail?

George—Oh, that's still in the ink bottle.

—o—

Miss Howe (at basketball)—"All those who are on Lillian's hand please hold up their sides."

—o—

Girls, you must have two hands on the ball. Some of you try to hold it with one hand and run with the other.

—o—

The celebrated soprano was in the middle of her solo, when little Freddie said to his mother, referring to the conductor of the orchestra: "Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?" "He's not hitting at her," replied his mother; "keep quiet." "Well, then, what is she hollerin' for?"

—o—

If you do not like these jokes,
And their dryness makes you groan.
Stroll around and raise our hopes
With some good ones of your own.

E PLURIBUS QUATTUOR

(Left to right)

Alma Ross, Florence Williams, Dorothy Heckert, and Alice Stainer.

The school teacher with the eagle eye saw a little girl chewing gum. "Mary," she commanded, "put that into the wastebasket!" The child looked as though she would like to obey but couldn't. "Did you hear me?" insisted the teacher. "Put that gum into the wastebasket immediately!" "Please, teacher, I'd like to, but I can't," was the quavering reply; "it—it belongs to my mother."

—o—

Pat had gone back home to Ireland and was telling his friends about New York.

"Have they such tall buildings in America as they say, Pat?" asked his friend.

"Tall buildings, ye ask, sor?" replied Pat. "Faith, sor, the last one I worked on we had to lie flat on our stomachs to let the moon pass."

—o—

"Of course women should vote. Their minds are much cleaner and purer than men's," said Mary.

"Cleaner?" inquired Dick. "O, well, they ought to be; they change them often enough."

WINDSOR MUSIC CO.

has served your fathers
for the last 26 years.
Why not let us serve you?
When in need of anything
musical, SEE

WINDSOR, the Piano Man

Smith's Drug Stores

FIFTH AVENUE AND LOCK STREET

"Tarentum's Best"

Stationery, Fountain Pens, Kodaks, Apollo Chocolates

MEET AT SMITH'S

Stewart Realty Co.

FIRE INSURANCE

F R E E ! ! !

With Every Drink or Ice Cream at the Fountain at

THE REXALL STORE

PURITY--CLEANLINESS and SERVICE

We Pride Ourselves on our Hot Chocolate

Craig's Drug Store

"THE MODERN DRUG STORE"

THE ONLY ARCADE IN TOWN

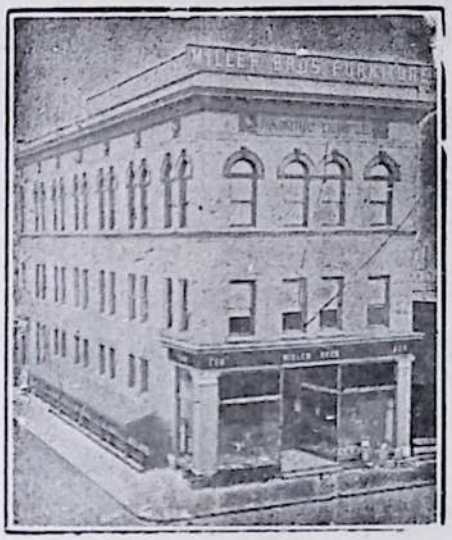
344 FOURTH AVENUE

GIRT-SEFTON CO.

The best place to buy

CLOTHING, DRY GOODS AND CARPETS

Furniture and Caperts



MILLER BROS. TARENTUM, PENNA.

FISHKIN'S

TARENTUM'S BIG STORE

312-14-16 CORBET ST.

ONE DOLLAR OPENS A SAVINGS ACCOUNT. WE WANT THE GIRLS AND BOYS TO COME TO THE TRUST COMPANY WITH THEIR BANKING BUSINESS

Tarentum Savings & Trust Co.

WE SERVE

We Not Only Pay Interest
But We Show Interest

We Welcome the Small Depositor

Safe Deposit Bank

Tarentum, Pa.

Established 1890

For 31 years

this bank has given the people of Tarentum and vacinity prompt and efficient service in their monetary transactions. Its long experience, strong management and great financial strength offer a high measure of security to its customers.

Interest paid on Savings

The National Bank of Tarentum

Tarentum, Pennsylvania

MEMBER OF FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

The Peoples National Bank

RESOURCES OVER $2,000,000.00

OFFICERS

W. A. MARVIN, President
R. J. TOEPFER, Vice Pres.
JOHN R. LONG, Vice Pres.
JOHN P. CRAWFORD, Cashier
JOHN ARMSTRONG, Teller
HARRY E. GRINE, Teller

If you can't keep away from
home cooking go to

Broad's Restaurant

and

E A T

409 FOURTH AVENUE BELL 145-J

Compliments of

Tarentum News Co.

Telegram Printing & Publishing Co.

"BETTER PRINTING PAYS"

Engraved or Printed
Stationery
Announcements
Invitations
Cards

Publishers of

THE EVENING TELEGRAM

The Valley's Best Newspaper

Printers of "The Quippus"

Paul Caldwell's Drug Store

The Penslar Store

IN BUSINESS FOR YOUR HEALTH

Kodaks **Whitman's Candy** **Films**

Prescriptions our Specialty

Paramount Phonographs and Records

All the Latest Hits

Paramount Records Play on all Machines Using Steel Needles

Come in and Hear Them.

PALACE

The Home of Better Motion Pictures

and the most comfortable and sanitary theatre in the Allegheny Valley

Our latest improved ventilating system changes the air every three minutes

THE QUIPPUS

-THS-

MARCH, NINETEEN AND TWENTY-ONE

BIEHL, the Tailor

406 CORBET STREET

BOYS -- We make good suits to order from $25.00 up. Give us your Order Now

GIRLS -- The best store for Stocking, Gloves and Sweaters

ANNOUNCING

Morrow's Cafe

209 FIFTH AVENUE

When Hungry Try Our Home Cooking

All New Equipment

FLOWER DREAMS

—o—

The sleeping earth, with thick white veil,
  By winter's hand is covered o'er;
She waits in slumber still and pale,
  Till spring awaken her once more.

As without care the weary child
  Nestles upon it's mother's breast,
So sleep the flowers, earth's children mild
  Close to her frost-bound bosom pressed.

They dream of breezes blowing fair,
  Of sunshine and of sparkling dews
Of fragrant odors sweet and rare,
  Of waving woods and springtime hues.

Each dreaming flower lifts up its head
  To view the splendor far and near;
When lo! the lovely dream has fled,
  And, verily, the spring is here.

The Quippus

Published by Tarentum High School, Tarentum, Pennsylvania

VOLUME ONE | MARCH 1921 | NUMBER FIVE

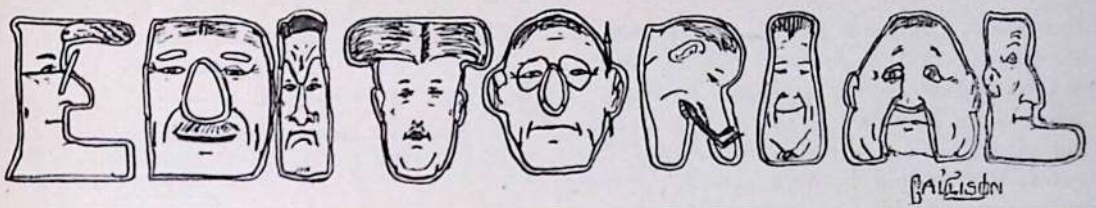
EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Pearle Sober, '21
Assistant Editor .... Marion Brown, '22
Associate Editor .... George Schied, '23
Athletic Reporter .. Clemens Swartz, '21
Business Manager .....
...Walter E. Montgomery, '22
Advertising Manager .....
..... Florence Williams, '23

Art Editor.....George Allison, '21
Senior Reporter ..... Mabel Arner, '21
Junior Reporter ... Alvin Silverman, '22
Sophomore Reporter .. Alice Shaner, '23
Freshman Reporter..Mary A. Brown, '24
Faculty Advisors ..... Miss Howe
Mr. Nease, Mr. Walker

CONTENTS

Staff ---------- 2
Editorial ---------- 3
Literary ---------- 5
Athletics 11
Notes 13
Odds and Ends ----------15
Jokes 21



BOOKS

What books should I read? Where can I get good books to read? These are two vital questions which are sometimes difficult to answer.

In selecting a book to read, everyone should consider his own needs and his own capacity, culture and mental traits. One may need only knowledge. Another may have knowledge but need moral courage, patience, comfort or something different. Each one should read the books which supplies his needs. The most profitable book may not be the one that relates just what the reader already believes nor the one which states things that do not agree with his ideas. The most helpful books are those which stimulate individual thinking.

Biographical books can be well recommended and they should have a very prominent place in the home and public library. We profit by our past experiences, likewise we profit by the experience of others. There are many other kinds of books including historical, religious, fictitious and humorous which may be worth while.

One of the greatest needs of the present day is a good library in the home. The grownup in the homes today would be reading better literature if they had received proper training in the matter of books when they were young.

If books are not accessible at home there should be a good school library. Our high school is greatly in need of more books. If the students desire more books they can have them by using all we do have and by stressing the need for more.

Many people of our community could receive much benefit from a public library. A public library could be conducted at moderate expense in proportion to the benefit which the readers would derive from the books. "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested."—Bacon.

——T. H. S.——

COMPETITION

A student once remarked to me that he would detest the President of the United States his position because "there is so blamed much competition." His complaint was excellent and proved that he had struck the deepest chord in consideration of the matter. But did he realize that the kind of man that is offered the Presidential seat is the one that beats down opposition? And did he recall, most of all, that political competition along with all the other forms of the wrd, makes this old world go around?

There are thousands of examples today that bring to light just what enmity and opposition means to the individual or to the community. Why does this man sell his wares cheaper than his neighbor? Why does one town progress further than another? These little "whys" can point to only one alternative—rivalry. It is rivalry, opposition, competition that compels men to erect skyscrapers, that makes the railroads pierce the wilderness, that builds floating palaces on the sea or even induce the bootblack to make his foot supporter more artistic. Since the world began it has been beast against beast, man pitted against man. Progress is only a cognomen for competition.

So why fear enmity, or dread to enter a fight because the other fellow appears a little stronger? Floating on the ocean will not save you from death. Remember to praise your own side but do not knock the other fellow. That is too much an advertisement for him. Christianity succeeded because the men in Rome tried to down it with opposition. Love your enemy for what he tries to do to injure you. Never be a quitter, push right in—get up in the front ranks and don't be afraid to hit hard. Be sure to give and take.

——T. H. S.——

ARE WE MAKING THE MOST OF OUR HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION?

Think for a moment of the many opportunities we have that our ancestors did not. Think of the advantages we are having over those of our grandparents or for that matter even our parents. To them a high school education was a coveted thing and a college education in many cases was a mere fancy. To have the opportunities we are having continually, day after day, was out of the question.

As an educated or uneducated person, our spoken English, perhaps more than anything else, stamps us indelibly. Our ability in science or mathematics, etc., can hardly be determined except by direct test. On the

other hand, strangers have only one way of judging us, that is by our English which as I have said registers us immediately.

A college education is of course a very fine thing, but let us be sure that a stable foundation be laid in high school, so that no time may be lost; that the average mentality in the college may be raised instead of lowered, as it has been in late years. Leading periodicals have set forth this fact strongly to us.

We students, at least most of us, have gotten into a rut, only due to laxity, and carelessness. Some of us have only three or four months left in high school, others a year, some two years and still others are just starting out. Let us make the most of these months or yaers, whatever they may be. We have just so much time to appreciate our education to its fullest extent. Brace up, think over your past career, strive to make it better in the future. That is the least that can be done. Make your High School education mean something to you.

——T. H. S.——

A NEW SORT OF GEOGRAPHY

How much did Philadelphia Pa.?
How much does Cleveland O.?
How many eggs could New Orleans La.?
Whose grass did Joplin Mo.?
What was it made Chicago Ill.?
'Twas Washington D. C.?
She would Tacoma Wash., in spite
Of a Baltimore M. D.?
You call Minneapolis, Minn.,
Why not Annapolis, Ann?
If you can't tell the reason why
I bet Topeka Kan.
Who was it lent Nashville Tenn.
When he was nearly broke?
Could Noah build a Little Rock Ark,
If he had no Guthrie Ok.?
Would Denver Colo. cop because
Ottumwa Ia. dore?
For though my Portland Me. did love
I threw my Portland Ore.

Bible applications to a recitation class—many are called but few get up.

——T. H. S.——

"Make hay while the sun shines"—The Seniors are starting their orations.

——T. H. S.——

"Early to bed and early to rise"—Observed by Freshmen only.

——T. H. S.——

"Better late than never"—That accounts for the visitors in the office after 8:40 and 1:10.

——T. H. S.——

"A stitch in time saves nine"—Demonstrated in sewing classes.

——T. H. S.——

"Two heads are better than one"—At least some people think so on exams.

——T. H. S.——

"When the cat's away the mice will play—That accounts for flying erasers.

——T. H. S.——

"Count not your chickens before they are hatched"—how about the class fight?

——T. H. S.——

"There is no fool like an old fool"—No criticisms on faculty parties.

——T. H. S.——

"The more the merrier"—Quippus contributions.

——T. H. S.——

"As you make your bed so you must lie in it"—Realized when exemptions are read.

——T. H. S.——

"God helps them that helps themselves"—Anyway, this is the belief of the faculty.

——T. H. S.——

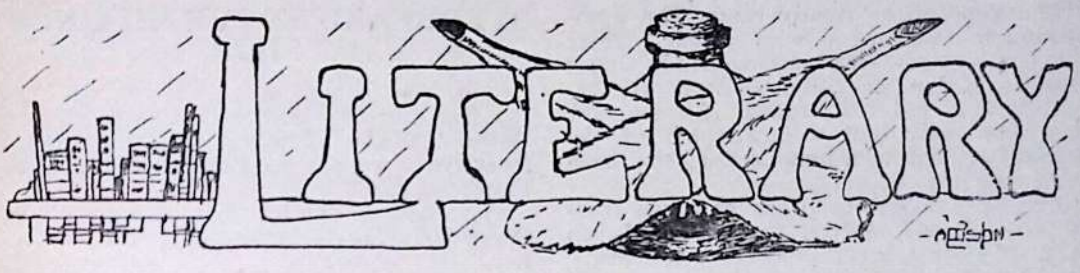
MISSING

A librarian confides to us that she was visited by a young lady who wished to see a large map of France. She was writing a paper on the battle-fields of France for a culture club, and she just couldn't find Flanders Fields and No Man's Land on any of the maps in her books.

——T. H. S.——

WELL DONE ON THE GRIDIRON

"What's your favorite wild game?"
"Football."



"WHEN BOB WON"

"Hurrah!" Reddy Jones burst into Bob Gordon's room with this shout, but paused a moment to survey the room and its occupant before breaking his news. Very little could be seen, however, of the occupant. A pair of feet resting on the hearth, and from the top of the chair a shock of brown hair, all half-concealed by a cloud of cigarette smoke. Red shook his head, evidently not quite pleased with his survey, but nevertheless he continued. "Say, Bob, wake up! What do you think has happened? Jim Reed broke his ankle last night and can't play in the Lehigh game, so Coach Brown said he would give you a chance. Aren't you glad? Just think a mere Freshie, with a chance like that!"

"Oh, gee!" Bob finally took enough interest to sit up straight, "why don't you leave a fellow alone when he's asleep? You seem to forget that I didn't get in until four this morning."

"But heavens man, do you realize the importance of this thing I just told you? Oh, boy! I only wish I had the chance," continued Reddy. This last speech made Bob grin, for the very thought of Reddy, five foot four and weighing a hundred and seventy younds, playing center, was amusing.

Finally Bob condescended to stand up and stretched languidly. "Why such excitement Reddy? I really don't believe I'll accept the honor Brown has bestowed upon me. I'd rather be a 'scrub.' They have a much easier time."

"Oh, come," Reddy said, disgust written plainly on his naturally jovial face, do get some ambition Bob. I'm ashamed of you. Buck up, old man and play."

"But look at the disadvantages," continued Bob. "There's that 60 in chemistry. I would simply have to make that up, and I can just picture Brown saying to me, "Now Gordon no more cigarettes, pastries, sleepless nights," etc. He makes me tired."

"Yes, but on the other hand," said Reddy, "think of some of the advantages. First, you owe it to good, old Bucknell; then you know how proud your Dad would be if you played on the first team and really made something of yourself, and last but not least, said Red, (with a sly wink at nothing in particular), you know how fond Dot is of athletics."

This last shot had the desired effect, making Bob's face redder, and his shoulders straighten perceptibly. For it was a well-known fact that Jim Reed, the center who was hurt, had been slowly but surely "cutting Bob out" with Dorothy Calhoun, the girl he had liked since kindergarten days. However since entering college Dot hadn't cared much for Bob, as they all thought he was utterly without ambition, and it was a common saying among the professors, that it was too bad that Dick Gordon's son was such a worthless young scamp.

At last Bob looked up with a sheepish smile and said, "Well, Red, give me until tonight to think it over."

"All right, but mind you Bob, be sure to decide favorably, and I'll be around about eight o'clock." With that Reddy dashed out of the room.

Bob Gordon sat for a long time before the fire, weighing the matter carefully. It was not merely the game he was thinking of, but whether to change his mode of life in order to play in that game, or to continue in the same rut that he had been in since entering college.

The moments slipped slowly by, but by six o'clock Bob had made up his mind. He consulted the coach and his chemistry teacher that evening. When Red arrived at eight o'clock, it was not necessary for him to ask Bob his decision, as it was apparent. The room no longer reeked with smoke. Bob, sitting before his desk was writing as if his life depended upon it and without stopping or glancing up, he informed Red that he was doing some back work in chemistry.

The two weeks before the Lehigh game slowly passed. It had traveled like wildfire through the school that Bob Gordon was going to play center, when they met Lehigh in the last game of the season, and that incidently he was going through the most rigid training and Coach Brown thought he would make a star player.

The great night finally came. The gymnasium was thronged with people. Near the front stood Bob's father, Reddy Jones and Dot Calhoun. Not a little of the interest was centered around Gordon, for everyone knew that a large part of the game depended upon him, as Reed had been their star player.

The whistle blew and the ball was tossed up. From the first the spectators on both sides were breathless with excitement, for they could easily see that this was going to be a close game, and the championship depended upon it.

At the end of the first quarter the score was 6-5, in favor of Lehigh. Thus it continued, first one side being ahead and then the other. By the beginning of the fourth quarter the score was 19-18 still favoring Lehigh. The excitement was intense, no one could score; only one more minute to play. At this instant Jack Craig, guard, sent the ball flying into Bob's hands. Bob was standing almost in the center of the floor; as his hands closed over the ball, he made a mighty effort and threw for the basket. For a breathless moment the ball seemed to hang in mid-air, then fell gracefully through the ring.

"Time" called the referee. Bucknell had won. A wild cheer broke from the Bucknell rooters and Bob Gordon was lifted high on the shoulders of his comrades. However he escaped as soon as possible and sought his dad.

The light in his father's eyes and his handclasp pleased Bob even more than the words "Son I am mighty proud of you, for I know you have at last become a MAN."

Reddy nearly smothered him in an ecstatic bear-hug.

As for Dot—but sufficient to say that from that time forth she was entirely "his girl."

And the faculty now points with pride to Bob and says, "The best all-around man in this college." M. V. E. '22.

——T. H. S.——

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Baby—I want my bottle.

Mother—Keep quiet. You're just like your father.

—o—

"Her dress was like a song."
"What do you mean by that."
"Sweet and Low."

OVERHEARD AT THE MILLINERY SHOP

"Oh, here comes Mrs. Allen again," said the Harding blue hat with the dainty pink flowers. "She always visits this shop at least twice a year so I heard Madame say the other day."

"I wonder if she has lots of money," said the elderly lady's bonnest in the far corner.

"I should imagine so or else she would not be so much of a fashion model," said the large afternoon hat. "I just heard her say she wanted a small black hat, something to make her look dignified."

"Oh-oh-oh! Mama buy this blue one, and oh, I like that pink one. O-o-o. I like those long streamers. I'll cry if you don't get me them.

"Well, did you ever," said the little pink hat daintily perched on the table of children's hats. "I would not want to rest on that girl's head. She seems like a spoiled youngster."

"Neither would I," spoke up the blue, "and whom do you suppose would."

"I would like to crawl under the table before she comes to inspect me closely," said the flowered streams on the white hat.

"Here comes the society bud," remarked the black turban. "She always seems so care free and gay. If some one doesn't buy me and take me from this shop today I shall be more disheartened than ever. I have been here ever since last season—just pushed back in the corner. I thought I would leave this season but since Easter is so near I suppose I must stay."

"Well, jealous one," said Miss Red Bird on the table covered with red hats. "Just turn your head the other way and see the dear old lady pointing toward you. I think you have won her heart already and I bet you leave before we do."

"Martha, don't you think this little black turban and veil would be very appropriate for me. Just a minute till I try it on. Let us ask the price of it. "Then and there the other occupants of the hat shop knew they must say farewell.

"I wonder why some curious people always must touch the trimmings on hats. One young lady who came just after lunch, touched two of the cherries on my side and now that they are crushed everyone seems to pass me by."

"We certainly are glad to be here and we will stay forever," said a number of fancy hatpins on the first shelf. "Yes, we have been together in this vase for so long we seem like a family.

"I have never been to such an interesting place before" said the blue glass pin. "Here

you see all manner of styles on all kinds of people and hear all the latest news."

"Miss Smith, will you please lock the door as it is now 5:30. Our sales seem to have been large today, and I know if we just add our collection of new hats tomorrow and rearrange our left-overs tomorrow will be another big day for our Fifth Avenue Shop."

——T. H. S.——

Saxonburg, Pa., Feb. 24, '21.

Deer Bruther,

I wuz into Tarentum the other nite and I tell u it is the furst time in fifteen yeers and the last time fur fifteen mor.

A nabor woman what lives about too miles frum heer wuz goin to Tarentum and she askt me too go with her. I finelly sed I wood go wither. I put on my best evryday dress witch wuz pink kalerko, my fur hat I got new when u wuz married. I war muthers black kape kaze I thot it wood be warmer than my koat. I thot I hed better wear my artiks beekaze it mite rain or sno and I ain't takin no chanses on getting rumatism. Wen I got to town I saw a lot uv girls with artiks but they didn't hev them shut.

I sure wuz surprised wen I got to town. There are so meny noo buildings, new streats and brick ones to. Two tell the truth I wood hev bin lost if Missus Gibbons hed not bin with me. We tuk her butter and eggs to the stor. I hed sum byin to do so we bot sum aprun gingam, a new pear shuz, kurtans and a fu sech things. Evry stor hed a sine in it about sum thing kalled a basketball game. I wondered wot it wuz and so did Missus Gibbons so we askt the man in the stor. He tryed to tell us but all the time he talkt he laffed so and now I no why we laffed. He tolled us if we hed never saw won we ot to go. Well we thot we wood go sum time again but not too day. We started fur home but wuz just goin up the hill wen our buggy brok down. I wuz aful skared but Misses wuz not skered. We hed a man take the buggy to the blacksmiths and we thot we wood hev to stay in town all nite. I didn't no where to stay, but Missus Gibbons second husband has a half bruther whose daughter lives up on Tarentum hill. Bein so neer related they no eech uther well. Her children were goin to a basketball game. She wuz goin to but wen we kame she didnt want two go. I tolled Missus Gibbons we ot to go when we wuz so neer. Well we did go and oh Samuel that is why I am riten too u. I wuz so excited ovur the trip I didnt sleap well fur a weak. This woman we went too see bot what she kalled tickets. They were just skraps of paper but she hed to pey 35 sents fur them. I started in the plaze furst. There wuz a man at the dore and he held out his hand two me. I thot he lookt reel soshible and so I shooked his hand and went in. Samuel kean yur children out uv sech places. They shuld never go in any further than I wuz then.

I thot I wuz in sumbudys chicken koop or a kage like they hev at the kounty fare. An aful lot of peeple stud with us on steps. Then ten men on the uther side uv the wire. I thot it wuz a pity too make them stay on the uther side but wen I saw how they ran around and jumpt and nocked eech other over I wuz glad the wire wuz hi.

Won little man wuz hangin on the side of the wall. I spose he is more wilder than the uthers so they keap him up their by hisself.

Only wun uv them men hed a full dress suta on. The uther pury fellos hed no sleaves in there klothes, there pantz were big enuf for their baby bruther and there stockings must hev bin washt a lot kaz they were so short. Sech aktin as they did. Never onct did I see a basket. I spose sum budy furgot to bring it. They did hev sum thing round like the moon and the lady we kame with sed it wuz a ball. Them boys chased it all ovur the flore and kept throwing the ball frum won two the uther. They all wanted the ball. I never saw sech greedy peeple. They ot two hev too uv them balls and then they woodent skrap so.

They kurried on so they hed to stop evry onct in a wile. Then anuther fello from where we wuz krawled thru the wire. Samuel he wuz krazier than the uther fellos. He yelled at the peeple and then they yelled twice as hard at him. He jumpt and the peeple jumpt. One big girl jumpt on my soarest korn and then I yelled to. After a wile the uther fellos came back and the won yelling man ran back two us. The man with the full dress sute must not hev bin very old kaz he hed a wistle in his mouth and evry onct in a wile he blowed it. There were too fish nets hangin on the wall and I gess the fellos dident like them kaze evry chanct they got they throwd the ball at them. Sech kerryin on as they did. At last they got tired and every won started out at once. Befour the peeple got out the fellos was throwd the ball got in a ring and yelled like evrything. I think sum one ot too teech them sum gentil quiet game like ring around rosy. They ran so much they neaded to settle down. Since I kame home I wonder who takes kare uv those fellos in that kage. All the peeple seamed too go home wen we did. That wuz my first and last basketball game without a basket and I am riten two tell u

too leap yur childrun out uv sech redikulus plases as that.

Wen I rite two u agan I will tell u mor about my trip to town. I think this wurld is getting afuller evryday. How is yur boy wat goz too kollige and yur gurl wat goz to kollige? Is the Missus well? Kum too sea me wen ever u kan. Yur sister,

MATHILDA HOPKINS.

R. F. D. No. 1, Saxonburg, Pa.

——T. H. S.——

THE BLUE LAWS

Are we being deprived of our freedom by those who are attempting to Puritanize our modern Sunday? According to the leaders of this organization, they are not trying to make a blue day of Sunday but are endeavoring to make a real day of rest for the toiling masses and a day of worship for everybody. If the old Blue Laws are enforced throughout the nation, it will mean the closing of all delicatessen shops, amusement places, sport grounds and bathing beaches on the Sabbath Day. Even school children are to be denied the privilege of studying their lessons for Monday morning classes. The Sabbath is spoken of a "being the foundation of the church, the home, and all else that is valuable and beautiful in our Anglo-Saxon life."

Upon reviewing some of the original Blue Laws we find the following decree:

No person under twenty years of age should use any tobacco, without a certificate from a physician, and no other although addicted to its use, unless ten miles from any house, and then not more than once a day.

In Hartford every freeman who neglected to attend town meeting was fined six pence, unless he had a good excuse.

It was ordered that the watchmen should ring a bell every morning before daybreak, and that at least one person should be up without one quarter of an hour after, in every house.

——T. H. S.——

Little Jim, though he attended Sunday school every week, did not know quite as much about Scriptural history as he ought to have known; but when his sister asked him, "Where was Solomon's temple?" he was rather angry that she should think him unable to answer a simple question like that. "Don't you think I know anything?" he asked. "Well, where was it, then?" his sister repeated, and then he informed her: "On the side of his forehead, of course—the same as other folks."

JAMES EDWARD JR., ENTERTAINS

"Why come right in, Mrs. Chessler, mother will be down in a minute. She said to tell you this was the maid's day off but I ain't going to tell you that because I heard Marie tell my daddy that if he did pay her she would get another job. She left this morning so I guess she didn't want my daddy's money. You had better sit on that straight chair. The rockers on the others are cracked. Just sit down till I slip upstairs and tell mother what kind of a dress you have on. She said she wanted to make you look in the shade. I'd turn on the lights to make you nice and bright but our electric lights are turned off because we did not pay our bill. Mother said to tell you she would be down in a minute but I bet it will be an hour. I told her you had on an old dress so she was hurrying to sew the buttons on her new dress so she can wear it. Pa said if mother bought many more new dresses we would go to the poorhouse. Ma said not to take you too near the silverware because you had a very taking way. I don't know why but Pa said, "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

Say, when are you going to be buried. Ma said if you would dye your hair it would greatly improve your looks. You ought to do like Ma. She just has a little on her head and she hangs up the rest at night. I always kiss mama goodnight before I go upstairs. She takes her teeth out and that makes her mouth funny and I don't like to kiss her then. Say do you ever put ice cream on your face at night. Ma does it to take out the wrinkles but I think she might as well eat it. I s'pose ma's having an awful time to see how she looks. Pa got mad last night and threw his shoe across the room into the mirror. It's all broke and we can't afford another. Do you see our new Victrola? Pa calls it an Instalment Plan Victrola because the man said we could take it home without any records till it was paid for. Don't ask her to play it for she said she would faint if you would. It wouldn't be no fun for her to faint here now. She only falls on the sidewalk when there's a nice young man to pick her up. One day last winter she fell and was waiting for a man coming up the street to pick her up! When the man got there she saw it was Pa and gee, but she jumped up quick.

Oh, here she comes now. Guess I had better go. You tell her I've been very quiet or else she will blame me for talking too much.

THE HAPPY REUNION

After the closing of school in June Mary Louise Carmen, an orphan girl of about eighteen went with her maiden aunt to Bermis Point to spend their summer. Mary Lou had been the most popular girl in her class and had graduated with honors. Everyone always did their best to make her happy. She and her Aunt Maggie always spent their summer at some resort. The summer before they had gone to Crystal Lake where Mary Lou had met Jack Wilson in whom she became very much interested.

One day while playing tennis with one of the young men from the hotel Mary Lou saw some one coming toward her. As the young man approached she recognized him as no other than her friend Jack Wilson. After the customary greetings were over and Jack hod told Mary Lou that his dad was with him, Mary Lou returned to her tennis. When the game was over and she returned to the hotel, she found Aunt Maggie dressed very carefully in her blue suit and her best hat. She told Mary Lou that she was going to Jamestown to do a little shopping, but that she would return in time for the dance that night. In the evening Mary Lou and Jack were strolling along the water edge when they met two other strollers.

Jack and Mary Lou both cried out at once, only one using the name Aunt Maggie and the other Dad.

Why—I thought you were in town. Then Aunt Maggie explained it this way.

"You see my dear, we were in town but have returned. I didn't want to come here but you so insisted that I at last decided to come. Jack's Dad and I were once engaged but because I had money and he didn't my parents forced me to break the engagement and no longer see him.

Mr. Wilson moved away and several years later married Jack's mother. But now we are the happiest man and wife—aunt and uncle that ever lived. Mary Lou, you always wanted to have the credit of making some one happy and now dear, your desire has been granted and I have become the happiest woman in the world."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

The seventeenth of March is a day fondly cherished by many millions and in every Irsh home, and in all lands where Irishmen live the name of St. Patrick is a household word. He lived, and toiled, and prayed for the salvation of Ireland.

For the mythical Patrick no person can have any respect but for the real Patrick who loved Ireland we have deep admiration.

The exact date of his birth is unknown. So, too, is the place of his birth. It is quite certain that he was not born in Ireland. He became an Irishman first by compulsion, when he was kidnapped by a fierce, barbaric pirate, and sold into slavery, and after his conversion he became an Irishman by adoption. That Patrick was born in Scotland is now believed by the best authority.

From the year 440, when Patrick went to Ireland, until the year 1155 the Irish people clung in a large measure to the teachings of their patron saint. Politically, Ireland was free and independent. From the reign of Henry II until this hour Ireland, in many respects, has been the most unfortunate, and the most unhappy country. It was an English king who conspired with an English Pope, that brought Ireland under the sway of England. It cannot be denied that England treated Ireland most unjustly. She had a tyrant's power; and she used it like a tyrant. But England has made large restitution to Ireland for the cruel wrongs she inflicted upon her. Ireland now has equal rights and privileges with every other part of the British dominions.

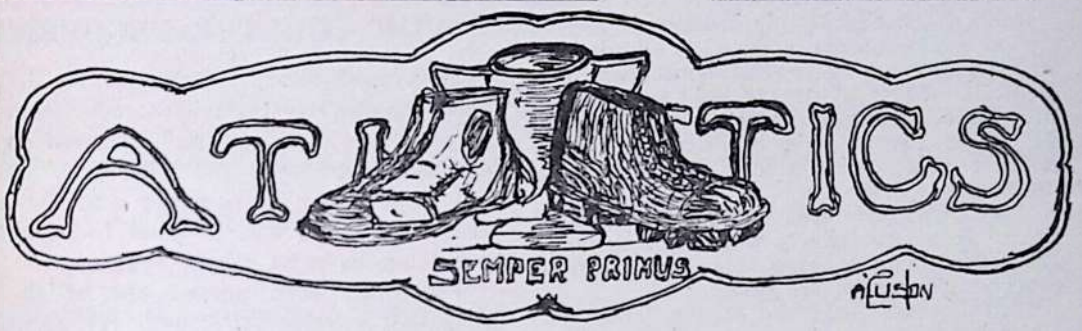
St. Patrick prayed for a united Ireland and his prayer was granted. He loved Ireland with all his heart. His devotion to the Irish people would not permit him to leave them and so from 440 till March 17, 493 he labored always for the betterment of Ireland.

——T. H. S.——

A conscientious young Sunday school teacher had been telling her class of little boys about the crowns of glory and the rewards in heaven for good people. "And now, tell me," she said, "who will get the biggest crown?" There was a moment of deep silence and then a little voice piped out: "Him what's got the biggest head."

THE QUIPPUS STAFF

Left to Right, bottom row—Mabel Arner, senior reporter; Alice Shaner, sophomore reporter; Florence Williams, advertising manager; Marion Brown, assistant editor; Pearl Sobers, editor-in-chief; Mary A. Brown, freshman reporter. Top Row—Walter E. Montgomery, business manager; George Allison, art editor; Alvin Silverman, junior reporter; Clemens Swartz, athletic reporter; George Shied, associate editor.



1921 BASKETBALL SEASON

The 1921 basketball season was a big success for Tarentum High although the team did not get into the W. P. I. A. League elimination series as they were expected to at the season's start.

Out of 17 games the Hi quintette won 12 and lost five for a rating of .705. Of these games 14 were regular league games, two with each of the seven other league contenders in this section, one at home and one abroad. Of the 14 league games T. H. S. won 10 and lost four for an average of .714. The team was defeated twice by Ford City and at Vandergrift and New Kensington by the latter High School teams. The three games out of the league schedule were with Pittsburgh Academy, T. H. S. Alumni and Munhall High of Section II of the W. P. I. A. L. Of these three the one loss was to the High Alumni.

The gate was also healthy all during the 1921 season. There were only one or two instances where the Grandview spectators' cage was not taxed to its capacity. The student Council announces that there has been quite a sum cleared on basketball this year, exceeding any amount that has ever been made before.

——T. H. S.——

EXTENDS CONGRATULATIONS

Tarentum Hi students do not feel the least bit piqued over Ford City shoving the locals out of first place but congratulate Ford City on having the best team in Section VI.

——T. H. S.——

FINDS FRIENDLY RIVAL

Tarentum High has found a friendly rival in Apollo High in their entry into the W. P. I. A. L. this year.

When Apollo entered the League local followers were inclined to look on that school as one that had just come out of the "bushes." But the Apollo lads showed their fellow contenders that they were just a little bit stronger than they were taken to be.

Apollo has the best sports of any towns in this section that the T. H. S. squad visited. The sentiment is mutual with Apollo. Coach Wm. D. Sawyer says in a letter to a local newspaper: "There is a good sportsmanlike feeling existing between Tarentum High and Apollo and I hope it will grow next year."

Apollo will have a stronger football team next season than they had last season. They express their desire to take on the Hi grid team next fall.

Baseball has also been instituted. D. T. Fiscus, baseball manager, is arranging the 1921 schedule for A. H. S. on the diamond. If baseball goes through with Tarentum no doubt an excellent match would be had were T. H. S. and A. H. S. to cross bats.

——T. H. S.——

GIRLS HAVE BIG '21 SEASON

The most successful girls' basketball season in the history of Tarentum High School has just closed.

The team was one of the fastest in the valley. Much of the credit is due Miss Howe for her untiring efforts to turn out a first class team of which T. H. S. could hold just pride.

The girls have shown their fighting spirit in all their games. Miss Nellie Bark was elected captain and proved an able leader. Miss Rosalie Walters was manager and it was through her efforts that we had such fine attractions.

The girls took several enjoyable trips and returned from every one with a well earned victory. They have kept the red and black up by defeating Kittanning, Natrona, Ken Hi, Arnold and Parnassus by wide margins. Verona has been the only team to whom the local six have bowed.

Vera Hawk is one of the best forwards in this section and proved a big score getter all season. Helen Hazlett played the other forward consistantly.

Lillian Shumaker at center and Eleanor Hazlette at side center make a good pair at the keystone stations.

Nellie Bark and Mamie Millberger measure up to any guards in the girls circuit and made an almost impenetrable defense for T. H. S. Their ability to hold the opponents from counting, coupled with the ability of the center girls to deliver the ball to the forwards who in turn register marks the success of the team.

Rosalie Walters was a dependable forward. Helen Daugherty was also a dependable utility player, being able to play either center, side center or guard.

Last but not least the scrubs. They deserve heaps of credit and glory for the faithfulness in which they turned out to practice and make the varsity just what it was.

——T. H. S.——

ARRANGE GRID SCHEDULE

Football Coach J. M. Dinsmore is busy arranging the 1921 football schedule for T. H. S.

The outlook for the 1921 grid season is good in this school with eight varsity lettermen back. There will be over fifteen other boys who can be counted as competitors for the three vacant positions that will be on the team. It is expected that there will be 40 or 50 who will be out regularly for football next fall.

Already Coach Dinsmore has secured five dates out of the eight games that will be played.

McKeesport Hi will play here October 29. The Hi team will journey to Washington, Pa., on Thanksgiving to play W. H. S. The schedule will be much harder than the one T. H. S. had last season. The full schedule will be given out in the next Quippus.

"PIM" COULTER RECOVERS

Franklin Coulter, popular T. H. S. versatile athlete has been ill at his home for the past five weeks. "Pim" suffered an attack of pneumonia and pleurisy. He is well on his way to recovery and his hundreds of friends will be glad to hear that he will again be at school next week.

"Pim" has been named one of the Hi basketball varsity lettermen. He earned a football letter last fall also. Winning two letters in the Freshman year is quite an accomplishment.

——T. H. S.——

T. H. S. BASKETTBALL RECORD

T. H. S. 36. Pittsburgh Academy 31.
T. H. S. 28. T. H. S. Alumni 30.
T. H. S. 48. Parnassus H. S. 24.
T. H. S. 43. Parnassus H. S. 27.
T. H. S. 31. Apollo H. S. 14.
T. H. S. 34. Apollo H. S. 32.
T. H. S. 55. Vandergrift H. S. 20.
T. H. S. 27. Vandergrift H. S. 40.
T. H. S. 61. Ken Hi 15.
T. H. S. 22. Ken Hi 31.
T. H. S. 61. Arnold 12.
T. H. S. 25. Ford City 31.
T. H. S. 24. Ford City 38.
T. H. S. 37. Kittanning 28.
T. H. S. 38. Kittanning 27.
T. H. S. 39. Munhall H. S. 27.

——T. H. S.——

T. H. S. LETTERMEN ARE ANNOUNCED

The Tarentum High Varsity lettermen for the 1921 basketball season have been announced this week by Basketball Coach Fee. They are Capt. Frank Slaughter, George Kline, Clarence Borland, Albert Mosley, Ernest Bartell and Franklin Coulter.

Slaughter, Kline, Borland and Mosley will be lost to the school by graduation this year Only Bartell and Coulter will remain of the 1921 varsity as nucleus to the 1922 floor squad

∴ NOTES ∴

SENIOR NOTES

Senior English

The Seniors are beginning to realize that they will be leaving T. H. S. in June. They have started to write their orations. Mr. Walker has given out a number of very good and very interesting subjects. The Seniors are also studying Hamlet and have taken one test on it.

Senior French

The Seniors have just finished "La Question D'Argent" and have taken a test on it. They have now started the translation of "L'Abbe de Constantin," by Ludovec Halevy. This is a different type of story than the other ones which have been translated by the class and it proves to be very interesting.

All Aboard for College

The Seniors days in T. H. S. are numbered and quite a few of them are thinking of packing their trunk in preparation for entering a college next fall.

Some time ago a representative from Slippery Rock Normal spoke to the Juniors and Seniors, and gave a very interesting report from the school.

Mr. Stephens from Allegheny College visited our school and gave such splendid accounts of that institution that several of our Seniors have decided to continue school work at Allegheny.

Mrs. Welsh gave a very interesting talk concerning Wilson College. The girls were much pleased with her talk. Miss McNease was a former student at Wilson.

Miss McNease has been giving the girls some very helpful suggestions and advice concerning studies and work which they shall do after leaving T. H. S.

Blame that alarm clock.—Exchange.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Sophs are reading the blood curdling horror filled, short stories and poems of Edgar Allen Poe. It is the mutual agreement of the class that though they are full of mystery and horror, they are worth while and surpass Alger stories.

The Sophomore Botany class is studying flowers and fruits and it is well to assure you that the progress in that field is very good.

We hope Mr. Parfitt enjoys teaching us as well as we enjoy being taught by him. Even if we do like him he can't escape having some jokes told about him. Here is one that happened one morning:

Mr. Parfitt: Miss Sarver, please name a grain.

Miss Sarver: Corn.

Mr. Parfitt: Correct, now give a product that is made from corn and tell how it is used.

Miss Sarver: Corn starch used in making cream pies.

Mr. Parfitt: Very good—I like them.

St. Patrick should have visited T. H. S. on the 17th and he would have found Ireland's colors worn in many ways. There were green socks, ties, handkerchiefs, ribbons, bows, pipes and shamrocks, dresses, sweaters and skirts, and goodness knows what else.

The Freshies were a little shy in coming forth arrayed in their natural shade.

The Sophomore girls presented an excellent program on the 18th and everyone agrees that they have good chances of winning the prize for producing the most comical program.

A busy man's field of labor has but few shade trees in it.

FRESHMAN NOTES

English is being studied enthusiastically among the Freshies. But who could help liking such books as "Ivanhoe" and "The Last of the Mohicans."

Latin is rather difficult especially the tenses and rules involved in the study of the subjunctive mode. With a lot of study and extra hard work, perhaps it will soon be mastered.

The cows are in the meadow,
The sheep are in the grass,
Not all the simple-minded folks,
Are in the Freshman class.

Seven weeks exams are over for which every one is truly thankful. Although they were not so hard, it is comforting to know that there are seven more weeks until the next tests.

The Public speaking classes have taken up debates. Miss Kahl has given easy questions to broaden the Freshies argumentative power although debates are rather hard, each one seems to have good material.

The Freshman chapel exercises have been especially interesting. On St. Patrick's Day, Marjorie Frye and Alec Allison rendered recitations which were well appreciated. The Girls Glee Club also gave two selections.

——T. H. S.——

JUNIOR NOTES

On Thursday evening, March 3, the Juniors gave the readings from Macbeth before a very large audience, the largest in fact that has ever attended one of the yearly readings. The class of '22 feels very proud because many have said that this entertainment was perhaps one of the best that has ever been given. The financial end was certainly pleasing because forty dollars, the most that has ever been taken in, was realized. Of this money half goes to the Junior Class and half is used for books that may some day, we hope, in the near future, help to fill the shelves of a school library.

A little book on American Literature is now being studied by the Junior English classes. In addition they are working upon drawings illustrating American Literature and some are very ingenious indeed.

The High School Girls have been espepecially fortunate in having some good lecturers this year, in connection with the splendid words of Miss McNeese. On Friday, the 11th, Dr. Potter, head of the Department of Health at Harrisburg, gave two very interesting lectures to the girls.

The Junior Economics classes think they see happy days ahead, for, at the rate they are going the book will have been almost completed by the end of the next seven weeks. What will we do then? Never mind, Miss Beatty will find something.

Just at this time every one is anxious to know if they have passed because the seven weeks tests have just been finished. If you did not, remember, there are twelve or thirteen more weeks in which to make it up, but after that—no hope.

——T. H. S.——

THIS IS ORATORY

A darky was endeavoring to make clear to a friend just what constitutes oratory. "I will elucidate," he said. "If you says black am white, dat am foolish. But if you says black AM white, an' bellers like a bull, an' pounds de table with both fists, dat am oratory!"

———o———

An Irishman, Englishman and Scotchman were each attempting to tell the closest race he ever saw.

"The neatest one I have seen," said the Englishman, "was where a boat won a race by the breadth of a new coat of paint."

"The closest I saw," declared the Scotchman," was during a horse race when one of the animals won by the height of a bee sting on his nose."

"The closest race I ever saw," said the Irishman, "was the Scotch."

∴ ODDS AND ENDS ∴

ARE YOU A CHEAT?

Are you a cheat, a low down cheat,
A bow head, boob, a fool?
There are many more than you'd expect
In our own Tarentum school.

Have you a backbone, a firm backbone
To resist those small temptations?
'Twas just little cheats that began in school
That have sometimes wrecked great nations.

Doesn't your heart beat fast and your blood flow warm,
When on an examination,
You forget a question that means a flunk?
You've been in that situation.

Your book was but within arms reach
The teacher could not see you
There's where the information lies,
But your conscience burns in you.

The skunk the fool will get that book
And cheat, just to get through,
But the fellow's the best, who stands the test
And flunks; would that fellow be you?

Out in this world they brand a cheat,
He cannot outlive the shame.
His neighbors and his fellow men
Have given him that name.

And next time that you're tempted
To cheat your way straight through,
Do your best the honest way
It will mean lots more to you.

But don't play the cheat, the low down cheat,
The base, the ignortant fool
For there are many more than you'd expect
In our own Tarentum school. M. C. '22.

——T. H. S.——

It gives us satisfaction to know there are more good women than great ones.

——T. H. S.——

Happiness consists in making others happy.

——T. H. S.——

An elevator man will give you a lift one minute and run you down the next.

THE STUDENT'S PRIMER

The Boy and the Note

See the boy holds something in his hand. He is calling to the girl across the aisle. He watches the teacher . She does not see him. The boy stretches out his hand. The girl stretches out her hand. The note is now passed.

The Basketball Game

See the lot of people. Everybody talks at once. There are some boys on the floor with a big ball. The boys run and jump. The boys throw the ball. One team wins. The game is over. The people go home.

A Saturday Reception

The girls have on their Sunday dresses. Their mama brings them to school. Many chairs and little tables are in the hall. The girls serve cakes and tea. The people eat and talk. There is music and speeches. The people say "goodbye" and go home.

The Office

It is a little room. A tall man stays there near all the time. Bad boys and bad girls are sent there. The man talks cross. The boy gets scared. The boy promises to be good. He goes back to class next day.

Chapel

Chapel is a big, big room. There are many seats in it. On Thursday the boys and girls sing. Some students say speeches. Everybody claps hands. The teachers tell the pupils not to be bad. Everybody likes to go to chapel.

The Golashes

The golashes are black. Boys and girls wear them on their feet. Sometimes they forget to fasten them. They make lots of noise when they walk. People laugh at them.

The Bell

The bell rings at 3:25. The boys and girls close their books. They put on their coats and their hats. They smile big smiles. They are glad to go home.

:: THE CLASS FIGHT ::

CLASSIFIED ADS

—o—

WANTED—

Some natural beautifier to make pink cheeks. Rouge no longer desired.

A teacher to train pupils to crumble paper instead of tearing it in scraps.

Teachers and pupils to attend schools of America after the term has been lengthened to twelve months.

A new school library.

A substitute to take college entrance exams for Seniors.

A school auditorium.

Some literary work, other than Burke's "Conciliation," for Seniors to study.

More teachers who remember that they were once students.

A surplus supply of Quippus contributions.

A girls' gym.

More teas and receptions for T. H. S. girls.

—T. H. S.—

LOST—

Ability to fasten goloshes.

By every student—the eraser to their pencil.

A few minutes because of talking.

Some promised contributions to the Quippus.

Family tales—on account of writing family ancestry.

The better half of my eyesight because of overstudy.

Some important dates—history and otherwise.

Mirror in Senior cloakroom. Inquire any Senior girl on or after June 30.

Memories of all unpleasant deeds of Seniors.

All enamel knocked off dishpans in Domestic Science.

—T. H. S.—

FOUND—

A "U" on my report as an explanation of my good times.

Enough chewing gum in the waste basket to start a confectionery store.

By Seniors—their reputation as the biggest talkers.

By Juniors—their autobiographies.

By Sophs—their greenness because of another year's growth.

By Freshies—their meekness which they possessed during childhood.

—T. H. S.—

FOR SALE—

A pony which proved unsuccessful in riding through Caesar.

(In a few years)—A number of seats, books and other school supplies unused because of twelve-month term of school.

All the "U's" on my report card.

All positions on Quippus staff unless more material is contributed.

All junk deposited in Chapel seats during owner's absence.

An Algebra book without answers.

A number of efficient physical directors in Senior Room 1.

—T. H. S.—

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU—

That on an American 25-cent piece there are 13 letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, 13 marginal feathers in each wing, 13 tail feathers, 13 parallel lines in the shield, 13 horizontal bars, 13 arrow heads, and 13 letters in the words "quarter dollar"?

—o—

Don't be afraid to invest in a smile; it's always worth its face value.

Remember
When ya said
Yer first speech
In Chapel?
And everybody
Grinned at ya
And yer head swum,
And ya gulped
And looked like
Napoleon?
And ya
Stuck up yer nose
And ya tried
To stop shaking,
But yer legs wouldn't?
And then the
Public Speaking
Teacher smiled
And ya yelled
Out the first line
With all yer might?
And then
Ya forgot.
REMEMBER? Oh, Boy!

——T. H. S.——

Wouldn't it be wonderful if—
1—All the Seniors always knew their French.
2—All the Seniors could argue like Emil Herskovitz.
3—Manford would tease the girls.
4—All the class dues were paid.
5—Seniors would have a party.
6—A few of the Seniors would write something for the Quippus or do something that somebody else could write about.

——T. H. S.——

PEEVISH, AT LEAST

"I had to kill my dog this morning."
"Was he mad?"
"Well, he didn't seem any too well pleased."

——T. H. S.——

AN EXCLUSIVE BUSINESS

Most of the trouble is produced by those who don't produce anything else.

——T. H. S.——

THEY WENT

"Darling, I've made up my mind to stay at home."
"Too late, George—I've made up my face to go out."

PROCRASTINATION

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,
On the banks of the River Slow,
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair,
Where the Sometimeorother scents the air,
And the soft Goeasys grow?

It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,
In the province of Letherslide;
That Tired Feeling is native there,
It's the home of the listless Idontcare,
Where the Putitoffs abide.

—Selected.

——T. H. S.——

ARTISTIC ADVERTISING

An advertising man who recently returned from the Orient, claims that Japanese merchants and manufacturers who have occasion to make use of printer's ink are not disposed to limit themselves to dull, prosaic statements concerning the excellence of their wares. Among the entertaining bits that the traveler noticed in his study of Japanese advertising are these:

"Goods dispatched expeditiously as a cannon-ball."

"Parcels done up with such loving care as a wife bestows upon her husband."

"The print of our books is clear as crystal; the matter charming as a singing girl."

"Customers are treated as politely as by rival steamship companies."

"Our silks and satins are as smooth as a lady's cheeks and colored like the rainbow."

——T. H. S.——

VERY CONSERVATIVE

"Why do you dislike your teacher so, Willie?" asked his mother. "I don't exactly dislike her, mother," replied Willie, "but it's perfectly plain to me why she never got married."

——T. H. S.——

"Pop."
"Yes my son."
"What is a gardener?"
"A gardener is a man who raises a few things, my boy."
And what is a farmer?"
"A man who raises a lot of things."
"Well, what is a middleman, pop?"
"Why, he's a fellow who raises everything, my son."

She was a dream—
Imagine if you can
A form divine, an ice cream complexion
And eyes that sparkled
Like noon day sun
On driven snow!
She had the sort of lips that
Melt in your mouth,
Added to this was a country home,
Cozy summer house, and a Rolls Royce,
And joy unbounded—less than 37
Minutes after I met her
She was promised to be mine
She was a dream.

——T. H. S.——

STUDY HALL

Study Hall is a student's haven before or after a difficult class recitation. It is a mixture of all four classes, a continuous buzz, and at constant intervals a feminine giggle and a masculine hee haw. A few visits to Encyclopedias and a couple dozen trips to Webster's dictionary, that time worn book. All these noises go together to produce the "library quiet" that Mr. McCullough tells us about, but which is truant from study hall.

The correspondence system is very efficient—notes being passed to and fro with lightning rapidity.

There is aways a "child's" restraint in existence whether it be in pockets, desks or handkerchiefs. Fruit, peanuts, candy and chewing gum makes up the favorite menu.

All in all with the shuffling of feet, whispering, walking to the book case, crunching of peanut shells, etc., Study Hall is certainly a place of blissful quiet and happiness.

——T. H. S.——

Bishop Partridge is a collector of anecdotes. He said the other day: "I once asked a minister how he had got through a certain service. He answered grimly: 'Well, bishop, the service was soothing, moving and satisfactory.' 'Yes,' I said, a little puzzled. 'Yes, exactly,' said he. 'It was soothing because over half the congregation went to sleep. It was moving because half of the other half left before I was through. And it must have been satisfactory, inasmuch as I wasn't asked to come again.' "

——T. H. S.——

Teacher—"Why do we celebrate St. Patrick's Day?"

Bartell—"Because he is the man who said, "Give me Liberty or give me Death."

FOR BILLY AND ME

Where the studies are the easiest
Where the grades are not the meesiest,
Where the girls are about the prettiest
And the bright lads are the craziest,
That's the place for Billy and me.

Where there's chapel every other week
And there's only a yearly poem to speak
Where the radiators never creak
And the teachers always mild and meek,
That's the place for Billy and me.

Where the boys speak one at a time,
Where history's considered a crime,
Where a lost book costs a dime
And everyone treats you fine,
That's the place for Billy and me.

——T. H. S.——

APPROPRIATE BEVERAGE

A teacher said to her class in English composition: "Now I want every member of the class to write a conversation between a grocer and a customer, introducing some pathetic incident or reference.

Among those given were:

"What do you want?" asked the merchant.

"A pound of tea," was the reply.

"Green or black?" asked the merchant.

"I think I'll take black," she said, "It's for a funeral."

——T. H. S.——

If you have a soft head never try to butt in.

——T. H. S.——

Most people want your life to be an open (check) book.

——T. H. S.——

"Man wants but little here below," remarked the new arrival in Hades, as he hurriedly removed his overcoat.

——T. H. S.——

Adam stood and watched his wife,
Fall from an apple tree,
"Ah, ha! At last I've found her out!
Eavesdropping," muttered he.

——T. H. S.——

Miss Beatty (in Economics)—"Now I want it to be so quiet you can hear a pin fall."

"Goose" (After a moment's silence)—"All right, let her go."

HAIN'T IT SO

Did you ever resolve
To study hard
And you'd started in
To do it.
You was sittin' there
Not turnin' 'round
But studying like the dickens.
The door opens
And you heard
Some one come in
But you didn't look
'Cause you was studyin',
But everything
Got quiet like
And you thought
Somethin' was up
You raised your head
To see what was the trouble
An' here come "Mac"
An' fiery mad
Around the room
An' looking straight at you.
Your heart was sinkin'
Your knees was quaken
You were sure you were
Goin' to get bawled out.
Up in your head
Somethin' said
What did you do today?
But you couldn't think,
What you done
But "Mac" was comin' still,
He turns down your aisle,
You hear his fill
And you feel a sinkin' feelin'
Way down deep
Some place.
He's nearly to you
You're scarder yet,
But he passes by
To the next guy.
Ain't it a grand an' glorious feelin'.
Hain't it so?

——T. H. S.——

A man was charged with stealing $9.70. His lawyer, after a long fight, succeeded in securing his acquittal. After the acquittal the lawyer told the fellow that he ought to have some pay for his hard work. "Have you got any money at all?" inquired the lawyer. "I've still got that $9.70," said the man.

A colored gentleman named Joshua Johnson was arrested for making whisky. When his case was called the judge jokingly asked him if he was any relation to the Joshua that made the sun stand still. "No, sah," replied Joshua, "I'se no 'lation to dat guy, but I'se the real and 'riginal Joshua that made de moonshine."

Thrift up-to-date—A penny saved is a penny taxed.—Life.

——o——

Young Author—Do you think my play caught the audience?

Manager—It did this time; but I fear it will never do so again.—Boston Transcript.

——o——

If the basketball season is as successful financially for T. H. S. as the football season was the A. A. will be able to fully equip three or four teams next season.

Watch for the fast Tarentum High nine. It would look rather nice to see the following head: "T. H. S. tossers beat Allegheny Steel 1-0 in thrilling battle.

With the girls inaugurating swimming at T. H. S. this institute will be in almost every line of sport.

The coat of many colors is still in the Bartell family. After "Ernie" comes "Artie." Who's then? After Artie is through with it why not leave it in the T. H. S. trophy case.

Tarentum High had a player called
"Slim,"
Who played every game with a vim,
It would happen so magically
And would all end so tragically,
The way the girlies fell flat for him.

——o——

The trouble with the easy-going people is the fact that they are hard to start.

——o——

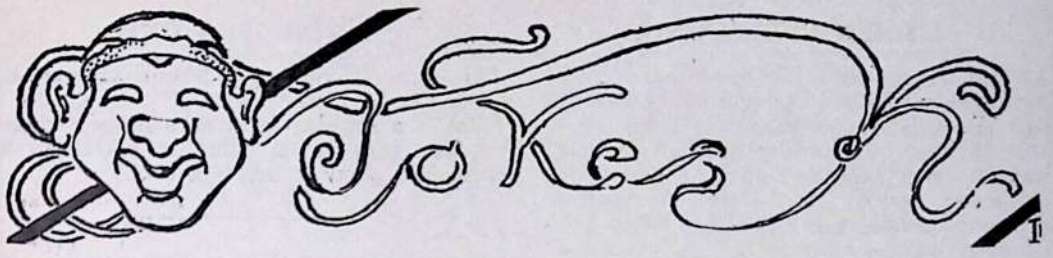
A lazy man is one who rests before he becomes tired.

——o——

Good fellows mostly have bad habits.

——o——

The original bone of contention comes from the jaw.



THEY JUST HAPPENED

Seniors were born for great things;
Juniors were born for small;
But it is not recorded
Why Freshies were born at all.

SLIGHT MISTAKE SOME PLACE

She—"Is your love true?"
He—"As true as the delicate flush on your cheeks."
She—"Oh—er—ah, isn't the—er—don't the roses smell sweet?"

Wise Boy—"How old is that lamp, Ma?"
Ma—"Oh, about three years."
Wise Boy—"Turn it down it's too young to smoke.

AND AFTER THAT?

"Next boy!" exclaimed the teacher, "can you give a simile to the word maiden?"
"Yes, miss," responded Johnny Summers. "A maiden is like cider."
"Very good, Johnny. You see, boys," expained the teacher, who was of uncertain age and irascible disposition. "Johnny means that a maiden is sweet like cider."
"Yes," broke in Johnny, "and grows sour with old age."

He was a wise man that said that he hadn't time to worry. In the daytime he was too busy, and at night he was too sleepy.

HERE AND HEREAFTER

"Agnes always finds something to harp on."
"Yes; I only hope she'll be as fortunate in the next world."

Inspiration, they used to tell us, is nine-tenths perspiration. And the other fraction, to judge by our own experience in this column, is exasperation.

What is a kiss?
The short cut to a man's pocketbook.

Nellie B.—"Some day I'll give you a piece of my mind."
Eleanor R.—"Really, Nellie, you'd be foolish to divide up a little thing like that."

SENIORS

Life is real, life is earnest,
Graduation is their goal,
If they get too many zeros,
They may find they're off the roll.

Mr. Walker—What's the plural of waif?
"Fat" Wadding—Waifers.

"Oh, Madam I almost broke my neck!"
"Well, Marie, I'd like to have you remember that anything you break here will be taken out of your wages."

Of all the sad worst of laddie or lass
The saddest are these, "I didn't pass."

CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

"What's this?" said Elsie's mother, as the child handed her a familiar looking quart box.
"That's what you sent me to the drug store for, wasn't it?"
"I said cold cream, child."
"Well, that's the coldest I could get, mamma."—Boston Transcript.

"Hear about Bill Yost getting stung with a rattler last week?"
"What! How did it happen?"
"He bought a used flivver without first testing it."

ABSENT-MINDED EXAMPLES

"Carson is the most absent-minded chap I ever saw." "What's he been doing now?" "This morning he thought he'd left his watch at home, and then proceeded to take it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go home and get it." "But he doesn't beat the man who went out of his office and put a card on the door saying he would be back at 3 o'clock, and finding that he had forgotten something, went back to the office, read the notice on the door, and sat down on the stairs to wait until 3 o'clock."

The teacher in the primary department of a Philadelphia school had been holding forth at some length with reference to the three grand divisions of nature—the animal, the vegetable and the mineral. When she had finished she put this question: "Who can tell me what the highest form of animal life is?" Whereupon the pupil nearest her hastened to supply the answer as follows: "The giraffe."

STRIKE

"Man," quoth Rastus, "if Ah just raise mah fist once at you, once, and let it drop, youse guine whah watermelons, chicken and po'k chops blooms all de time."

"Dat's de fust time I was evah threatened by pleasure, said Sam. "Let it drop."

SAM'S DIAMOND

Sam, the chore man, returned from the city with a scarf pin that contained a "diamond" of an unusual size. It was the pride of his heart and the envy of his village companions. He treated all inquiries from them as to its value and its authenticity with high scorn.

His employer, after a week of basking in its radiance, asked Sam about its history.

"Sam," he said, "is it a real diamond?"

"Wall," said Sam, "if it ain't, I've been skun out of a half-dollar."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Willie and Jack were two youngsters pugilistically inclined.

"Aw," said Willie, "you're afraid to fight; that's all it is."

"Naw, I'm not," protested Jack, "but if I fight, my ma'll find out and lick me."

"How'll she find it out, eh?"

"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."

MATCH THIS ONE

"How is it Sam Goldstein always has money yet he never works?"

"Sam's a regular mint as a money maker. I've seen him put a common match in his mouth and chew it into six bits."

The pompous judge glared sternly over his spectacles at the tattered prisoner who had been dragged before the bar of justice on a charge of vagrancy.

"Have you ever earned a dollar in your life?" he asked in fine scorn.

"Yes, Your Honor," was the response; "I voted for you at the last election."

A suburban housewife relates overhearing this conversation between her new maid and the cook next door.

"How are you, Hilda?"

"I'm well," said Hilda. "I like my yob. We got cremated cellar, cemetery plumbing, elastic lights and a hoosit."

"What s a hoosit, Hilda?" the puzzled cook exclaimed.

"Oh, a bell rings. You put a thing to your ear and say 'Hello,' and someone says, 'Hello,' and you say, 'Hoosit.'"

Good, absent-minded, old Dr. Wilder was greatly dependent upon his practical wife. One morning, Mrs. Wilder sent up an announcement after he had entered the pulpit with a footnote intended to be private.

"The Women's Missionary Society," he read aloud, "will meet Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock sharp. Your necktie is crooked; please straighten toward the right."

Messenger—"Who's the swell ye was talkin' to, Jimmie?"

Newsboy—"Aw Him and me's worked together for years. He's editor o' one o' my papers."—Bettween Us.

He—"Do you people have a Victrola?"
She—"No."
He—"I suppose you'd like to have one."
She—"This is so sudden."

"She's wearing black in mourning."
"What does she wear in the evening?"

WINDSOR MUSIC CO.

has served your fathers
for the last 26 years.
Why not let us serve you?
When in need of anything
musical, SEE

WINDSOR, the Piano Man

Smith's Drug Stores

FIFTH AVENUE AND LOCK STREET

"Tarentum's Best"

Stationery, Fountain Pens, Kodaks, Apollo Chocolates

MEET AT SMITH'S

Stewart Realty Co.

FIRE INSURANCE

F R E E ! ! !

With Every Drink or Ice Cream at the Fountain at

THE REXALL STORE

PURITY--CLEANLINESS and SERVICE

We Pride Ourselves on our Hot Chocolate

Craig's Drug Store

"THE MODERN DRUG STORE"

THE ONLY ARCADE IN TOWN

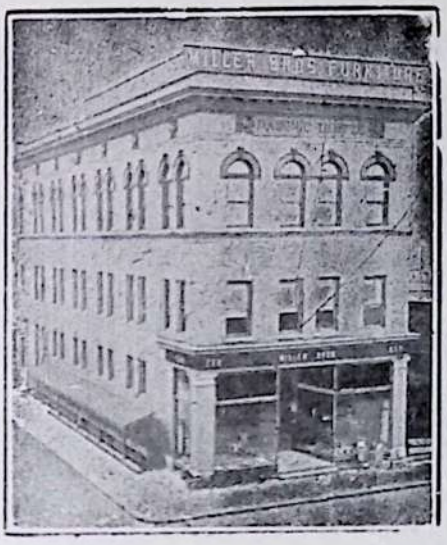
344 FOURTH AVENUE

GIRT-SEFTON CO.

The best place to buy

CLOTHING, DRY GOODS AND CARPETS

Furniture and Carpets



MILLER BROS. TARENTUM, PENNA.

FISHKIN'S
TARENTUM'S BIG STORE
312-14-16 CORBET ST.

ONE DOLLAR OPENS A SAVINGS ACCOUNT. WE WANT THE GIRLS AND BOYS TO COME TO THE TRUST COMPANY WITH THEIR BANKING BUSINESS

Tarentum Savings & Trust Co.

WE SERVE

We Not Only Pay Interest
But We Show Interest

We Welcome the Small Depositor

Safe Deposit Bank

Tarentum, Pa.

Established 1890

For 31 years

this bank has given the people of Tarentum and vicinity prompt and efficient service in their monetary transactions. Its long experience, strong management and great financial strength offer a high measure of security to its customers.

Interest paid on Savings

The National Bank of Tarentum

Tarentum, Pennsylvania

MEMBER OF FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

The Peoples National Bank

RESOURCES OVER $2,000,000.00

OFFICERS

W. A. MARVIN, President
R. J. TOEPFER, Vice Pres.
JOHN R. LONG, Vice Pres.
JOHN P. CRAWFORD, Cashier
JOHN ARMSTRONG, Teller
HARRY E. GRINE, Teller

If you can't keep away from
home cooking go to

Broad's Restaurant

and

E A T

409 FOURTH AVENUE BELL 145-J

Compliments of

Tarentum News Co.

Telegram Printing & Publishing Co.

"BETTER PRINTING PAYS"

Engraved or Printed
Stationery
Announcements
Invitations
Cards

Publishers of

THE EVENING TELEGRAM

The Valley's Best Newspaper

Printers of "The Quippus"

Paul Caldwell's Drug Store

The Penslar Store

IN BUSINESS FOR YOUR HEALTH

Kodaks **Whitman's Candy** **Films**

Prescriptions our Specialty

Paramount Phonographs and Records

All the Latest Hits

Paramount Records Play on all Machines Using Steel Needles

Come in and Hear Them.

PALACE

The Home of Better Motion Pictures

and the most comfortable and sanitary theatre in the Allegheny Valley

Our latest improved ventilating system changes the air every three minutes

SPARKS

DEPARTMENT STORE

"The Store You Can Rely On"

205-206 FIFTH AVENUE

Wallace's Cafe

405 Fourth Avenue

TARENTUM, PENN'A.

PHONE 566-W

Riverside Auto Co.

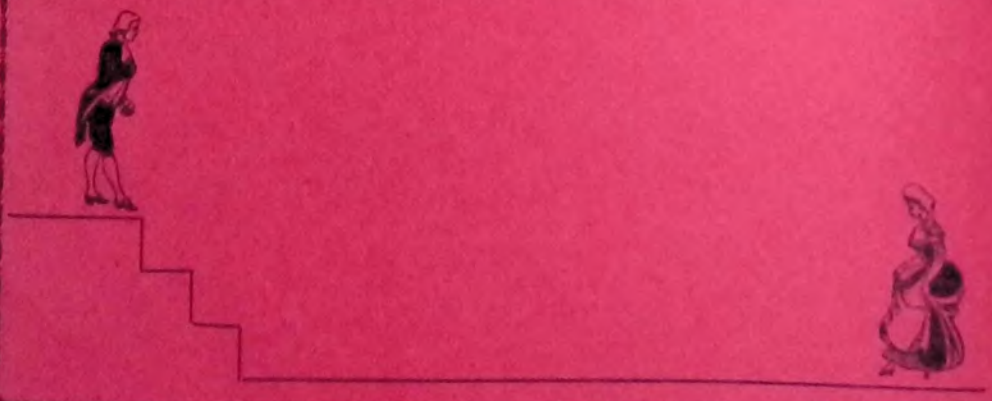
Authorized Ford Agents

Auto Accessories, Supplies and Repairs

ROSS AND SIXTH STREETS

TARENTUM, PA.

J. C. SEPTER W. H. LOGAN



Nellie Bark.

THE QUIPPUS

-T·H·S-

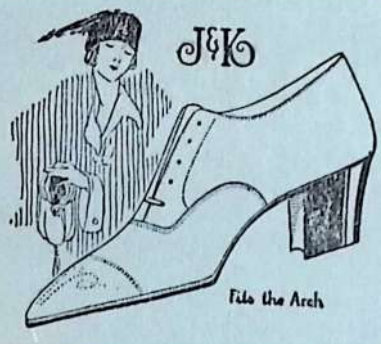
APRIL, NINETEEN AND TWENTY-ONE

BIEHL, the Tailor

406 CORBET STREET

BOYS -- We make good suits to order from $25.00 up. Give us your Order Now

GIRLS -- The best store for Stockings, Gloves and Sweaters



ONE OF OUR FAMOUS "J. & K" TAN RUSSIA, MILITARY HEEL OXFORDS -- FOR SPRING

Appleby Shoe Parlors

Latest Styles in Low Shoes for High School Students

ANNOUNCING

Morrow's Cafe

209 FIFTH AVENUE

When Hungry Try Our Home Cooking

All New Equipment

ARBOR DAY

Spring hangs her infant blossoms
on the trees,
Rock'd in the cradle of the west-
ern breeze. —Cowper.

Heaven and earth helps him who
plants a tree
And his work its own reward shall
be.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth best of all.

Alice Cary.

The Quippus

Published by Tarentum High School, Tarentum, Pennsylvania

VOLUME ONE APRIL 1921 NUMBER SIX

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Pearle Sober, '21
Assistant Editor .... Marion Brown, '22
Associate Editor .... George Schied, '23
Athletic Reporter .. Clemens Swartz, '21
Business Manager .....
...Walter E. Montgomery, '22
Advertising Manager .....
..... Florence Williams, '23

Art Editor.....George Allison, '21
Senior Reporter ..... Mabel Arner, '21
Junior Reporter ... Alvin Silverman, '22
Sophomore Reporter .. Alice Shaner, '23
Freshman Reporter..Mary A. Brown, '24
Faculty Advisors ..... Miss Howe
Mr. Nease, Mr. Walker

CONTENTS

Staff 2

Editorial 3

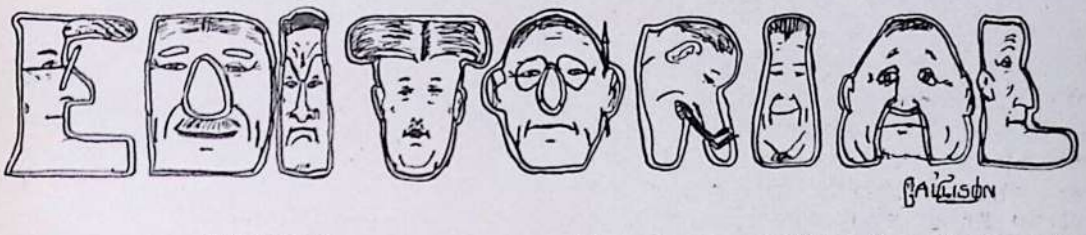
Literary 5

Athletics 15

Notes 17

Odds and Ends 19

Jokes 21



SPRING

What is more lovely than spring? Spring, the time of the year when Mother Earth is throwing off her cloak of somber brown; when every living thing is throbbing with new life; when Old Mother Nature begins to tantalize you with timid shoots of green and tiny, pale flowerets; springing up in the most unexpected spots; when saucy little breezes begin to stir the ribbons or feathers on a new spring bonnet.

The birds, the joyous heralds of spring perching upon the top-most twigs of trees and shrubs, or, as they rise and sink with the breeze, pour forth in a sweet succession, their tinsling notes, revealing to the world the inmost feeling of their happy little souls. They from the south have answered the call of spring and are now intoxicated with the delightful balm.

So, with the plant kingdom. The budding trees, the fragrant blossoms of the apple, peach and cherry trees, impart a perfume to the air which only spring blossoms can. The modest violet lifts its velvet head shyly to the passerby, while the sweet flower of the arbutus trails along the ground, hidden under the protecting foliage. The early anemones peep timidly from beneath the dead brown leaves, the crocuses spring up; all, adding their mite of beauty to the loveliness of the world.

Spring, too, awakens a new song in the human heart. The burdens of the gray winter are cast off and the blood is driven through the veins with a new vigor. The children feel it and answer its call with jumping rope, marbles and baseball. Every one is happy. Winter with its bracing air, jolly snow and merry yuletide; summer with her light and heat refulgent; autumn with her mellow days, bountiful harvest and thanksgiving—each charm us in its turn, but spring—O! It is a joy to be alive, in spring.

——T. H. S.——

HIDDEN TREES

1. Which tree is nearest the sea? Beech.
2. Which is the daintiest tree? Spruce.
3. The tree where ships may enter? Bay.
4. The warmest clad tree? Fir.
5. The languishing tree? Pine.
6. The sad tree? Weeping willow.
7. The Egyptian Plague? Locust.
8. A story often told? Chestnut.
9. The tree in a bottle? Cork.
10. The sociable tree? Pear.
11. The tree that has passed through fiery heat? Ash.
12. The tree with which we greet our friends? Palm.

——T. H. S.——

OH. SIR WALTER!

In an English high school the question was asked: "What do you know about the introduction of tobacco in England?"

The answer was: "Tobacco was introbuced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, who said, 'Be of good cheer, for we have this day lighted such a flame in England as, by God's grace, shall never be extinguished."

CHOOSE A COLLEGE

The common school is the foundation of a complete education and the high school the frame work. This raises the question as to the number of students of this institution who intend to finish the education which they have now begun. Naturally the college is the third step toward the completion of such a course. Preparation for those who wish to take this step should commence at once.

There are many who find no stumbling block in their way when regarding financial straits. Yet we discover numerous students of this group in the school who as yet have made no practical decision as to entering college. There are many who give the indifferent remarks of, "I'm not sure" and not enough of those who have fully prepared themselves.

If you have not "picked out" a possible college for later education, do so. Take into consideration the course you wish to take. There should be none who, now, cannot realize the profession for which he is best suited. Now is the hour to weigh the matter; select, and prepare. Discretion comes to many when they are too aged to benefit by it. Don't neglect one of the most vital questions of your life. You will learn that an early beginning hastens a successful climax.

——T. H. S.——

ARBOR DAY

We are indebted to Hon. J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska for the institution of Arbor Day. He was a pioneer of the plains and felt the value of trees. In 1878 Arbor Day was first established with the purpose of setting apart one day in each year and consecrating it to tree planting. Nebraska is known as "The Tree-Planters' State." The movement became popular and spread until now Arbor Day is observed in nearly every state. It teaches us to know and love the trees as well as other plants. It cultivates a love for the beautiful.

"He who plants a tree
He plants love."

——T. H. S.——

THE JUNE ISSUE

Just one more issue of The Quippus this school year. The May number will be omitted in order to make a large commencement number. The departments of the paper will be enlarged and others added, making the final issue of The Quippus—"the biggest and the best ever." If your contribution has been printed in The Quippus you should consider it an honor. If not, work now for that honor, because there will be plenty of space for many contributions by many students.

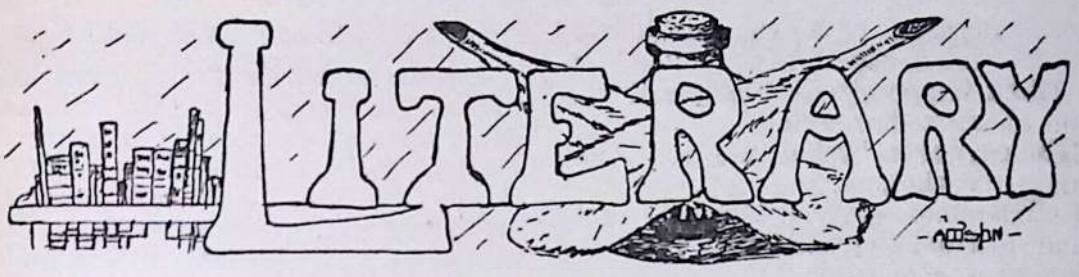
Seniors—You started this paper and "we'll never let the old flag fall." It will go down through history that the class of '21 started The Quippus, so lets make it a credit and a living memorial to our class.

Juniors—You are the Seniors' successors. Start now to build a firm foundation for next fall's Quippus. It's up to you to keep the good work going.

Sophs—You co-operated with the Seniors in the class fight and here is another chance to help your sister class.

Freshies—You were green and bashful this year and just so was The Quippus. It is not yet too late to show your true worth. Next year you will be a year older and as you improve help The Quippus improve.

All material for the June number should be given early to the editor as it is desired to issue the paper two weeks previous to the closing of school.



A FIRST-CLASS SALESMAN

"So you desire something typically American with which to build up your library?" questioned the ever-ready to please book salesman, surveying the "French-looking" lady.

She had explained to him that she had been in America only a year; she wished to be a true American and to learn the best of American literature, saying one understands a country more quickly through its literature than by any other means.

"She must have traveled," soliloquized the salesman. "Here," he volunteer, "is a set of books which I think will suit you exactly. This set contains the words of writers whose fame was won through the influence of a single poem."

He handed the customer a small, neatly bound volume. "This is one," he said. "The Star Spangled Banner, whose words thrill every American school boy and are on the lips of every patriotic American. Frances Scott Key is its renowned author. He was an American soldier; during one of the most critical battles of 1812 he was taken prisoner by the British. In his dark cell he could hear the bombardments in the distance and in his anxiety wrote this poem, and because of its words, Frances Scott Key's name will be honored by America forever."

"How beautiful," murmered the woman, fingering the pages.

"Here's the next," promptly interposed the salesman, seeing his customer interested. "It especially interests children, ''Twas the Night Before Christmas.' It represents exactly the American children's idea of Christmas. You might hear most any child saying:

''Twas the night before Christmas
And all thru the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse.'

'Clemen C. Moore's name might be as unknown as my own, were it not for this poem."

"This is a touching poem," introduce dthe enthused salesman, handing another volume to the customer. "Its author is John Payne. Although he was a wanderer, without friends and home, he wrote this poem, 'Home, Sweet Home,' taken from his almost worthless opera 'Clara.' This poem will impress its reader that 'Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,' and that, although you have traveled, visiting palaces of gorgeous splendor, home will still be your comforting solace and haven."

The salesman loved books, he loved to arrange books, he loved to sell them and most dearly he loved to discuss them. Eagerly he handed the woman another volume.

"The name of Samuel Woodworth," he continued, "lives among us only because of this poem, 'The Old Oaken Bucket.' This represents a phase of American life almost out of existence —the old oaken bucket, which now is considered a 'germ catcher' and unsanitary, brought to this man visions of his childhood home, and scenes which brought back other memories. Can't you just picture it from these lines?

"'Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And tripping with coolness it rose from the well,
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.'

"The others, which are American songs, are included in this set, 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic by Julia Ward, and 'My Country Tis of Thee,' by France Smith.

"This completes this small set," he said, "and I feel sure you'll find each of these represents some interesting phrase of our glorious country. The most remarkable thing, however, is the fact that a man's name can dwell forever in a nation's heart, thru the influence or beauty of a single writing. But here's a volume which no American should be without. Its writer, however, is better known to us, Edward Everett Hale," he explained, handing the volume to his interested customer.

"'The Man Without a Country,'" read the woman, fingering the leaves. "Sounds quite interesting," she ventured.

"Yes, indeed, especially for boys. It tells of a man who, in an angry moment, cursed his country, saying he wished he might never see America again. He was tried for treason and sentenced to spend the rest of his life on sea, away from native land. The theme dwells on his sad life and biter remorse, and teaches—but read it and see what a man's country is really worth to him."

"You've been so helpful," concluded the customer graciously, after agreeing to take the books. "I'll call again for some more suggestions."

"A pleasure," smiled the salesman, bidding his customer good-day.

—E. B. R. '22.

IF I WERE A MOVIE CENSOR

Many and varied are the emotions of a movie censor as he sits and gazes at filmdom's latest masterpieces. He travels back through the ages to the days of Mark Anthony and Cleopatra and then rushes down to a cafe on the great white way in Greenwich Village where native Hawaiians twist and turn before the interested gaze of New York's elite. It is the duty of a movie censor to sit and watch the pictures, then make his comment on them before they are released. Which will interest him most, a Burton Holmes travelogue, a Mack Sennet comedy or a real story such as "Idols of Clay?" To see beautiful Mae Murray in a gripping heart to heart story will take first place undoubtedly.

A movie censor must have no feelings; he must not be affected by what passes before him in endless rapidity. He must see only what is bad, mark out and send it on.

A movie corporation, in filming a picture, trys always to suit the whims of the people. They find out what the people want and then give it to them. you cannot put them off by offering something else, you must give what they want.

Is one man or a dozen to be the judge of what the millions of people are to see. It has been tried for a long time to eliminate the sex stuff in the movies. Just see a new picture and see how much has been accomplished, the people desire it and they are the ones who make the money roll into the pockets of the producer.

It is interesting to note that serious plays and comedy-dramas are more desired than anything else. They are getting away from the old ideas of the western "shoot 'em" and run pictures. They are becoming serious. It is all right to laugh and joke but life is no joke and people are realizing that dramas portray life as it is. It is "true to life stuff," so

true that it almost seems to be your own experience.

To a movie censor these thoughts are continually passing through his mind and he must act as he believes best. The movie corporations are composed of numerous business men. It is well to know that not four plays out of five hundred are completely censored.

As time goes on it is hoped that the public will continue to be pleased with only the best of pictures.

—L. S. '21.

—o—

ALL BECAUSE OF A TRUNK

Great excitement reigned throughout the Hartman household. It was all because Eloise, the youngest daughter of the household was to leave for college in less than a week and there were a hundred and one things to be done before that week went by. Brothers, sisters, mother and even dear old Dad were called upon for assistance. Upon the latter was placed the task of purchasing a new trunk for Eloise. At last all necessary preparations had been completed and the new trunk and Eloise were on their way to college.

Everything went fine with Eloise at her new home. Her classes were progressing and she had found some very amiable friends. One day just after school started several of the girls were in Eloise's room. One of them admired the good looking trunk and Eloise opened the lid to show the girls how much room there was in it. In one corner she noticed a tiny bit of paper sticking out from under the lining. By using her nail file she was able to loosen the lining enough to get the small paper without tearing it. Carefully and very curiously unfolding the paper she read these words: "I don't suppose anyone will ever find this note unless it is many years from now when this trunk is old and badly worn. If it is found, will the finder please acknowledge the same by writing to Chuc Moore, 507 Layton avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

Of course the girls laughed and one of them dared Eloise to answer right then and there. That evening she mailed a note to Lancaster explaining the finding of the note and of the dare which prompted such an act.

About a week later a letter arrived at 214 Main Hall, bearing a strange hand-writing and a postmark from a college town not very far away.

During the previous vacation Chuc Moore had worked in a trunk making factory and following a foolish idea he placed the note inside the trunk. The letter from Eloise had been sent to his home address and then forwarded to college where Chuc had gone since summer vacation.

Days and weeks went by and during that time several letters of seeming not much importance passed between the two. Whenever there was a football game, Eloise could always be seen somewhere along the sidelines. One afternoon just after one of the big games she and some of the girls returned to the dormitory to get their hats, preparatory to going down town. One of the girls came bounding ino the room saying that Bob Taylor and some fine looking fellow whom she did not know, were down in the hall and that Bob wanted Eloise to come down immediately. Bob Taylor sat next to Eloise in history class, incidentally, and quite intentionally in Latin, astronomy and several others.

Eloise went hurrying through the hall and down the stairs thinking there must be something wrong because of this excitement. As she neared the bottom of the stairs she decided that Marian had told the truth when she said there was a fine looking fellow with Bob Taylor.

Bob grinned and turned his back for just a second as he thought of the funny experience about to take place. Chuc had previously explained the affair to Bob. Bob said, "We fellows just got shined up after the game and I thought I would bring one of our visitors over to meet you. Eloise, rather Miss Hartman—meet Mr. Moore, a very good friend of mine." "Why-er-oh, how do you do, Mr. Moore." "Very glad to meet you personally Miss Hartman for I had not expected so soon an opportunity as this." "Are you Chuc Moore?" "Yes," said Chuc and then Eloise blushed, not for shame but just with the thoughts of what the silly foolishness of several girls had caused. The trio talked a few minutes and then it was decided that Eloise and her roommate should go down town with Bob and Chuc.

Dame rumor has it that Chuc makes frequent week end trips to the little college town and that he spent part of his college vacation in her home town. It is rather difficult to say what might happen if those two continue such a course. The other night after lights were out Chuc told me about this wonderful girl of his and what he was going to ask her some day if she would listen. But I'm Chuc's roommate and just he and I know what it is and I don't want to give the secret away for you might tell and Chuc wants to be the first to tell Eloise.

——T. H. S.——

OFT HEARD EXPRESSIONS

Gertie Stewart—Another one like that and you'll go home.

Pim Coulter—Oh, eats.

Helen Daugherty—Oh, I think that was the best game.

Butch Vogeley—I'm afraid I have a Charlie horse.

Lucille Stewart—Why—a

Emil Herskovitz — Theoretically but not practically.

Al Mosley—Who's the girl?

Dot Hunter—Aw. g'wan.

Betty Lardin—Oh, Shinny.

Agnes Fleming—Do you sing alto?

Charles Hindman—I'm all bunged up.

Alice Shaner—Dinkey.

Dorothy Heckert—Eh, what?

Ruth Williams—C'm on bunch.

——T. H. S.——

ARBOR DAY IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

It may be of interest to know that other countries have followed the example of America and have adopted Arbor Day. In 1896, Alfonso VIII, King of Spain, went to his country home a few miles from Madrid and there planted a small pine tree. On that day, Arbor Day was instituted, and on March 26 of each year the children from all the public schools in Madrid assemble in the Ritero (the palace gardens) and sing the national hymn, after which a number of trees are planted. This day which is called Fiesta del Arbol, has been also adopted in Italy, though it has not yet become as general as in Spain.

——T. H. S.——

WASHINGTON ELM

During the Revolutionary War when trees were being cut down to settle Cambridge one was left standing because it was so large and beautiful. It was under this tree that Washington first took command of the American army.

——T. H. S.——

LIBERTY TREES

In the early days of New England people used to plant trees and dedicate them to liberty. "Old Liberty Tree" was planted by a schoolmaster in Boston. It was dedicated to the independence of the colonies. This tree stood until a few years ago. When it fell, the bells were tolled and the whole state mourned the loss of this tree.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

Nearly every child in the United States knows that in New York harbor stands a large statue called "Liberty Enlightening the World." But do you know that the statue was made by a French sculptor named Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, and given to our country by France, and was erected on Bedloe's Island in the harbor in 1886?

The immense bronze figure of Liberty, that stands a few inches more than one hundred and eleven feet, was designed for the one hundredth anniversary of American Independence, which was celebrated in 1876. It took many years to make this statue and it was not until 1881 that it was brought to the United States. During the next five years money was raised to build the foundation by the people of our country, and the statue was dedicated October 28, 1886, being the highest in the world and weighing 450,000 pounds. From the base of the foundation to the torch are four hundred and three steps. The right arm that is raised is forty-two feet long; the hand measures sixteen feet, while Liberty's index finger is eight feet in length; the nail on that finger is thirteen by ten inches. In the arm is a ladder that has fifty-four rungs on it.

The nose is more than four feet long, the head more than seventeen feet. The mouth is three feet wide; each eye measures two feet, and the distance across the face from ear to ear is ten feet.

The torch is almost three hundred and six feet above the mean tide of the bay, and twelve persons can stand on the platform at the foot of the torch. In the head is a similar platform, where forty can comfortably stand.

Such a large statue that cost, when completed, about $60,000, was a wonderful gift from France, and the powerful electric light that is operated by the lighthouse service of our government, lights the New York harbor and the Atlantic ocean for many, many miles.—Exchange.

——T. H. S.——

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

Four years ago our brave sons, husbands and brothers entered into the great World War to test whether Democracy and our lofty ideals could endure, without tyrannical infringement. Now we have won this great struggle, but through the blood of those whose lives we are here to commemorate. Do we not recall how nobly they fought at Chateau Thierry and in the Argonne Forest? It is altogether decorous and significant that we should assemble thus. But it is beyond our power to do full justice, to dedicate or to hallow the remembrance of these men noteworthily. The brave men who accomplished our purpose have won such fame that we can not add or detract from it. The world will little know nor long remember our meeting here but the world can never forget why we have met here. We the living, have the responsibility of upholding the ideals which they have so nobly fought for, that they might not have died in vain, but that we should have a new birth of freedom and democracy which shall never perish from the earth. E. B. R. '22.

——T. H. S.——

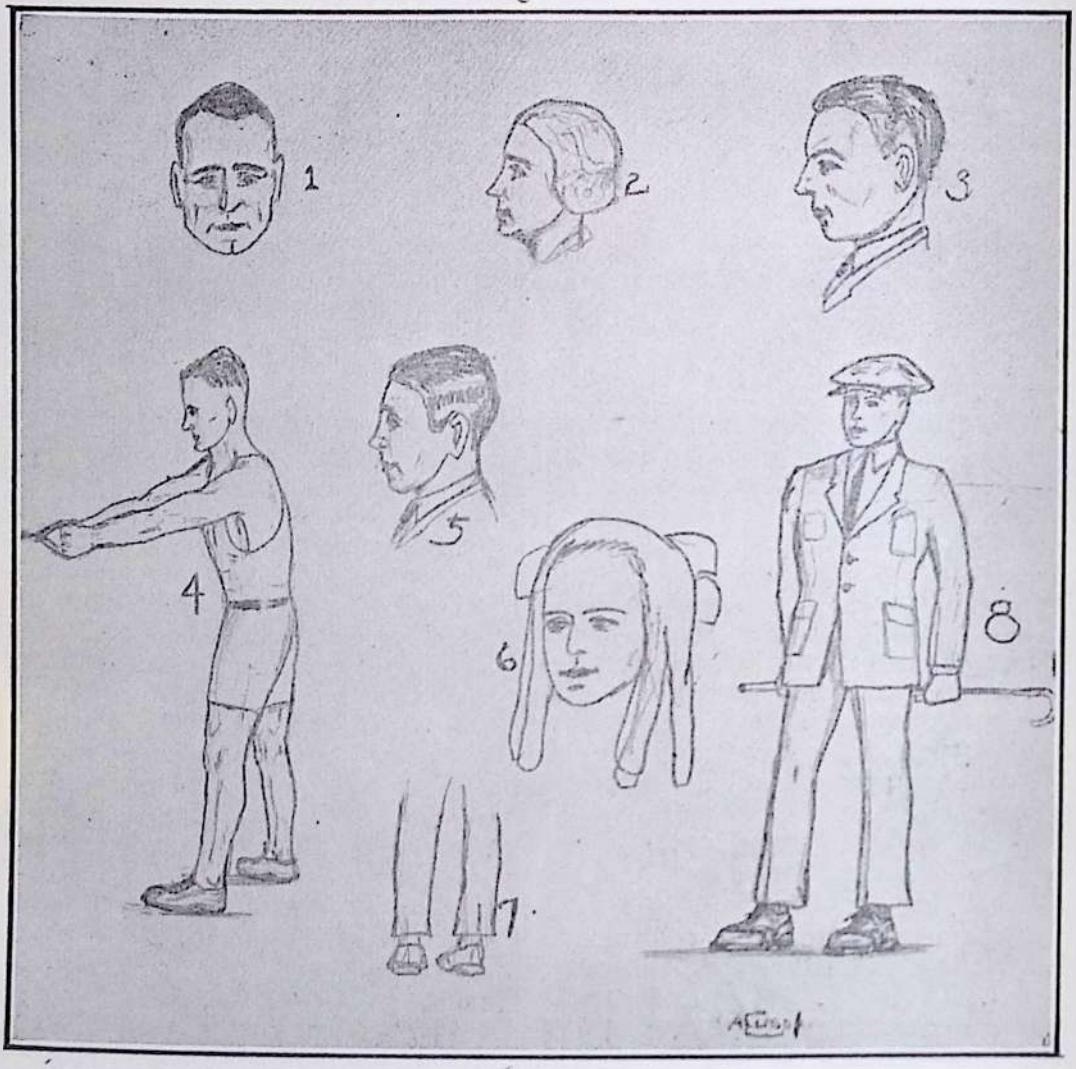
GOING SLOW

The two men were adrift in an open boat and it looked bad for them. Finally one of them, frightened, began to pray.

"O Lord," he prayed, "I've broken most of Thy commandments. I've been a hard drinker, but if my life is spared now I'll promise Thee never again——"

"Wait a minute, Jack," said his friend. "Don't go too far. I think I see a sail."

WHO'S WHO CARTOONS



WHO'S WHO IN T. H. S.

1. Mr. Dinsmore is one of the most popular teachers in the school, in addition to being the coach of the best team in the W. P. I. A. L. last fall. He has always boosted athletics in the school and it is due largely to his coaching that T. H. S. has turned out so many A-1 teams. Mr. Dinsmore is now in charge of the runners and jumpers in track.

2. We had considerable trouble drawing this picture, too, for Miss Stauffer insisted on either smiling or turning around. Mary won the prize offered by a local bank for the highest average in the first period, having an average of 94.25. How does she do it?

3. Walt Humes is really a lot more handsome than he seems. Walt's a busy man—vice president of the Junior class, secretary-treasurer of the Hi Y's. He's one of the boys that put the "Liberty Club" concert over the top.

4. Dick is a husky infant. He won his letter in football last fall, being one of the very few who can do so in their freshman year and will probably win another in track. At the time this is written Dick has a record of 109 feet for 12-pound hammer. Watch him from now on.

5. This is supposed to be "Pim" Coulter, another of our three unusual freshies. Heinie Kimes is the third. "Pim" won his letter in football and basket ball and next year he will be a star. He's just recovered from a long sick spell, but he's quickly getting back his "pep."

6. It is taking our life in our hands to try to draw a pretty girl—Alice Shaner in particular. We hope she will forgive us. Alice is chairman of the Soph Girls' Club and Soph reporter for our "Quippus" and (they say) she is unusually bright.

7. There is only one persons in the school who has such beautiful refracted legs—Goose. He has yelled signals since he was knee high to a grasshopper and was quarterback for two years on the T. H. S. team. Goose is good at basket ball, too—will make a guard next year.

8. No, this isn't an advertisement for Stingemheimer rags. Lelless is only 15 years of age, but is Soph president and 5 feet 10 by 150 pounds. He's out for track, too, and his husky lungs serve him well. Lelless is a comer who's coming fast.

—o—

SIGNS OF SPRING

Numerous listless (and others) gazing out of study windows.

Blossoms and flowers.

Several yellow slips (owner A. W. O. L.)

Track candidates out.

Gardens starting to grow (weeds and tin cans.)

From porch swings occupied until late at night.

Sulphur and molasses.

Tennis rackets and bass.

Small boys gazing wistfully at bats, balls, etc., in store windows.

play "hook."

Expressions of great desires to

—o—

Sister called him Willie,
To mother he was Will,
But when he went to college
To dad 'twas Bill, Bill, Bill.

—o—

Johnson has just joined the navy,
He would a sailor be;
For you see he is a singer,
So it's easy to reach high "sea."

—o—

My girl is the best of girls
No girl has lips so sweet
Her curls are the prettiest of curls
My girl has such dainty feet
My girl never told a lie,
Not even to me
My girl's just nearing
The youthful age of three.

POLONIUS THE PLOTTER

Polonius was a man who attended to other people's affairs more than his own. There are many people in the world today who are kept busy doing this very thing. This business is very dangerous and people who are engaged in it do so at their own risk. In Shakespeare's play, "Hamlet," one of the most important players is Polonius. He is an old man with white hair and a long beard. The people all seem to respect him and listen to his advice. He was always making plans for someone and prying into their affairs. As the story goes on we shall see what happened to Polonius and his plans.

The first time Polonius appears in the play is when he joins in the conversation between Laertes and Ophelia. They are talking about Hamlet and his actions. Polonius enters and advises Ophelia to stay away from Hamlet. Ophelia obeys her father and does not see Hamlet. Polonius believes that this is one of the reasons for Hamlet's madness.

The next time we find him still plotting against Hamlet. Polonius is not satisfied with the dishonor that is placed on Hamlet because of his father's death, and he wants to bring more on him. He asks Reynalds to help him bring about more dishonor through games or by some other means. Just then Ophelia comes in and tells of Hamlet's actions towards her. Polonius decided that they would go to the king and tell him all about Hamlet.

Polonius then plans to test Hamlet's madness. Everybody had an idea of their own about Hamlet's madness. Some thought his madness was assumed and others thought it was real. Polonius had a talk with Hamlet and decided the madness was real and that it had been caused by Ophelia refusing to see him.

Polonius is not satisfied with all this information so he plans a talk between Hamlet and the Queen, his mother. The plan was carried out and Hamlet went to his mother's room to talk. Polonius hid behind the arras. Hamlet's mother talked to him about his queer actions since his father's death and of the disrespect he showed for his father. Then Hamlet told her of the king and how he had plotted against his father and how disrespectful she had acted towards his father. Just then Polonius moved and Hamlet thinking it might be the king drew his sword and killed Polonius. These are only a few incidents of Polonius' prying into other people's affairs and here we see him meeting his death while engaged in that dangerous business.

S. A. P. '21.

——T. H. S.——

SYNONOMOUS NAMES OR THEY TRAVEL IN PARIS

Dorothy Heckert and "Flo" Williams.
"Skeets" Bowman and "Gwen" Johns.
"Sally" Daugherty and "Allie" Doran.
"Skipper" Campbell and "Truly" Keller.
"Bill" Yost and Neal Hill.
Mabel Shearer and Lillian Sill.
Aileen Ross and "Butch" Vogeley.
"Allie" Shaner and "Lellie" Maurhoff.
"Bus" Zimmerman and "Steve" Conwell.
"Bus" Hanna and "Maurie" Crawford.
"Bud" Kimes and Ruth Davidson.
"Lanky" Silverman and "Aggie" Fleming.
Bernice Delight Rutherford and Dorothy Lawrence Hunter.
"Walt" Humes and "Pete" Johnston.
"Peggie" Humes and "Betty" Lardin.
"Pim" Coulter and "Clem" Schwartz.
Anna Wellinger and "Ham" Hammond.

"V" Barndollar and "Ed" Daugherty.
"Doc" Kline and "Fat" Wellinger.
Ruth Williams and Jennie McPhillimy.
"Duck" Cole and "Betty" Boyd.
"Bob" Boyd and "Kitty" Barnes.
"Elsie" McCutcheon and "Gertie" McCutcheon.

—ANONYMOUS.

——T. H. S.——

OPHELIA, A VICTIM OF MISFORTUNE

The story of Ophelia as told in Hamlet is a good illustration of the innocent suffering for the guilty, for al all her acts, innocence, together with an affection shines through. Hamlet is said to have suffered more than Ophelia, but he had a strong mind and could bear it better than this little, weak girl.

Her first misfortune is loving Hamlet, as her father disapprove of her marrying him. This casts its shadow of sadness on her. Ophelia promises not to see Hamlet in simple words, expressive of her chararter, "I shall obey my lord." This also shows her love for her father, since she could not have refused, or at the least held clandestine meeting with Hamlet, but she gave her word and kept it.

When Ophelia goes mad or pretends to go mad as a great deal of evidence shows, Ophelia is struck a double blow. Hearing her father repeatedly say that she is the cause of Hamlet's madness, she believes so herself. Ophelia would naturally grieve for being the innocent cause of Hamlet's misfortune. Ophelia loves Hamlet with an intense and passionate love, so sorrows that her lover is a mad persons. When she thinks Hamlet no longer loves her, she is almost crushed and cries out:

"Oh woe is me. To see what I have seen. See what I see."

er father does not sympathize with her for he does not discern that she is brooding over her troubles. Laertes, Ophelia's brother, is in France, so he can not distract her attention from her troubles.

When she learns that Hamlet has murdered her father in an impulsive moment, the last stroke that is necessary to unbalance her mind, is given. Oh, picture her! You must sympathize with her. Poor girl reaping the results of the misdeeds of her lover, her father and her king. Is there any wonder that Laertes became so bitter against Hamlet when he considered the cause of her madness? Can you not see her wandering about the palace, a veritable shadow of her former self, both physically and mentally.

Consider her death. Drowned accidentally picking flowers, according to the story of the queen, but the common people believe it suicide. Not even full Christian burial rites. Her name was sulled and blackened When you are reading the story of her life, does it not make tears come to your eyes? Is there a sadder story than hers? The story of a suffering girl finally becoming an imbecile Would you not cry out as Laertes did? "Do you see this, O, God?"

—R. S. '21.

——T. H. S.——

Willie—"When I get big I'm going to marry Grandma."

Father—"Why, you can't marry my mother."

Willie—"Why can't I—you married mine?"

——T. H. S.——

Why is a painted woman fast?
Because the colors run!

——T. H. S.——

FASHION NOTE

A smile is cooler in summer and warmer in winter than a frown.

EXCHANGE NOTES

Our exchange department is growing and we hope that it will keep growing and that next year's paper will be able to have a large exchange department. It is always interesting to read the work of others and hear what they think of our work.

THE MAGNET—Butler, Pa.

This paper with a true name draws one to read it from its appearance and then its interesting material holds the reader. Your jokes section is good and this is one of the chief drawcards of a paper.

x x x

THE SPECTATOR—Vandergrift, Pa.

A very interesting and well organized paper. The cartoons and cuts are especially good and your art editors deserve special praise and we expect to see their names in our art galleries some day.

x x x

THE RED AND WHITE—Kittanning, Pa.

Your paper is attractive and the stories deserve special mention. "Dot's Diary" is interesting. We were glad to receive your exchange.

x x x

THE CRIMSON AND GOLD—New Brighton, Pa.

A true school paper. It shows the support of the student body. It would be easier read and more interesting if the advertisements were more collected.

x x x

THE SLIPPERY ROCKET—Slippery Rock, Pa.

We consider this one of our best exchanges. It is a very attractive little paper and also interesting.

A reporter was interviewing Mr. Edison:

"And you, sir, made the first talking machine?"

"No," said Edison, "the first one was made before my time—out of a rib."—Exchange.

SHE WOULD OF COURSE

Lizzie—"Where are you going, Maggie?"

Maggie—"To the dentist."

Lizffzie—"Are you going to have gas?"

Maggie—"Well, rather, you won't find me sitting in the dark with a strange man."—Exchange.

"I am undone," he shrilly cried,
He knelt contritely by her side.
And humbly in a bowknot tied
Her shoestring. —Exchange.

John Barleycorn is dead, quite dead
So all the people say,
I hate to think that they are not right
He may be dead, he may.
But in the house next to me
I judge by noises gay
That every second Friday night
Is resurrection day. —Exchange.

—T. H. S.—

THE ABBREVIATED LIFE

A kitchenette is where we cook
Our meals from day to day;
In bedroomette, a tiny nook,
We sleep the nights away.
A picturette adorns our wall;
A carpetette, our floor;
A bathroomette is off our hall,
Exactly three by four.
Within, our bathtubette behold,
With showerette on high.
We've waterette, both hot and cold,
Our flesh to purify.
When winter makes its icy threat,
And round our window drums,
We seek our radiatorette,
And up the heatette comes.
Abbreviated lives we live;
But time is passing fast;
We have this promise positive—
A roomy tomb at last.

TENNIS

Often, lengthily and urgently has Mr. McCullough urged everybody to go out for something—some kind of athletics. His advice has been heeded by probably fifty or seventy-five in the whole school in the past, but this spring everybody—none excepted—has a chance. Why not invest in a little exercise? Its dividends are constant, increasing and plentiful.

For the boys there is now track. Everybody can run, jump or throw, and every fellow in T. H. S. owes it to himself and to the school to do something. Of course, the great majority of them will not win prizes, first places, get trips, break records or even make the team, but what does that matter? Consider what good you're getting out of track—edurance, good wind, self-control and strength.

Then for fellows and girls both there is tennis. It used to be called a ladies' game but if anybody ever played against real opposition and played his best, he'll find it every bit as strenuous as baseball or track. Some men state that they would far sooner play football than tennis if they were choosing for the light exercise.

A tournament will be held next month and a tennis team will probably be formed. Mr. R. F. Pitcairn and Mr. F. C. Stewart, two of the best racqueters in Tarentum, will personally instruct the students in handling the racket and developing certain strokes. The courts are the best in this end of Allegheny county, costing $1,800. As there are four of them, they will not be over-crowded. The regular fee has been set aside and in its place $2.50 is the charge for use of the courts from now till July 1. Come out for tennis.

Franklin "Pim" Coulter

WHY T. H. S. DIDN'T HAVE BASEBALL

The announcement that Tarentum High would have track as a spring sport instead of baseball was greeted with the most adverse criticism.

The athletic council had a balance of about $450 on hand at the close of basketball season. By electing track an outlay of about $50 is needed. With baseball the operation cost would mount to about $300 with no sight of returns. Track costs $50 with no returns either. The "lesser" of the evils was taken. A balance of about $400 will be had for football next year. Two teams will be fully equipped and blankets will be provided for the first team.

——T. H. S.——

TRACK

The best looking sprinters on the track are thus far "Art" Jack, '24, and "Doc" Kline, '21.

"Art" Bair, '23, and John Wilhelm, '22, are also showing good form.

"Dick" Cole seems to be getting more distance in the hammer throw than anyone else. "Dick" has hung up a mark of 109 feet to shoot at.

The pole vaulters seem to be found in Alec Allison, '24, Earl Lynch, '24, and "Dick" Artman, '23.

"Les" Swartzlander seems to be getting the best distance in the discus and shot-put.

——T. H. S.——

1921 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Games at Home

Sept. 30—Arnold H. S.
Oct. 21—Vandergrift H. S.
Oct. 29—McKeesport H. S.
Nov. 4—Parnassus H. S.
Nov. 18—Aspinwall H. S.

Games Abroad

Oct. 8—Kittanning H. S.
Oct. 15—New Kensington H. S.
Nov. 11—Greensburg H. S.
Nov. 24—Washington H. S.

1921 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

Coach Dinsmore has given out the 1921 football schedule for Tarentum Hi. It is the strongest schedule that the Red and Black has had in many years. It is as strong a one as any other school in Western Pennsylvania has. If the team can manage to defeat these teams there would be little doubt as to its superiority in Western Pennsylvania. Arnold for the first time will play T. H. in football. Our old local adversaries, Ken Hi and Parnassus are also billed as well as Aspinwall, Kittanning and Vandergrift.

THE POWDER PUFF

You hear it at the theater, at church
or on the street;
From chorus girls, from debutantes,
and even from your sweet.
From Spring to Fall, and back to
Spring, till you are in a whirl—
You hear the cry that first springs
to the lips of every girl:
"Where is it?" cries the shop girl,
and the people stand and wait
Until her nose is whitened up, to just
the proper state.

A game of basket ball is —"Time
out" the captain cries,
And a dab of Djer-Kiss goes around
much to our surprise.
The cry comes from a bridal party,
gathered at the church,
And the ceremony stops, and breaks
up in a frantic search.
I've noticed in the church, too, as the
choir slowly rose
Each girl would pause and fleck, a
bit of powder on her nose.
No matter where you go, it seems
wherever girls may be,
You'll find it indispensable for dinner,
lunch or tea
They cannot live without it, and
we'll never hear enough
Of woman's truest friend, which is—
A woman's Powder Puff.

—A. S. '23.

∴ NOTES ∴

SENIOR NOTES

Out of the Harbor Into the Sea

I wonder if every Senior will come out of the harbor into a smooth sea. This will be a time when all the Seniors must part aid sail in different directions, according to their calling. The sea will likely be filled with rough places and the weather will sometimes be stormy but remember your old school days in the class of '21 and you will be able to weather the storm. Think of the well-known verse of our English class:

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll;
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

——T. H. S.——

BRILLIANT SAYINGS BY BRILLIANT SENIORS

Ed. Davis in U. S. history was giving a report on conditions between Greece and Turkey.

He said in part: "From all appearances it seems that Greece is having it out with the 'Turkies."

Laura was telling the class about the anniversary of the battle of Lexington. It is believed Laura's mind was on more interesting things because during her recitation she told of the "university" of the battle of Lexington.

Ike has started something even different from writing with the left hand. One evening she tried to write a letter in the presence of her "quiet" friends. Upon finishing the letter Ike said: "I don't have the least idea what I have written because I was trying to hear out of one ear and write with the other."

ORATIONS

The waterloo of many Seniors has now been reached. The orations have been started and the Seniors are becoming great writers. Subjects have finally been chosen and many expect to have their work considered as masterpieces. Best wishes to one and all.

EVERYBODY—A DRAMA

With the Seniors' own specially all-star cast:

Youth—Fred Dennis. Reserve — Anna Wellinger.
Beauty—Jean Warner.
Pep—Al Mosley.
Sophistication—Helen Cross.
Daring—Doc Kline.
Hilarity—Clem Schwartz.
Mischief—Rosalie Walters.
Delicacy—Mary Stauffer.
Coquetry—Lucille Stewart.
Loveliness—Mabel Arner.
Roguishness—Sally Petsinger.
Geniality—Lee Erdman.
Strength—"Fat" Wellinger.
Witchery—Betty Boyd.
Charm—Mildred Meanor.
Wistfulness—"Joe" Sober.
Innocence—Anna Mae Gase.

—R. W. W. '21.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Soph classes have finished reading Scott's "Marmion." There are still five books to read before the end of school. The eyes and brains of every Soph will have to be on the jump for the remaining days of school. It will certainly be hard on some.

The history classes are getting more up-to-date. They have at last reached 1914. This is still behind times but "slow and sure" sometimes wins.

JUNIOR NOTES

Mr. Walker has been trying a number of new things out on the English classes and almost any hour, one may hear sounds of an eloquent Memorial Day Address, or sounds of some one demonstrating how they sold a ticket for the Liberty Club concert, coming from that room. One of the classes is preparing a literary program for Tuesday morning which bids fair to be greatly enjoyed.

The Economics classes are not limiting their study to one another, but several days a week Miss Beatty reads from other volumes while the students take notes. In this way the students have a wider scope of the business world. An interesting question will be debated upon, on Friday morning.

The French classes are getting ready for a six weeks' test and hence are "cramming" early and late. The most difficult subject seems to be the formation of the tenses.

The Blue and Gold teams are racing at a breakneck speed with each other, to win in the ticket selling contest. From all indications, and by the thermometers posted in Room 2 the Gold Team is in the lead but—it isn't over yet. "He who laughs last, laughs best," is an old proverb that it might be well to remember.

The girls' party given in the High School on Tuesday night, the 19th, was quite an event and thoroughly enjoyed by all. It is the first time this year that all the high school girls have ever gotten together for a good time, but they certainly made up for all the lost time. Each class prepared a program which added greatly to the entertainment of the evening and all came "dressed up.' The Seniors, as very small children, Juniors as immigrants, the Sophomores as hicks and the Freshies were a mixture of most anything and everything. Refreshments were served at about 9:30, after which the hands of the clock moved to 10:30 altogether too quickly.

——T. H. S.——

FRESHMAN NOTES

The Freshies are proud to say that there were three, out of the class, who were given honorable mention in the "average contest." Although we did not win the prize, let us all remember that there will be another one this month and another opportunity for the class to make a better showing.

For the last few weeks the Science classes have been studying about wells and the purification and distillation of water. The experiments in connection with these topics have aided in the study considerably.

The six weeks' test in Algebra has been given and of course the usual anxiety is being felt among the classes. Graphs have been studied and having proved rather interesting, being quite different from the practical problems they have been having.

Judging by the Latin the Freshies have been having lately, some begin to despair of ever getting through Caesar. But of course life is not all a bed of roses.

——T. H. S.——

Insuring everything and everybody is getting to be such a rage that I suggest they insure for safety's sake:

Geppy's pep.
Walt Humes' smile.
John McNally's curly hair.
Dick Cole's chin dimple.
Walter Stewart's soft hat.
Ernie Bartell's saxaphone.
Al Mosley's dancing ability.
Lelles Maurhoff's tailor.

—R. W.

∴ ODDS AND ENDS ∴

WILL THIS HAPPEN TO YOU?

When the class fight is over
And you've had your picture taken
And you wonder if you'll make it
And you must not be mistaken—
Your ring is getting shiny,
You've been measured for cap and gown—
And the maybe honored students
Are whispered all over town,
And your French doesn't average seventy—
And your history is only passing,
Then you get to thinking deeply,
Of the way in which you're classing,
And you wonder if they'll flunk you
Or if they will push you through;
Then you wish you'd studied harder—
As all seniors ought to do.
You have just two months to make it
And you're worried almost sick—
When you think of the time you lost
You could give yourself a kick;
And your mother keeps asking
If you think that you'll take honors,
And you hate to tell her, "No, indeed,"
In answer to her wonders.
And then you get right down to work
And bring your French mark way above passing,
And Miss Vicili is astounded—
To see the way your work is surpassing;
And when the senior roll is called
Your name is on the list;
And then you can thank your lucky stars
That you were never missed.

—By a Senior, L. E. N.

AS WE FOUND IT

Day by day the time grows shorter,
Hour by hour the days pass by
Still for four long years we've been here
Four long years in Tarentum High.

Dark the way appeared before us
When our ship sailed to this place
Yet there's some who've gone and left us
Gone and left us run the race.

But in this time we've garnered
The wisdom you sought to bestow
And in our turn we shall sow it
We shall sow it and watch it grow.

Our ship of Hope is soon ready
To start in the sea of life
And now we'll be more ready
Ready to overcome each strife.

Though we may not all be together
Still our thoughts of each will be
Just the same as if they're with us
With us only in memory.

So you see it's time we're leaving
Let some others take our stand
That their ship be likewise harbored
Harbored for some worthy plan.

I. B. M. '21

——T. H. S.——

BRIGHT ANSWERS

The following answers were found in a set of examination papers recently:

Epidermis is what keeps your skin on.

The torrid zone is caused by the friction of the equator, which runs around the earth in the middle.

Longitude and latitude are imaginary lines on the earth, which show you which way you are going.

The days are shorter in winter because the cold contracts.

A Mr. Newton invented gravity, with the aid of an apple.

There was no such man as Hamlet. He lived in Denmark.

A curve is a straight line that has

been bent.

The climate is caused by hot and cold weather.

The pagans were a contented race until the Christians came among them.

A boy who is amphibious can use all of his hands.

Gold was discovered in California before any one knew it was there.

Mars is the name of a star so far off it would take a million years to walk there in an express train.

——T. H. S.——

A KAVIN

(Apologies to Poe)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while
I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious rule
of geometric lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, sud-
denly there came a tapping
As of someonne gently rapping—
rapping at my study door.
"Tis some classmate," I did mutter,
tapping at my study door—
Only this and nothing more.

And the fluttering, sad, uncertain,
rustling of each cretonne cur-
tain,
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic
terrors never felt before;
O that now, to still the beating of my
heart, I kept repeating
'Tis some classmate thus entreating,
entrance at my study hour—
This it is and nothing more.

Presently my soul grew stronger;
hesitating then no longer.
"Dot," said I, or Mabel, truly, your
forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so
gently came your rapping
That I scarce was sure I heard you—
here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Doubting, dreaming dreams no soph
ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken and
the darkness gave no token,
And the only thing I heard there was
a scraping on the floor.
This I heard and then I saw it scam-
pering o'er the hall-way floor
'Twas a mouse and nothing more.

A. S. '23.

——T. H. S.——

ONE STEP—AND THEN ANOTHER

Did you ever know a teacher
When at times you're feelin' blue
Come and say in words so cheerful,
"Do not worry, you'll get through?"

No, you'll find it rare occasions
That a thing like that occurs
And instead of getting encouragement
You seldom get but slurs.

It makes no dif' how hard you try
How long you work in vain
And though it be some unheard thing
You should get it just the same.

I wonder if they stop to think
That in their high school days
They couldn't get that self same thing
Though they tried a hundred ways.

But make the best of what you have
And keep not faults in store
For by retaining just a few
You'll only gain some more.

Do not look for wrong or evil
ou will find them if you do
As you measure to your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

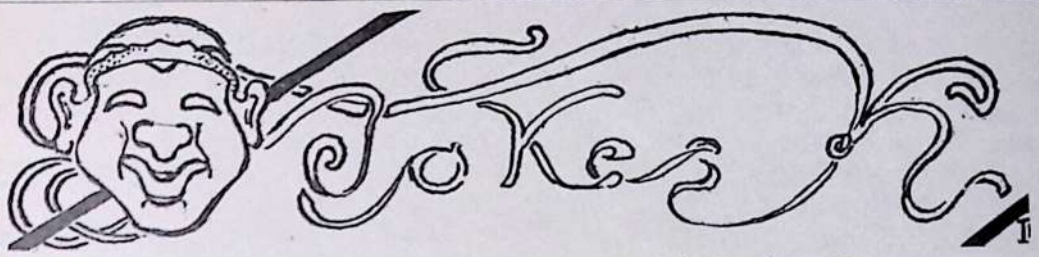
—I. B. M. '21.

——T. H. S.——

Be humble and you are not likely to stumble.

——T. H. S.——

Half the good in the world results from being thoughtful and kind and considerate, and this is within the reach of everyone.



THREATENED CONFLAGRATIO

He—"Reggie's girl has money to burn."

She—"Yes, I hear she's looking for a match."—The Princeton Tiger.

——T. H. S.——

THEY CARRY IT AROUND

Dodson—Home is where the heart is.

Carver—Is that why there are so many homeless girls.—Answers.

——T. H. S.——

Stranger: "If your roms are all taken, maybe you can tell me where I could get an unoccupied bed for tonight." Hotel Clerk: "You might try the furniture stores."—Judge.

——T. H. S.——

GETTING HIS TROUSSEAU READY

The squire of the neighborhood was just leaving after a call on Mrs. Maguire. "And your son, Mrs. Maguire?" said he as he reached for his hat. "I hope he is well. Busy, I suppose, getting ready for his wedding tonight?"

"Well, it isn't him that is busy; it's me, squire," answered the beaming mother. "He's upstairs in bed while I'm washing out his trousseau."

——T. H. S.——

IMPROVED BY SOCIETY

"Phwat is a chafing dish?" asked Casey of Callahan.

"Chafing dish, Casey," said Callahan, "is a fryin' pan that's got into society."

——T. H. S.——

WHAT WAS IN HIM

"Children," said the teacher, instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in you."

As a result of this advice, Robbie turned in the following composition:

We should not attempt any flites of fancy, but rite what is in us. In me there is my stummick, lungs, liver, two apples, two cakes and my dinner.

——T. H. S.——

AS WE SEE THEM

The teaser—Merle Ekas.
The talker—Johnnie Grine.
The dancer—John Wilhelm.
The giggler—Joe Meinz.
The most foolish—Rosalie Walter.
The shortest—Bob Hammond.
The tallest—Jimmie Craig.
The biggest doll—Pete Johnston.
The slammer—The front door.
The skater—Lem Schwartz.
The most cheerful—Walt Stewart.
The adviser—Goose Geisler.
The singer—Geppy Gephart.
The student—Steve Conwell.
The blusher—Anna Wellinger.
The vamp—Betty Boyd.
The slowest—Pim Coulter.
The flirt—Manford Tompson.
The nuisance—The dismissal bells

——T. H. S.——

A giggling girl is apt to become a cackling woman.

——T. H. S.——

Here's to the happiest days of my life
Spent in the arms of another man's wife—my mother.

——T. H. S.——

EXACTLY

"My dear," remonstrated her husband, "don't you cook much more for dinner than we can use?"

"Of course," retorted his wife. "If I didn't how could I economize on the left-overs?"

A DAY OF REST

Little three-year-old Mary went to Sunday school for the first time, and was asked by her teacher: "Which day did God rest?"

Her immediate reply was, "Labor Day."

——T. H. S.——

Ching Wong Long and Chong Fong Huey
Started in to eat chop suey;
They ate and ate until they died;
Did they commit "chop sueycide?"

——T. H. S.——

ONLY TIME WAS LACKING

Mrs. Jones thought she would try the effect of a little praise on her new maid. "How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane," she said admiringly as she inspected the garments hanging before the fire to air. Then glancing at the glossy linen she continued, in a tone of surprise: "Oh, I see; they are all your own!"

"Yes," replied Jane, "and I'd do yours just like that if I had time, ma'am."

——T. H. S.——

She—Do you think, dear, we will ever quarrel after we are married?

He—Certainly not. I can't imagine you ever doing anything to provoke me.

She (thoughtfully)—I suppose it would be your fault.—Life.

——T. H. S.——

Judge—"Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed on you?

Prisoner—"No, your honor. My lawyer took the last dollar I had.

——T. H. S.——

Judge after passing death sentence on negro prisoner)—"Have you anything to say regarding your punishment?"

Negro—"Yas you'ah honah, ah wants to say this is gwine to teach me a lesson."

SHE BEAT THEM ALL

Three little girls received each a silver spoon as a gift, and they were bragging about them.

"Mine," said one of them, "says 'From Papa' on it."

"That's nothing," said the second. "Mine says 'From Your Loving Papa.'"

"Mine," said the third, with a superior air, "says 'Hotel Washington.'"

——T. H. S.——

Once upon a midnight dreary while
I pondered with my deary,
Over many a quaint and furious story
of unforgotten love
While I cuddled nearly touching;
Suddenly there came a hissing,
Just past my ear a-missing and
landing on the floor.
'Tis my father's shoe she muttered
as I scampered thru the door.
And then quoth I, 'Never more."

—F. D. '21.

——T. H. S.——

FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

Little Freddy was using his fists on little Helen.

"Freddy, stop!" commanded his mother. "Don't you know that a gentleman never strikes a lady?"

Instantly Helen stopped crying. "They do, too," she contradicted.

"Why, Helen," said mother, "when did you ever see a gentleman strike a lady?"

With an air of convincing proof the little maid quickly replied: "Daddy spanks me."

——T. H. S.——

WHEN STEADINESS IS GOLDEN

"What attracted you to your bride?" asked the judge, after the ceremony.

"Well, sah," replied the ebony-hued bridgegroom, "de fust time I seed Dinah here she kinder tuk my eye. She wuz such a likely lookin' woman an' so handy wid herself, but when I learnt dat she wuz doin' steady washin' fur seven families, sah, right den an' dar I surrendered."

WINDSOR MUSIC CO.

has served your fathers
for the last 26 years.
Why not let us serve you?
When in need of anything
musical, SEE

WINDSOR, the Piano Man

Smith's Drug Stores

FIFTH AVENUE AND LOCK STREET

"Tarentum's Best"

Stationery, Fountain Pens, Kodaks, Apollo Chocolates

MEET AT SMITH'S

Stewart Realty Co.

FIRE INSURANCE

F R E E ! ! !

With Every Drink or Ice Cream at the Fountain at

THE REXALL STORE

PURITY--CLEANLINESS and SERVICE

We Pride Ourselves on our Hot Chocolate

Craig's Drug Store

"THE MODERN DRUG STORE"

THE ONLY ARCADE IN TOWN

344 FOURTH AVENUE

GIRT-SEFTON CO.

The best place to buy

CLOTHING, DRY GOODS AND CARPETS

Furniture and Carpets

MILLER BROS. TARENTUM, PENNA.

FISHKIN'S
TARENTUM'S BIG STORE
312-14-16 CORBET ST.

ONE DOLLAR OPENS A SAVINGS ACCOUNT. WE WANT THE GIRLS AND BOYS TO COME TO THE TRUST COMPANY WITH THEIR BANKING BUSINESS

Tarentum Savings & Trust Co.

WE SERVE

We Not Only Pay Interest
But We Show Interest

We Welcome the Small Depositor

Safe Deposit Bank

Tarentum, Pa.

THE OLD RELIABLE

The National Bank of Tarentum

The Bank Where You Feel at Home

The Peoples National Bank

RESOURCES OVER $2,000,000.00

OFFICERS

W. A. MARVIN, President
R. J. TOEPFER, Vice Pres.
JOHN R. LONG, Vice Pres.
JOHN P. CRAWFORD, Cashier
JOHN ARMSTRONG, Teller
HARRY E. GRINE, Teller

If you can't keep away from
home cooking go to

Broad's Restaurant

and

E A T

409 FOURTH AVENUE BELL 145-J

Compliments of

Tarentum News Co.

Telegram Printing & Publishing Co.
"BETTER PRINTING PAYS"

Engraved or Printed
Stationery
Announcements
Invitations
Cards

Publishers of
THE EVENING TELEGRAM
The Valley's Best Newspaper
Printers of "The Quippus"

Paul Caldwell's Drug Store

The Penslar Store

IN BUSINESS FOR YOUR HEALTH

Kodaks **Whitman's Candy** **Films**

Prescriptions our Specialty

Paramount Phonographs and Records

All the Latest Hits

Paramount Records Play on all Machines Using Steel Needles

Come in and Hear Them.

PALACE

The Home of Better Motion Pictures

and the most comfortable and sanitary theatre in the Allegheny Valley

Our latest improved ventilating system changes the air every three minutes

SPARKS

DEPARTMENT STORE

"The Store You Can Rely On"

205-206 FIFTH AVENUE

Wallace's Cafe

405 Fourth Avenue

TARENTUM, PENN'A.

PHONE 566-W

THE QUIPPUS

-THS-

Commencement Issue

1921

WHEN MOTORING STOP AT

STARKE'S STAND

Three Miles from Tarentum along Bull Creek Road

MORROW'S CAFE

SLATER'S CELEBRATED ICE CREAM

209 Fifth Avenue. Phone 259.

TARENTUM CONFECTIONERY

Home Made Candy Fresh Daily

ICE CREAM AND ICES

Here's the place to buy your ice cream for those Commencement Parties.

FRANCIS & CO.

In this, the final issue of the Quippus for the year 1920-'21, the Seniors bid a fond good-bye to Tarentum High School, its students, its faculty and its joys. We have not only enjoyed, but also benefited ourselves during the four years of our High School life. We hope that the members of the lower classes will remain in school and complete the course.

Wishing all unlimited success and prosperity, we sorrowfully bid you adieu.

SENIORS.

The Quippus

Published by Tarentum High School, Tarentum, Pennsylvania

VOLUME ONE JUNE 1921 NUMBER SEVEN

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Pearle Sober, '21
Assistant Editor .... Marion Brown, '22
Associate Editor .... George Schied, '23
Athletic Reporter .. Clemens Swartz, '21
Business Manager .....
...Walter E. Montgomery, '22
Advertising Manager .....
..... Florence Williams, '23

Art Editor.....George Allison, '21
Senior Reporter ..... Mabel Arner, '21
Junior Reporter ... Alvin Silverman, '22
Sophomore Reporter .. Alice Shaner, '23
Freshman Reporter..Mary A. Brown, '24
Faculty Advisors ..... Miss Howe
Mr. Nease, Mr. Walker

EMILY MAYE ADAMS,

Commercial Course.

"You may trust in me. I am not at all changeable and am not unreasonable."

MABEL ALLEN,

Commercial Course.

"So cool, so calm, so bright."

GEORGE ALLISON,

Secretary, 2; President, 3; Athletic Manager, 4; Debate Team, 3; Quippus Art Editor, 4; Tennis, 4.

"Have I not a lordly air,
Which makes me free from every care?"

MABEL ARNER,

Glee Club, 3, 4; Vice President, 2; Quippus Staff, 4; Junior-Senior Banquet Committee, 3; Football Banquet Committee, 4; Invitation Committee, 4.

"She is a favorite with everyone here—and deserves to be."

CLARENCE BORLAND,

"Cy," Springdale H. S., 1, 2, 3; Basket Ball, 4; Track, 4.

"True worth is in being, not seeming."

GLADYS BOWMAN,

Springdale H. S., 1, 2, 3; Basket Ball, 4.

"She excels in history and is especially fond of dates."

ELIZABETH BOYD,

Girls' Track, 4; Girls' Tea Committee, 4.

"Long before this lass could walk
I do believe that she could talk."

ERWIN CAMPBELL,

Invitation Committee, 4.

"But little noise is made by those who know much."

HAZEL CARNAHAN,

Commercial Course.

"Hazel is a shy little lass;
She's bright and always neat,
But she must never forget
The stillest waters run deep."

HELEN CROSS,

"Here's to the girl who joys in art;
The girl with a smile and great big heart."

EDWARD DAVIS,

"Ed."

"I deliver my words not by number but by weight."

FREDERICK DENNIS,

. . "Fred."

"He doesn't say very much, but when he starts in to speak you'd be surprised."

HELEN DAUGHERTY,

Basket Ball, 3,4; Class Play Committee, 4; Girls' Party, 4; Senior girls' representative.

"The joy of youth and health her eyes display,
And ease of heart her very looks convey."

MAYWOOD DRUM,

"More soul in her face than words on her tongue."

RUTH EYLER,

Springdale, 1, 2.

"She hath a natural wise sincerity, a simple truthfulness and these have lent her dignity."

MERLE EKAS,

Treasurer, 2.

"Better be little and shine
Than big and cast a shadow."

LEE ERDMAN,

"Zik"; Tennis, 3, 4; Junior-Senior Banquet Committee, 3; Football Banquet Committee, 4.

"Let things take what course they will,
I know that I will get there still."

ELMA RUTH EVERLING,

Springdale, 1, 2.

"The crimson glow of modesty o'er spread
Her cheeks and gave new luster to her charms."

HELEN FLEISCHER,

"Nature was here so lavish of her store
That she bestowed until she had not more."

GEORGE GAMBLE.

"Peace of mind means more than fame,
And all that mortal man can claim."

ANNA MAE GASE,

Glee Club, 3, 4; Football Banquet Committee, 4.

"With an ever present yearning
For ever more and greater learning."

GLEN GEISLER.

"Silence is deep as eternity; speech is as shallow as time."

VIRGINIA GRECO,

Commercial Course, 2, 3.

"Everywhere in life the true question is not what we gain but what we do."

MARY HAMMOND,

Girls' Tea, 4; Football Banquet Committee, 4.

"Happy am I, from care I am free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

LILLIAN HARTMAN,

Springdale, 1, 2, 3.

"Divinely tall, lovely and fair,
With sky blue eyes and golden hair."

IVY HARVEY,

"Ike"; Glee Club, 4; Junior-Senior Banquet Committee, 3; Ring Committee, 4; Girls' Tea, 4; Football Banquet, 4.

"Always merry, never glum,
Makes a bright and cheerful chum."

VERA HAWK,

"Hawkie"; Springdale H. S., 1, 2; Basket Ball, 3, 4; Girls' Track.

"For to see her was to love her;
Love but her and love forever."

HELEN HAZLETT,

"Heinie"; Glee Club, 3; Chairman Girls' Party, 4; Basket Ball Team, 2, 3, 4.

"I say what I think, and I mean what I say."

EMIL HERSKOVITS,

Debate, 3; Tennis, 3, 4.

"'Tis the mind that makes the body rich."

CLARENCE G. KAUFFMAN,

"The force of his own merit makes his way."

AMELIA KIENTZ,

"Kientzie"; Football Banquet Committee, 4; Junior-Senior Banquet Committee, 3.

"Dignified and jolly, too,
A proper mixture for maid."

GEORGE KLINE,

"Doc"; Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basket Ball, 3, 4; Football Banquet Committee, 4; President, 2; Glee Club, 4; Fr. Chairman Bond Campaign. 1.

"A man who acts like a man."

THELMA MAHAFFEY,

Liberty Club, 3, 4; Junior-Senior Banquet Committee, 3; Football Banquet Committee, 4.

"The music which is born beneath her fingers
As an Olympian choir lingers."

MILDRED MEANOR,

"Sympathetic, steadfast, true;
Virture dwells herself with you."

IVA MEANS,

"We understood her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks."

JOSEPH MEINZ,

"Joe."

"If everyone were as reasonable as I, what a heaven this earth would be."

FRANCES MOOREHEAD,

Commercial Course.

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

ALBERT MOSLEY,

"Al"; Basket Ball, 4; Football, 3, 4; Ring Committee, 4; Invitation Committee, 4.

"A good fellow—always ready to make himself generally useful."

ALBERTA McCULLOUGH,

Vandergrift, 1, 2; Commercial Course.

"True worth is in doing, not dreaming of good things to do bye and bye."

JENNIE McPHILIMY,

"Jen."

"Good humor is one of the best articles of dress one can wear in society."

JOSIE NEASE,

"Jo"; Junior-Senior Banquet Committee, 3; Invitations, 4; Football Banquet Committee, 4.

" 'Tis something to be willing to commend, but my praise is that she is a friend."

LAURA NICHOLAS,

"Nick"; Chairman Girls' Swimming Association, 4.

"Good prevails where'er she goes;
She smiles alike on friends and foes."

SARA ALICE PETSINGER,

"Sadie"; Secretary, 4; Football Banquet Committee, 4.

"Dimpled cheeks, and laughing eyes,
Gain her friends before she tries."

VYDA ROSS,

Commercial Course.

"She hath a cheery lip, a bonnie eye;
A passing, pleasing tongue."

JAMES SCOTT,

"Jim"; Treasurer, 4.

"Rich in nobleness of mind,
Generous and ever kind."

CONNIE SILVERMAN,

Commercial Course.

"Richest in saving common sense
And as the greatest only one,
In her simplicity, sublime."

RALPH SILVERMAN,

Football, 3, 4; Class Play Committee, 4.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

FRANK SLAUGHTER,

"Ick"; Football and Basket Ball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Football Captain, 4; Basket Ball Captain, 4; Vice President, 4; Track, 4.

"A football man of no mean name;
In classes, too, he fought the same."

JOSEPHINE SOBER,

"Jo"; Football Banquet Committee, 4.

"She's full of life, she's full of fun;
We know there's not many,
We doubt if there's any
That can beat this one."

PEARLE SOBER,

Editor-in-Chief Quippus, 4; Junior-Senior Banquet Committee, 3; Football Banquet Committee, 4; Girls' Party, 4; Class Play Committee, 4; Chairman Red Cross Girls, 1.

"Her character is of the fairest kind,
Which every noble deed can find."

MARY STAUFFER,

Springdale H. S., 1, 2, 3; Girls' Party, 4.

"All found in her that trait of rare and noble womanhood—a friend sincere."

GERTRUDE STEWART,

Natrona, 1, 2; Class Play Committee, 4.

"Here's to the girl that's always in it,
Who doesn't lose her head for even a minute;
Plays well the game and knows the limit
And still gets all the fun that's in it."

LUCILLE STEWART,

Commercial Course.

"Here's a smile to those who love me
And a sigh to those who hate;
And whatever skies above me,
Here's a heart for any fate."

WALTER STEWART,

"Stewartie"; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Twinkling brown eyes,
A good disposition,
Musical ability,
No competition."

GEORGE STURM.

"A mixture of common sense and of abiding optimism."

LESTER SWARTZLANDER,

"Les"; Football, 2, 3, 4.

"A soldier—fit to stand by Caesar."

MANFORD TOMPSON,

"I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

ROSALIE WALTER,

"Rosie"; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basket Ball 3, 4; Captain, 3; Manager Basket Ball, 4; Ring Committee, 4; Girls' Track, 4.

"Thy gay and unaffected laughter
Seeks one out and lingers after."

JEAN WARNER,

Glee Club, 3, 4; Junior-Senior Banquet Committee, 3; Secretary, 3; General Chairman of Girls' Association, 4.

"Her hair is golden, her eyes are blue,
And she's a good girl through and through."

ANNA WELLINGER,

"Anne"; Girls' Tea Committee, 4.

"A sweet faced woman lives over the way;
Well versed in the science of making things gay."

WALTER WELLINGER,

"Fat"; Senior President, 4; Glee Club, 4; Treasurer, 3; Football, 4.

"One capable of observation, acute in remarks, prompt, active, calm, intrepid."

RUTH WILLIAMS,

Football Banquet Committee, 4; Girls' Tea Committee, 4.

"A pretty maid who holds her own,
Among a crowd or when alone."

T. H. S.

History Class '21

How can one write the history of a class which has just begun to make history? This will simply be an attempt to outline the events of class interest during the past four years. How Dame Fortune managed to bring together in the fall of 1917 so many congenial, good natured, sunny, versatile youngsters with one ambition to make good is more than anyone can tell. And you ask "how they made good?"

The outstanding feature of the first year seemed to be the algebra class. We are sorry to say that the rules of algebra have made little impression on us, although three teachers exhausted their efforts in trying to explain to us the difference between factoring and graphing. It was during this year that the war was at its height. There was a Stamp Drive for the sale of Baby Liberty Bonds carried on by T. H. S. in which the Freshmen very nobly answered their country's call by selling a large number of these bonds.

September, 1918, found but ninety of these remarkable students taking their places as Sophomores. Near the beginning of the term we held our first official class meeting at which we selected "green and white" as class colors.

As an epidemic of influenza was sweeping the country at that time, the students enjoyed a few weeks vacation.

Upon entering our Junior year the class was some what smaller in number, but not in enthusiasm. Our class membership was increased by some very pleasing members from Springdale who will graduate with us in June. One of the most enjoyable events held in October was the Hallowe'en party. This party was held at the Hollenden Club rooms which were very attractively decorated in colors consistent with the season.

Owing to the fact that the Junior class incurs so much expense throughout the year, it was decided that henceforth an annual concert would be given by the Liberty Club of the high school under the auspices of the Junior class. In order to arouse enthusiasm and interest it was decided that the class be divided into two teams, the Greens and the Whites, for the purpose of disposing of the tickets. The entertainment proved a decided success and was very highly praised by the townspeople who were surprised to find that there was such excellent talent in the high school. We are indeed proud to say that quite a number of the class of '21 took part.

According to custom the Junior class rendered a pleasing reading of Macbeth.

In May the graduating class was royally banqueted at the Y. M. C. A. by the Juniors. After the banquet a dance was given at the Belvedere Club rooms.

During the year the marriage fever was quite prevalent among our classmates and it was due to this that we lost our efficient president before the end of the school term.

The Junior class of 1920 developed into Seniors. We were sixty-five strong. September found us eager to assume the responsibilities worthy of the cap and gown. We were Seniors, yet we felt but little more dignified than when we were Freshies. Senior privileges, now that we possessed them, were not half so enviable as when we were Sophs. Near the beginning of the term we elected our class officers, choosing the

capable, good-natured, and popular Walter Wellinger to be the central figure in the leadership of the Senior Class. Shortly after this we selected our class rings.

It had long been hoped that some class would be able to revive the high school paper but no definite action had been taken until this year when the Senior Class expressed its determination to edit a school magazine. This monthly, christened The Quippus, will long be remembered as having been started by the class of '21.

In December we gave a sumptuous banquet at the Chamber of Commerce rooms at which the football men were the honor guests.

Throughout our high school course our class always took a very active part in all forms of athletics. As an act of appreciation for what they have done for the school, many of the class will receive letters and sweaters. Say! Will the Seniors be missed in football? Will the athletic association miss them or is it an error that most of its supporters are Seniors? To the basket ball boys we give honor and praise. To the basket ball girls we give nothing less. Their ability in finances are equally good.

The class fight this year was held at Burtner's Knob, March 14. The Seniors and Sophs commendably upheld the honor of '21.

We are on the last lap now. Some are far ahead; some have "sprinted" up to come up among the first at the close; others are almost winded; we hope no one gives up entirely, for the race has been such fun. A prize awaits us at the close. There will be a great applause; the victors will be carried on the shoulders of admiring spectators; the other contestants, too, will share in that celebration; a bit of parchment will be handed to each runner; a kindly farewell and a gracious benediction will be tendered by Mr. McCullough, and the game is over. The class of 1921 will then have passed into history.

J. N. '21.
T. M. '21

June 17—Class Night.

June 19—Baccalaureate Services.

June 21—Junior-Senior Banquet and Prom.

June 24—Commencement.

Class Will

We, the class of 1921, in sixty-two individual and distinct parts, ready now to pass out of our present sphere of education, possessing crammed minds, well-trained memories and a superhuman understanding, being of firm minds but feeling the uncertainty of examination marks do publish this, our last will and testament by which we revoke all former wills or promises heretofore made by any member of our class.

We feel sure that any heir herein mentioned will be perfectly satisfied with his inheritance, but in case any heir should be dissatisfied he shall forfeit his share to the person whom the executor names.

We do appoint Mr. W. S. McCullough, on account of his wide knowledge of right and justice, as the executor of this will, with this request that he see that every minute detail be executed.

To the school in general we do bequeath our best wishes and dear faculty. Also we leave to them the memory of the class 1921 who in intellect, talent, beauty, pep and zeal have never been excelled.

To the faculty the memory of the fine recitation (?) and quiet class rooms (?) they always had when we Seniors were in their rooms.

To the janitor our example of cleanliness, together with all the wads of chewing gum annually collected on the bottom of the seats.

To the Juniors the memory of our perfect deportment (?) and we sincerely hope that they will emulate our example. We also leave to the Juniors our dear comedian, Clemens B. Schwartz. We failed to bring him to the end of the journey with us and to you we leave this task to be perfected.

To the Sophomores our dignified bearing and our unusually high ideals. Dear sister class we leave you our fighting ability and our motto, "Never let the old flag fall."

To the Freshmen we do bequeath our seats in Chapel and warn them to carry cushions in order to prevent "curvature of the spine." We leave also to you, Freshmen whatever greenness still remains in us, together with our quiet and sedate ways.

To chapel room—our pet mouse with the hope that whoever occupies that room next year will keep him well fed.

To the office and our principal—the memory of the few (?) visits which our members made to it.

T o the girls of T. H. S.—the dear sponsor, Miss McNeese, and we trust she may have your faithful co-operation to replace that which we tried to give her.

We have a few personal belongings of which we wish to dispose:

To Spifus Evans—the dancing ability of Al Mosley.

To Bernice Delight Rutherford—the peach and cream complexion of Helen Cross with the warning that no permanent stain or powder shall be used or she must forfeit the inheritance.

To Dot Hunter—the quiet and sedate ways of Mary Stauffer. Children should be seen and not heard, so Dot we hope you will profit by your recently acquired fortune.

To Marion Brown—the editorship of the Quippus and hope she will be as successful in her work as Pearle Sober has been.

To Bill Yost—the real true Ford of Irvin Campbell to replace the imitation car driven by Bill during this past year.

To senior president—the executive ability of Fat Wellinger.

We take for granted that the above named heirs will be well pleased by their newly acquired fortunes but realizing that these will soon be forgotten the class leaves to all the students who enter Tarentum High School the privilege of attending the above named high school and imbibing from our worthy faculty the knowledge that they possess, which will in turn prepare them for their life's work. Our last wish is that all students take advantage of the great opportunity before them of attending this wonderful school and preparing themselves so that when Father Time calls them to their life work they will be ready to answer "here" for we have found in the last few years that preparedness is the best policy.

On this, the 25th day of June, Nineteen hundred and Twenty-one, we do sign and affix our seal to this, our last will and testament.

Signed,

THE CLASS OF 1921.

WITNESSES:

Helen Hazlett
Walter Wellinger
Betty Boyd
Lee Erdman
Helen Cross
Merle Ekas
Mildred Meanor

POEM OF THE AGES

The Freshman grins
The Sophomore blows
The Junior growls
The Senior knows.

EX.

The Prophecy of Class '21

It was one day in September, 1926, that I was looking over some of my highly treasured books of "long forgotten lore." I chanced to find the album of the class of '21. Once it was very beautiful but now, old with age, its pages had become yellow and each page bore countless finger prints. The appearance of this keepsake did not thrill me as much as its contents did, for when I opened it the first picture I saw George Boggs Allison, a western architect, with a roll of blue prints under his arm. This brought to my mind his old time stride.

On the next page was seen a trio of girls—Emily Maye Adams, Mabel Allen and Amelia Kathryn Kientz, whose life work has been devoted to striking keys in the Allegheny Steel Co. office.

On the opposite page were the pictures of two very famous dressmakers whose establishment is found in Paris. These girls are Gladys Bowman and Vera Elizabeth Hawk.

Then as I gazed upon the following picture I found it to be no other than a number of those who had been married shortly after their graduation. Mabel Arlene Arner had married Rev. Walter Lee Erdman. Their residence in Wyoming is near the home of Iva Belle Means who is now the wife of Prof. Erwin Allison Campbell. Mary Gertrude Stewart and Vyda Amatell Ross are also the wives of two noted instructors of the La Salle University. While Edward Howard Davis and Josie Elgerta Nease are married and living in St. Louis.

The next picture revealed the faces of some prominent traveling sales agents. Doc Kline, agent for "Rub-no-More," Mary Rebecca Hammond for "Armour's Hams," Ivy Fern Harvey for "Hair-Curlers," Anna Marie Wellinger for "Anti-Blush Drugs," and Clarence G. Kauffman selling "Soothing Syrup."

Then whom did I see in the next picture which consisted of movie stars but Sara Alice Petsinger in "Alice of Wonderland." Alberta Emily McCullough and Frances Marion Moorhead giving "Frailty thy Name is Woman" under the direction of Hazel Idella Carnahan. Also Walter Stewart playing "Speed 'Em Up."

Immediately to my view came the familiar faces of Ruth Naomi Williams, Lucille Katherine Stewart and Helen Gertrude Fleischer who were partners in a beauty parlor.

Among the pictures of authors and writers came Mildred Isabelle Meanor, who edited an edition to the dictionary, and Laura Eliza Nicholas who made her fame through her prose writings.

Then the teachers' pictures were revealed. Pearle Gertrude Sober as Dean of Wilson College, and Josephine Rosalie Sober as history instructor in the same school. Agnes Jean Warner as teacher of French in the new Tarentum High School, while James Lang Scott is the mathematician in the same school. I then discovered the pictures of Lester Laverne Swartzlander and Manford Thompson who have the honor of representing the former Tarentum Hi at Penn State taking up the study of horticulture and Frank Ellis Slaughter the coach of Princeton University.

On the next page a number of small pictures were found. Among them were Elizabeth King Boyd who entered her car in the Uniontown races along with Joseph Anthony Mienz. Another picture was that of

Jenny Viola McPhilimy, Helen Marie Dougherty and Helen Mae Hazlett going about giving stump speeches. Then Helen Madelyn Cross' picture appeared as settlement worker in Russelton and that of Ruth Helen Eyler, also settlement worker in Springdale, both helping in putting down the crime wave.

At this time I saw Clarence Borland and Ralph Silverman's photo. They made some valuable discoveries in Chile and money is their middle name. The picture of Merle Pringle Ekas came to my sight who has been very successful in setting up wireless in Alaska, while his old friend Frederick Christ. Dennis has fallen in his father's footsteps as a road contractor.

Then I saw the picture of George Eugene Gamble who is the owner of a very prosperous barber shop in Kentucky; also Walter Albert Wellinger and Emil Herskovitz' picture who had recently been admitted to the bar in New York City.

Then I saw Lillian Hartman's picture who has a lingering illness because she has a heart (Hart) but not a man. Next I saw Thelma Pearl Mahaffey and Roaslie Minnie Walters in their music studio in Death Valley, Cal. Nearing the end I chanced to see Connie Reta Silverman and Virginia Henrietta Greco taking up interior decorating as their life work with Mary Elisa Stauffer as their chief advisor.

Then last but not least I have turned to the last page of this famous album and there I behold the smiling faces of the three missionaries to China, Elma Ruth Everling, Fannie Maywood Drum and Anna Mae Gase. Then I saw Albert E. Mosley who has taken over Baker's Studio, and Lona Glen Geisler and George Sturm, the structural iron workers. Thus the album is closed.

M. H., V. D.,
M. M., I. M., '21.

Can you start a fire with a baseball match?
Or mend your glove with a cabbage patch?
Do they call it a strike when you bat your eye
Or give you a base if you swat a fly?
If you broke the home plate, could you use a platter?
Is the pitcher made from silver or glass?
Are the golf links iron, or gold or brass?
Is a caddie used for storing tea?
Is a locker simply a great big key?
Do they arrest a player for stealing third?
Is a foul a chicken or is it a bird?

EX.

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1920

Top row, left to right—Manager Allison; Mosely, R.T.; Silverman, R. G.; Coach J. M. Dinsmore; Cole, R. G.; Coulter, R. T.; Assistant Coach Lee.

Middle row—Geisler, Q.; Kline, H.; Capt. Slaughter, F.; Berkes, H.; Brumbaugh, H.

Bottom row—Wellinger, G.; Swartzlander, E.; Bartell, C.; Kimes, E.

As we glance back over the athletic activities of Tarentum High School during the past school year, we cannot help but admit they have reached the high-water mark of the last five years. The season was marked throughout by success for old T. H. S. The students co-operated as well as could be expected. The townspeople took great interest in all events carried out by the High School. The financial condition is the best ever had by the school athletic association. And the foundation for an even higher athletic standing and for a rating among the very top-notches has been firmly established.

For the first time in the history of the school, two new lines of sport have been successfully adopted. The inter-class track meet aroused keener interest in the student body than any other event, except the class fight. More students have taken part—at least some part—than in either football or basket ball. In tennis, over twenty-five High School people have been interested. The first tennis team in T. H. S. won its laurels by defeating the strong Oakmont squad. At present a lively tournament is in progress. Erdman, Herskovits and Scholnick seem to be the big guns in the latter sport, while in the former Mosely, Borland, Cole, Bair, Lynch, Vogeley, Alec Allison and Maurhoff have been the leaders.

The football team laid a just claim to second place in the W. P. I. A. L., having suffered a fluke defeat by Washington, the winner by a 16-14 score. We well remember the lineup: Kimes, L. E.; Coulter, L. T.; Cole, L. G.; Bartell, C.; Silverman, R. G.; Mosley, R. T.; Swartzlander, R. E.; Giesler, Q. B.; Kline, L. H.; Berkes, R. H., and "Ick" Slaughter, the athlete of the year, fullback.

In basket ball we were not so successful, yet we have nothing much to weep about. Bartell, Slaughter, Borland, Kline, Mosley and Coulter composed a stong squad. The girls' team was quite successful, losing only two games. Their lineup included Misses Hawk, H. Hazlett, Walters, Schumaker, E. Hazlett, Millberger and Bark, the captain. Miss Howe proved a faithful coach for the girls.

Much credit for the success of the season is due the coaches, J. M. Dinsmore and G. D. Fee. Next year the teams will start out with several letter men, lots of good material, a good treasury, student and municipal backing, and a mountain of ambition. The Seniors say, "Go to it," the Alumni say "Go to it" and the students say "Let's go."

FOOTBALL——

T. H. S. 14, Aspinwall 0.
T. H. S. 35, Kittanning 0.
T. H. S. 46, Vandergrift 0.
T. H. S. 19, Ken Hi 0.
T. H. S. 0, Kiski Reserves 20.
T. H. S. 0, Parnassus 0.
T .H. S. 14, Washington 16.
T. H. S. 19, Oakmont 0.
T. H. S. 7, Union High 0.

BASKETBALL——

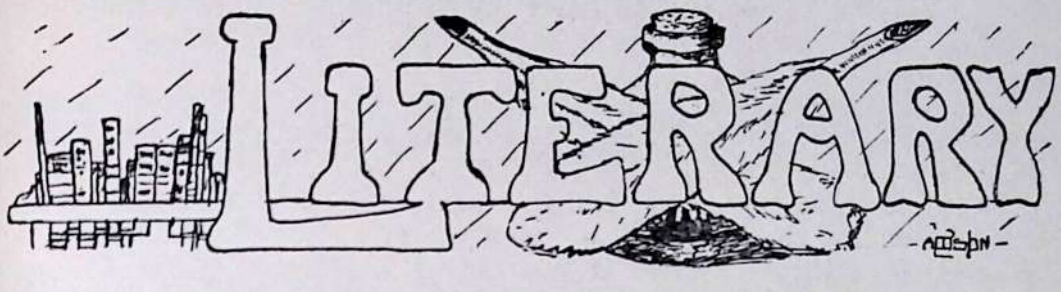
T. H. S. 36, Pittsburgh Academy 31.
T. H. S. 28, T. H. S. Alumni 30.
T. H. S. 48, Parnassus 24.
T. H. S. 43, Parnassus 27.
T. H. S. 31, Apollo 14.
T. H. S. 34, Apollo 32.
T. H. S. 55, Vandergrift 20.
T. H. S. 27, Vandergrift 40.
T. H. S. 61, Ken Hi 31.
T. H. S. 22, Ken Hi 31.
T. H. S. 61, Arnold 12.
T. H. S. 25, Ford City 31.
T. H. S. 24, Ford City 38.
T. H. S. 37, Kittanning 28.
T. H. S. 38, Kittanning 27.
T H. S. 39, Munhall 27.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing—Left to Right—Miss Howe, Coach Walter.
Middle Row—Schumaker, E. Hazlett, Dougherty, Millberger.
Lower Row—H. Hazlett, Bark, Hawk.

Class Obituary

Name	Died of	Last Words
James Scott	Juggling	Don't forget to pay your senior dues.
Amelia Kientz	Typing	Send my typewriter with me.
Al Mosley	Lady fussing	I loved (?) them all.
Emil Herskovits	Arguing	I beg to differ with you.
Mary Hammond	Laryngitis	Can I talk there?
Manford Thompson	Too much gray matter	Can leave the world but not my studies
Clem Schwartz	Overwork for Quippus	(All cuss words censored.)
Ike Harvey	Making excuses	I know it but I can't say it.
Helen Hazlett	Basketballitis	Anyhow we won all but two.
Doc Kline	Various athletics	I am making my highest record.
Ruth Williams	Gentle art of primping	Where's my powder puff?
Pearle Sober	Writer's cramp	At last I'm through with the Quippus.
Fat Wellinger	Complication of funny noises	I have the funniest noise of all.
Josie Nease	Too much French	What does this word mean?
Frank Slaughter	Too little weight	Let me keep on playing.
Merle Ekas	Too much height	Are small people admitted?
Mildred Meanor	Chemistry exhaustion	Zn, HCL, Na, H2O.
Joe Sober	Smiling	Will there be any stars in my crown?
Thelma Mahaffey	Relapse from numerous parties	Are the others there?
Irwin Campbell	Too much Ford	Is my Lizzie still working?
Helen Dougherty	Talkativeness	My tongue was always loose.
Ralph Silverman	Oversupply of knowledge	Send me reading material.
Mary Stauffer	Bashfulness	I couldn't help it—it was just my way.
George Gamble	Worrying	I didn't like the girls.
Vyda Ross	Elocution work	I just forgot a line.
Frances Moorehead	Man study	What's his name.
Joe Meinz	Dreaming	Let the rest of the world go by.
Alberta McCullough	Surplus cosmetics	Do I look all right now.
Lillian Hartman	Overeating	When do we eat?
Rosalie Walter	Mischief	What's next?
George Sturm	Timidity	I think but dare not speak.
Lee Erdman	Kidding	A' G'wan.
Gladys Bowman	Dates	Which one is there?
Virginia Greco	Speeding	How much time is left?
Iva Means	Leisure time	What time is it?
Vera Hawk	Ear trouble	What did you say?



THE UNCONQUERABLE SUCCUMBS

As one surveyed the estate with its winding driveways leading up to the large old-fashioned mansion, placed far back in the yard, surrounded by spreading elms and tall oaks, it suggested the very essence of peaceful tranquility; but in the house was anything but peace. In fact a "battle of words" was under full sway at that very moment.

"Now I don't care what you say, Sis," said Tom, "I don't intend to devote my valuable time this summer to entertaining your peerless friend. Even if you do think she's above reproach, I imagine she is just like the ordinary girl; a frivolous, fluffy little creature."

"Well," answered his sister with equal dignity, "you needn't worry about having to entertain Betty while she is here, there will be plenty of other equally desirable men to do that, I only ask you to be nice to her." "However," she continued in a lighter tone, "I'll wager you, Tom, that before the fifteenth of August you'll be one of her most ardent admirers."

"Huh!" said Tom contemptuously, "if you're willing to part with your money so easily, it's a 'go.' How about a bottle of Mary Garden against a new silk scarf? What do you say?"

"Fine, but I haven't time to talk longer about Betty, bets, etc., for her train will be in at four-thirty and it is almost four now. Won't you go with me to meet her and please don't scowl too fiercely when you see that darling girl or she may leave before I have time to win my bet," and with this laughing rejoinder Sally left the room.

No doubt you are curious as to the cause of this heated argument, so I shall try to explain. "Tom," otherwise known as Thomas Paul Sanderson and "Sally," Sara May Sanderson were brother and sister as you have probably guessed. But, although this relationship existed between them, they were widely different in almost every respect. Tom was a Senior at Yale, president of his class and captain of the football team. From this vantage point of learning he looked down upon the world in general a trifle disdainfully and upon girls in particular. Although in regard to the latter the boys declared that old Tom had had a change of heart, for during his first two years in college he was considered quite a "lady's man," while poor Sally was only a Freshie at Smith and thus a mere speck in her brother's eyes.

Now Betty Graham, Sally's dearest friend at Smith, was the real cause of the aforesaid argument, as she was coming to spend the summer at their home.

However, Tom was at last persuaded to go to the station with his sister and welcome the guest. As Betty stepped from the train there was nothing in her trim little figure to suggest the frivolous young lady he had pictured.

The two girls greeted each other effusively, then Sally turning around said, "Oh! Betty, I want you to meet my brother. Tom, this is Betty Graham."

"Glad to know you Miss Graham," said Tom, shaking hands. While Betty murmured the conventional, "How do you do, Mr. Sanderson."

Sally was a little surprised at this formal greeting as she had hoped they would call each other by their first names, but Betty had heard all about this young man, and wisely decided not to be too friendly at first.

An informal dinner and dance was given that evening for the new arrival. Betty, descending the broad stairs, made a charming picture in her pink dinner gown to those assembled in the drawing room, and by the time the introductions were over it was plainly evident that Betty was going to be the "Belle of the Ball."

At dinner she was seated between Tom's two best friends, Jack Williams and Frank Lodge, each one doing his very best to entertain her. directly across the table was Tom, studying her intently. Each time Betty looked in Tom's direction she found his eyes upon her and a gleam of amusement seemed to flicker in her own, but it was gone in an instant.

Long after the others were in bed that night Tom sat up, thinking. Where had he seen that girl, Betty Graham before? Her eyes haunted him and even the way she danced seemed to recall something, someone, some place; but what? He chided himself for being a silly fool, but still the vision persisted until at last he muttered to himself, "Confound it, if that blamed girl is going to spoil my summer like this I'll leave for the Adirondacks tomorrow," and with this resolution he fell into a troubled sleep, dreaming of girls in pink dresses with big black eyes.

But he did not leave the next morning. Instead he went riding with one of his friends and in the afternoon sought Betty and his sister to ask them to play tennis. However, Sara had another engagement, but after considerable urging Betty consented to go without her.

Now Tom considered himself quite a star when it came to tennis, but after a set ending 6-3 in Betty's favor he admitted that he had met his match and payed her his first of many compliments when he said, "I say. Miss Graham, you're the first girl that ever beat me at tennis and I've played quite a few. Why you have the trickiest serve I ever saw."

This was the beginning of many such days and very gradually Tom found himself seeking Betty's company on every occasion. Yet that haunting memory persisted, an intangible something. Once he asked Betty if by any chance he had met her before, or if she had an older sister who resembled her, but upon her answering "No," to both questions he refused to give his reasons for asking.

Unfortunately even all pleasant things come to an end, and so Betty's visit was drawing to a close, for the night before her departure Mrs. Sanderson had planned a Masque Ball.

Tom had been told that Betty would do something at the party, but he wasn't told just what, nor was he permitted to know how she would be dressed. He wore an old Troubadour costume, that he had worn several times before.

About ten o'clock the orchestra began to play a wild rollicking melody and into the center of the room advanced a masked figure clothed as a Russian Ballet Dancer. She stood a moment motionless, then commenced to dance with a rythmic and unsurpassable grace. At the first strains of music Tom had leaned forward a little and when the little dancer appeared he clutched Sally's arm, muttering in her ear, "Is that Betty?"

"Why yes," answered Sally, "doesn't she do splendidly?"

But Tom was too interested to answer. The scene before him seemed to change. In place of his own home he saw a college gymnasium; crowded with masked figures, all watching a girl—yes, he was convinced it was this very same girl—dance.

It all came back to him now. He remembered how a bunch of the fellows, learning that the girls in a nearby boarding school were having a Hallow'een Party, had dared him and two of his chums to mask and to go to the party. He had worn the same costume which he had on now. They bribed the guard and succeeded in being admitted. As they entered, this same dance was in progress, and afterward he had spent practically all evening with the dancer. She was delighted to find such a charming companion and couldn't imagine which one of the girls it was. When about to leave the three boys raised their masks for a fleeting moment and then fled. But in that moment several of the girls and at least one of the teachers recognized them as boys and the papers had a vivid account of it the next day, but the miscreants were never discovered.

For months after the party the girl's black eyes (the only part of her face visible through her mask) had haunted Tom, but that had been long ago in his "Prep." days and he never had associated Betty's with those of his Dancing Girl (as he called her) until now.

After her dance, Tom sought Betty and guided her into the alcove. They looked at each other speechlessly, for a moment. "Tom," Betty finally gasped, "can you be my Troubadour of the Hallow'een Party?"

Tom smilingly assented and drew her toward him.

Explanations followed, until at last Tom said, "Betty dear, you have danced your way into my heart; won't you please stay dancing always through, not only my heart, but my life?"

Betty's "Yes" was almost lost in the strains of Home Sweet Home that floated through the air, for it was two o'clock in the morning of the fifteenth of August and Sally's bet was won.

Tom afterwards laughingly declared that Sally may have won the bet, but he won the greater prize.

M. V. E., '22.

(When I Posed for My Picture for the Quippus)

I went and posed for my picture,
The day was gloomy and gray;
The photographer asked what view
I preferred,
I said, "a side view, if I may."

I sat on a stool (it was torture),
With my neck at an "angle acute,"
He tilted my chin and smoothed out
my grin,
And remarked that I really looked
cute.

Then he vanished behind a dark
canvas;
The minutes dragged slowly away—
Such a pain as I felt 'tween my
shoulders,
(Yet my face must not show my
dismay.)

A fly crawled over my forehead,
I wrinkled my nose all in vain—
Then he slowly emerged from the
canvas,
And we did it all over again.

They say that the picture is charming
Well—that may be as it may,
But my neck is so stretched,
And my temper so vexed
That I some how can't see it that way.

H. D., '21.

THE FRESHIES

"Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores, too
We may seem very green to you."
But after all you think a lot of us, don't you?
Confess—we know you do, for after all, what would High School be without the Freshies?
At whom would all the jokes and slams be directed?
Now, I must tell you about us Freshies,
We came, a bunch of little greenies, one hundred and sixty strong.
"Kin we remember?
The first day at High School?
When all the scholars was yellin' 'Greenies' at us?
An' we was a shiverin' and shakin'?
An' we didn't know what to do or where to go?
An' everytime Mr. McCullough would speak to us and we would turn red and wouldn't know what to say?
An' we didn't know what course we wanted to take?
An' was always going in the wrong room?
An' everything went wrong?
Kin we?
I'll say we kin."

The Freshies are about evenly divided in their choice of courses, about one-half having taken the Academic courses and the others vocational. Everyone has done well in his studies and we are all very proud to think that one of our members, Alta Mae Henry, won the contest for scholarship one period.

The "Freshies" have not only shone in scholarship but in athletics as well. We made a very good showing in football. Very few players make the team in their freshman year and we are very proud to say that Thomas Kimes, Franklin Coulter and Richard Cole were on the regular football team. Robert Hammond, John Weihagen, Arthur Bartell, Leigh Kuhn, George Walters, Wilbur Hazlett, Kenneth Stickley, Wellington Zimmerman and John McNally did good work with the scrubs. We had some very good players among the Freshman boys in basket ball Coulter made the varsity. The girls also showed their interest in basket ball. Mary Alice Brown, Elva Burtner and Dorothy Hunter played "subs" for the varsity.

When it came to track work the "Freshies" are right there. We have excellent pole vaulters in Earl Lynch and Joseph Jacobs, Earl coming in first in the pole vaulting at our first track meet, and Joseph third. Roebling Vogeley, Arthur Jack, Donald Love, Walter Kientz and Joseph Evans have proven themselves good runners, and Clarence Thompson and Alec Allison as broad jumpers. In discus throwing, Franklin Coulter is good, and in hammer throwing Richard Cole has proven himself to be a wonder. The "Freshies" did quite well when they came in second in the boys' track meet, and third in the girls'.

They had their good times as well as the other classes. We had a splendid Hallowe'en party where many clever costumes were worn. At the party for all the girls of the school a family album which was quite a success. Dorothy Hunter proved that we have talent in our class when she danced, in costume, a Gypsy dance which received much applause.

The "Freshies" helped with the entertainment in the assemblies. We also have two boys in the orchestra, Roebling Vogeley and John Thompson.

In conclusion, in behalf of the Freshmen, I want to thank the faculty for their good work for us and with us. You, the faculty, have been a great help to us through the year and many a time when we would have fallen by the roadside, have you helped us up. Possibly next year we will be better able to appreciate your kindness, and we may be able to repay you by acting in a little more dignified manner than we did in our first year in T. H. S. As we look over our Freshman year, we can see many places where we could have improved, and we will leave no stone unturned when we are Sophomores.

BERNICE D. RUTHERFORD.

THE FRESHMEN

We knock and criticise them;
We scold, apostrophize them;
We wish that they were wiser, more
capably inclined.

Their path we're always stalking,
To criticise their talking,
Their clothes, their ways of walking,
Their manners and their mind.

They're ignorant and gawky;
They're frivolous and balky,
And all their green is chalky,
Undignified to see!

They titter and they chatter,
Our golden rule they shatter,
And laugh at serious matters
With unabated glee!

We chide and we correct them;
We shadow and detect them;
We study and dissect them,
With all their cries and fears.

And find on looking o'er them,
And learning to adore them,
They're not like those before them,
Of the class of Twenty-one.

H. D., '21.

LETTER OF A JAPANESE SCHOOL-BOY

With All Due Apologies to Wallace Irwin.

Dere Hashu:

I have receive the recent intelligence you have convey to me, Saturday last. It are great pleasure to procure news from home town. I so soon left and it are so queerly here in States, I often have pain of homesick. You ask to know what I do here, I are tell you.

I wish to prognosticate a affair which occur some weeks ago. I were suspended to buy ticket which would commit me to hear Freedom Concert. A boy come and urge me to buy ticket for one-fourth dollar and dime which are yellow with black writing. I go in mad rush to procure one preserved seat. I find this preserved seat muchly up high, from which I look down on great numbee of heads.

O Hashu! much people are there happily. They tell me 22 Juniors sell ticket for this acts, thereby making much moneys for eat blanket which will come lately. One side sell so muchly ticket and get so fatigue that other side have to feed it when through. I ask to know, for I think people of suchly age, old quite much, to feed their self; but I presumpt they exhaust with much work.

Some time collapse when curtain move away. They are on floor, boys and girl, every once in while, with piano, horn and violin. A woman muchly little look at them and shake stick madly, and sound begins of much beauty. The music are sweet and I ask to know why lady so cross. She shake head too. Sudden music stop and much people spank hands together. Mr. Bowman is next. I condense from name that he bow muchly, but to suprise he sing on beautiful yellow horn.

Soon two small girl with high up dress play on piano at same time. I am breathless to know which will finish first, but, both stop together. My curiosity was much busy to know what was behind curtain on right side for young man on fiddle look that way constant.

Nextly boy with some American Pretties come out and make nice appreciation speech to lady with stick, when so soon as she take flowers the curtain come on wrong side. I hold breath again to know if she are dead, but no, she pop out quickly and make answer.

Soonly girl come out and delirious relate horse race. I look energetically around but see nothing. It is very compressing to hear about French soldier. I wish you were there with me.

After act I rush jamly out with much crowd and hats and umbrellas I am much squeezed. Hoping you are the same,

Yours respectively,

M. E. B., '22. TAGO MASH.

SHORT HISTORY OF T. H. S.

"The bell has rung."
"Take your seats."
"Let's have quiet now."
"Lisez la premier question."
"Use your head."
"Is that good English?"
"A zero for that."
"What date did you say?"
"Traduisez."
"In my mind's eye."
"I didn't announce a talking period."
"Take the cloak room."
"Absolutely, so be it."
"When the pot boils, turn down the gas."
"Think! Think!"
"No talking."
"You came to sew, not to gossip."
"Did you see this before class?"
"Take the corner."
"Where did this note come from?"
"Who is causing this disturbance?"
"Next, recite please."
"Leave the room."
"Sit down! ! ! !"
"What's the use of English, if you don't use your English?"
"Perhaps—I reckon so."
"How many times do I have to tell this class anything?"
"Keep your seats till the bell rings."

There are Seniors big and little
  There are Seniors short and tall
There are some that are so little
  They can scarce be seen at all.

But then there's some quite opposite
  Though I dare not tell a name
For no matter if they're short or tall
  We like them just the same.

There is no doubt but what we're proud
  Of the figures two (2) and one (1)
For that's the class with lots of pep
  And also lots of fun.

"WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES"

"What Happened to Jones" is the three act farce comedy chosen by the Senior class as their class play. It is one of George H. Broadhurst's popular comedies, packed full of fun. Just as soon as one perplexing situation has passed, another comes tripping on its heels. Jones is really many men in one man. He brings out quite forcibly the truth of the old proverb, "What a tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive."

The time is the present. Act One presents us to Jones fleeing from the hands of the police. The bishop's suit of new clothes proves his salvation. He immediately dons these and is received with open arms by the ladies of the Goodly family as the Rev. Antony Goodly from Australia.

Act Two finds Jones holding full sway in the Goodly home. Ebenezer, the husband, in order to keep his own escapade a secret, yields to Jones' whims. For an instant, when the real bishop arrives, Jones is almost outdone, but Bigbee, an escaped lunatic, helps him out of his dilemma.

Act Three brings the bishop to humiliation, but also gives him Alvina. It frees Jones without exposing him to the police or the public.

CAST

Jones	Lester Swartzlander
Ebenezer Goodly	Erwin Campbell
Antony Goodly, D. D.	Clarence Borland
Richard Heatherly	George Kline
Thomas Holder	Ralph Silverman
Bigbee	Frank Slaughter
Henry Fuller	Walt Wellinger
Mrs. Goodly	Helen Dougherty
Cissy	Lucile Stewart
Minerva	Ivy Harvey
Marjorie	Emily Adams
Alvina Starlight	Connie Silverman
Helma	Anna Wellinger

THE SOPHS

When the present Sophomore class entered High School in 1919, their student body consisted of a hundred green looking amateurs. As a Freshman class they were noted for their good behavior and respect to upper classmen. Before the close of the school year quite a number left school. They had various reasons—such as too difficult work, failure, and "cold feet." The most important and really only social event of the year occurred in the form of a Hallowe'en party which proved to be very successful.

In the fall of 1920 a few more than eighty composed the Sophomore class. This year the class began to feel a little more free and independ-

ent. One of the first acts was to elect class officers as follows: President, Lelles Maurhoff; secretary, Gwendolyn John; treasurer, Glenn Wolferd. As Sophomores we were given the privilege of choosing our class colors. Crimson and gray were the colors selected by the class.

The Sophomore girls took active part in the girls' assemblies given in the High School. The girls were winners in the girls' field meet between classes.

Our class has proven to be of value to the school and to ourselves, and as the next two years approach we expect to do still greater things.

EXCHANGE JOKES

Jake—"How do those love triangles usually end?"

Sam—"Most of them turn into 'wrecktangles.'"

"Here's a concern that sells shirts without buttons," said a married man.

"Nothing new about that," exclaimed the bachelor, "I've been wearing 'em for years."

Dealer—"That boy you recommended won't do at all."

Customer—"What has he been up to?"

Dealer—"I gave him a notice to put up: 'All delicacies of the Season Will be Found Inside," and he pasted it on the rubbish barrel."

Visitor—"This is very nice cake. Did you get the recipe out of a cook book?"

Hasless—"No, out of my head."

Visitor—"You don't say so. It's certainly very light."

A SENIOR'S FOND RECOLLECTION

Seniors! do you remember—

The day when Fat Wellinger broke the seat in Caesar class?

In English class, the time poor Al Mosley missed the seat and sat on the floor?

The soaking, classes coming from Grandview received?

The day seven good girls forgot about English?

The time Les Swartzlander sat on the explosive taken from Lab.

The night before the Class Fight?

Vocabulary drills in French?

Current History tests?

Mr. Hurwick's Ancient History class?

First practice for the fashion show; when the girls became children again at the Little Girls' party?

A PERFECT DAY

To begin abruptly, I would say
That, to me such a perfect day
Is one that in the early hours
Begins with sleep, with all its powers
To make one happy and contented—
With not a dream of care invented
To mar the joy of peaceful rest.
Then, when the birds begin to test
Their chirping voices, praising Spring
Their trills and warbles sweetly sing
In competition with a brook,
Which trickles through a woodland nook.
These noises all so sweetly blended
By the breeze are swiftly tended
Through my open window, and I wake
And hastily my way I take
To join the birds and brooks and flowers
In the happy morning hours.
To gaily pick a fresh bouquet,
Picking here and there a spray,
Paddling in a glassy pool
Shady trees and water cool,
Then upon the morning breeze
Breakfast's fragrance comes to tease
And skipping through the leafy wood
To morning's feast, so very good
To one with appetite acquired
From out door air, and health inspired
And then to do the morning's chores
Next, to the great big out of doors!
To spend the day at nature's call—
with birds and beasts and flowers and all
No troubled thoughts to worry me
No cares nor things to hurry me
And so I'd spend a happy day
A beautiful balmy day in May
Amid surroundings I like best—
And when the sun sinks in the West
And sky turns from dark red to pink
I love to watch it change—and think
About the happy day that's ended—
And find that I have but pretended.

E. B., '22.

WHAT THE WORLD EXPECTS OF THE GRADUATE

A new responsibility is now yours, my graduate friend, as you stand tiptoe on the threshold of your active career. Your education means an increased obligation to live your life up to the level of your highest gift.

The world of today has a right to expect much of the educated man. It has a right to expect that he will not only be a leader in the material progress of the race but also in its ethical and spiritual development. It has the right to expect that a youth who has been given the fine tools of life will be a doer and not a bystander in living. It can also expect that he should never stop growing and will always be an inspiration to those who have not had his priceless opportunity.

Aware of the advantages that have been his, society is privileged to look to the graduate to be a refining, uplifting force in his community. It is not enough to possess ability, it must be made available. Your success in life will depend upon your ability to use effectively what you know. Your community is justified that in your personality you will illustrate your finer culture and the passible glory of life.

Many new forces will soon begin to become operative in your future. Up to this moment your life has been largely passive, subordinate to others' wills and others' leadership. Your parents have largely relieved you of the greater responsibilities and burdens. From now on you must be self-directed. You must assume the initiative. You must fling the weight of your whole being, your whole life, into an independent career. Until now you have been like a trailer car in the train, pulled by the motor car ahead, but now you must furnish your own dynamo and motor. It is only thus that the great men in science, art and invention are developed. A strong vigorous character is self-reliant. Such a character the world expects our graduates to be.

Little Earnest Bartell
Does his work very well;
Gee, his average will be swell,
Earnie, how, please do tell.

Seniors' faults are many,
Juniors have but two,
Everything they say
And everything they do.

I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience hurt, alack!
I think I'll have to go tonight
And give the blame thing back.

ABOUT OUR FASHION SHOW

Time—10:30, Sat. A. M., May 28

Townsfolk—"What was going on at Grandview last night that so many people were there?"

H. S. Student—"Oh, it was our Fashion Show."

Townsfolk—"A Fashion Show! What's that?"

H. S. Student—"The girls displayed their dresses that they made in sewing."

Townsfolk—"Do they have sewing classes in high school?"

Student—"Certainly and Miss Weeter is the instructor."

Townsfolk—"Well, what did they have this show then for, last night?"

Student—"To display their dresses. Since the first of the semester 72 girls have been taking sewing 70 minutes each day. They have made numerous pieces of undergarments as well as dresses. Some made as many as four dresses. With the help of Miss Weeter's untiring efforts they were able to exhibit them last night. First morning dresses were shown and proved that housewives could look as nice in the kitchen as anywhere else. Then school and sports dresses were exhibited. Muslins and pretty ginghams were among these. Following these were the afternoon dresses which included bright-colored organdies, voiles, silks and tissue ginghams. The millinery work was displayed which included organdy, silk, lace and gingham hats that the girls had made. Little Jane Endsley in dainty dresses preceded each display with placards announcing what was coming."

Townsfolk—"It must have been very nice. Did they all come out at once or how was it fixed that the people could see and get new ideas?"

Student—"Oh, no, that was all arranged. There were long tables placed out from the stage. The girls came out first on the stage and then on the tables. No more than five girls were on the tables at one time and they were accompanied with music by the orchestra. The stage looked very attractive, being prettily decorated with potted plants, cut flowers and floor lamps. The girls walked very gracefully and made pretty turns so as to show the lines of their dresses. It was a marked success and there has been nothing like it in Tarentum before."

Townsfolk—"It must have been for so many people are talking about it and I have heard it requested for it to be repeated. Miss Weeter surely deserves a great deal of credit for it takes a lot of patience to sew, let alone to teach it."

H. S. Student—"Yes, we realize it and all join in giving our instructor a hearty handshake for the success of our first fashion show."

TO THE SENIORS

"Most potent, grave and reverent Seniors," the parting hour has struck, and we, the class of '22, must at last bid our fond adieu to one of the most worthy classes in the school's history, the class of '21. We do not say good-bye with the thought that we shall never mingle in later life, but there can hardly exist between us, the same close fellowship which we have experienced during the last three years.

You have been an honor to good old T. H. S. and leave a record which will be a shining example to all succeeding classes. You have excelled in every line. Your unfailing efforts put forth in the athletic field have produced marvelous results, worthy to be desired by any class. In foot-ball, basket ball, track, tennis; all these, we shall indeed miss your hearty support.

As high a standing in scholarship has been achieved by few classes during the life of T. H. S. The unfailing spirit and will of the class have guided it over many rough and dangerous points, safely, until, at length, it has come through with flying colors.

During your four years of High School life, you have ever stood ready to perform any tasks which were awaiting you. In the dreadful years of the war, still fresh in all minds of all, and in different "drives" for raising money you have come out victoriously.

Then whom has anyone been more loyal to T. H. S. Through your efforts and continued support, the "Quippus" has been established and has progressed. Let us hope that the succeeding classes will continue the good work which you have begun, and make of it a memorial worth being remembered by.

That success, prosperity and happiness may follow you throughout your entire life and that you may always look back with a feeling of pride upon T. H. S. is the wish of the Junior class of 1922.

A MOONLIGHT STROLL

We walked into the garden,
We wandered o'er the land,
The moon was shining brightly,
I held her little—coat.

I held her little coat;
How fast the evening flies,
We spoke in tones of love,
I looked into her—lunch basket.

I gazed into her lunch basket;
I wished I had a taste,
There sat my lovely darling
My arm around her—umbrella.

Embracing her umbrella
This charming little miss,
Her eyes were full of mischief
I slowly stole a—sandwich.

V. A. R., '21.

SENIOR DIRECTORY

Name	Favorite Study	Disposition	Prospect of Marriage	Chief Characteristic
Betty Boyd	Laughing	Flirty	Vague	Trying to be "Hard."
Helen Daugherty	Basketball	Changeable	Accidents will happen	Her keen sense of humor.
Helen Cross	Anything	Motherly	Some one will bite	Her complexion? ? ?
Merle Ekas	Betty Boyd	Quiet	Time will tell	His quietness.
Mable Arner	Love stories	Sweet	You can't always tell	Her neck.
Sally Petsinger	Everything	Warm	You can't rob the cradle	Her feet.
Lee Erdman	The heart	Fatherly	Wonderful	Fighting fame.
Jennie McPhilimy	French	Lovable	While there's life, there's hope	Her tongue.
George Allison	Bone heads	Trustful	After his career	His attitude toward girls.
Mildred Meanor	History	Patient	Fine	Having her lessons.
Josie Nease	Colleges	Serene	None as yet	Her hair.
Eddie Davis	Driving mules	Hopeful	Sometime — maybe	His gait.
Ivy Harvey	Herself	Ferocious	She thinks so--don't tell her the truth	Her dignified manners.
Mary Hammond	Everybody	Peevish	Others have succeeded	Her loud talking.
Thelma Mahaffey	Piano	Trustful	Mama says "Not yet"	Her nimble hands.
Fred Dennis	None	Flighty	What's the use?	His prize giggle.
Walt Stewart	Speed	Soft	We wish him luck	His pace.
Les Swartzlander	Fashions	Studious	Can't tell yet	His sad eyes.
James Scott	Physics	Gloomy	Big	His brain.
Glenn Geisler	Bugs	Wooly	None	His voice.
Ruth Williams	Love	Wild	Refused to have an interview	That dimpled chin.
Fat Wellinger	Eats	Happy	Can't avoid it	His childish actions
Pearle Sober	Home	Lovable	Very large	Her motherly ways.
Jean Warner	The simple life	Angelic	Wonderful	Her bangs.
Doc Kline	Skeletons	Flighty	Not yet but—	Green sweater.
Ralph Silverman	Fish	Dangerous	Foggy	His manly voice.
Alma Everling	Her hair	Sweet	Very good	Her laugh.
Ruth Eyler	Forms	Warm	Large chance	Industrious ways.
Anna Wellinger	Hudsons	? ? ?	Len-can't-tell-till-prices-drop	Dazzling hair.
Joe Sober	Prohibition	Simple	Too early to tell	Her knowledge of history.
Connie Silverman	Bookkeeping	Inviting	Better than in class play	Height.
Frank Slaughter	Helen Hazlett	Calm	He seems sure of her	Kind heart.
Gertie Stewart	Christianity	Hot	Wonderful	Love of argument.
Joe Meinz	Motors	Very nice	Well, he has a Hudson	Backwardness.
Lucille Stewart	Nuts	Untrustful	Can't tell yet	Prize swing.
Clarence Kaufman	Peaches	Fiery	None, that we know of	Manly voice.
Maywood Drum	English	Sweet	None	Her hair.
Mabel Allen	Homework	Slow	Maybe	Her way of talking.
Cy Borland	His hair	Orangeable	He doesn't live here	His shyness.
Vyda Ross	Dictionary	Tranquil	You never can tell	Her smile.
Laura Nicholas	Poetry	Friendly	Maybe—in Kensington	Smiling face.
Emily Adams	Gymnastics	Happy	Well, she's in the class play	Her ability.
Hazel Carnahan	Men	Snappy	He lives in the country	Her red cheeks.
Helen Fleisher	Has none	Who knows	She's got the characteristics	Bewitching eyes.
Anna Mae Gase	People	Brainy	She never says	Quietness.

NOTES

"Goose" Geisler is a "duck" at bluffing as is Art Bair (Bear) a "bird" at running.

Walter Wellinger, the good looking Senior Class president, has been offered a poistion as a model by the Splash-Me Bathing Suit Co.

Neal Hill was heard to say the other day, "Who wouldn't walk a mile for a Camel (Campbell.)

As yet this year we've had no marriages among the pupils. It has flopped to the faculty.

Speaking of wiggling snakes, how about Elva Burtner's tongue?

Keep on Johnny, you'll be a tennis champion soon.

If Caesar would come to Tarentum, Harry Hemphill might be able to entertain him.

It is reported that "Les" Swartzlander is going to be an actor after he graduates. We hope you succeed "Les." Bring your company to Tarentum and give us a real show.

Ruth Williams denies the charge that she broke Mr. Baker's camera and refuses to pay for the damages.

Didn't we Freshies predict something about the average contest in the last Quippus?

The inseparables, Johnny Hess, Johnny Hemphill, Gray Endsley and George Klingensmith.

As long as Dick Cole chews a tooth pick, he will continue to be a blockhead.

How shall we get along without Rosalie's giggle when the Seniors leave?

How often does "Curly" get that permanent wave?

Before we know it Bernice will be an authoress.

Molly Scholnick is beginning to prepare her graduation wardrobe.

If Alec Allison continues to throw the discus farther and farther, they will have to move the Fairgrounds farther away from the steel mills.

The Freshmen are so silly,
Ever ready to pass,
Always asking questions
Every time you pass.

The Sophomores are just dandy,
Never were surpassed,
Honor and respect with them
And to glory holding fast.

Now the Juniors are so funny,
Always want to know
Just what you do and everything,
And even where you go.

The Seniors are so mighty,
They really are just fine,
This is the year they work hard,
This is the year they shine.

EXCHANGE NOTES

That all friends must part is realized by the Senior members of the Quippus staff in sending out their last exchange. We certainly have enjoyed reading the exchanges and hope they will continue to be sent next year. We wish you papers success and prosperity in the coming years.

Spectator—Vandergrift, Pa.

A very well organized and interesting paper. Your pictures are very good and give a good appearance to your paper. "Art is the soul of youth."

Crimson and Gold—New Brighton, Pa.

We have enjoyed reading your paper very much because of the interesting literary department. The description of the trips are especially good.

The Magnet—Butler, Pa.

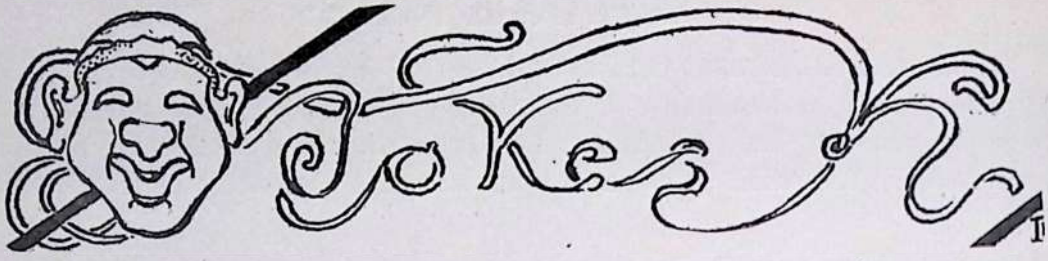
This little magazine is full of humor and good cheer. Much talent is shown in your literary department and your jokes are good.

Peptimist—South Brownsville, Pa.

A very well written paper. More stories and jokes would help.

Wah-Hoo—Allegheny Hi.

This little paper shows much talent. The school and club notes are interesting and show pep and enthusiasm in your student body.



QUOTATIONS

Save your schoolmates from disease. Use your kerchief when you sneeze.
Don't judge him by his chest measurement, his lungs are full of hot air.
How long does it take to beat a cow till she gives whipped cream?
It takes the early bird to get the worms, but who wants any?
If girls interfere with your lessons, cut out the lessons.
If ignorance is bliss, you're a blister.
Silence is golden, but some teachers think it worth a zero.
Yours till the hands of the clock need manicuring.

A. M., '21.

"Push," said the button.
"Never be lead," said the pencil.
"Take pains," said the window.
"Always keep cool," said the ice.
"Be up to date," said the calendar.
"Never lose your head," said the barrel.
"Make light of everything," said the fire.
"Do a driving business," said the hammer.
"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.
"Be sharp in your dealings," said the knife.
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.
"Do the work you are suited for," said the chimney.

A. E. M., '21.

Don't smile so much. Smiles light up your face and that might set off the powder.

Bright little Freshman
Smoked a cigarette,
Mac's around the corner
Freshie's running yet.

Walter—"Mr. Fee, what makes those red spots on your nose?"
Mr. Fee—"Glasses, Walter, glasses."
Walter—"Glasses of what?"

He—"If you had two wishes come true, what would you wish for?"
She (frankly)—"Well, I'd wish for a husband."
He—"That's only one."
She—"I'd save the other wish until I saw how he turned out."

Dear Mabel—I had a perfectly horrid time when I went visiting. One hair net lasted me all week. Ike.

"Yes, I'm quite a near neighbor of yours," said the young man. "I'm living just across the river."
"Indeed," said the young lady. "I hope you will drop in sometime."

Teacher—"What are the four seasons?"
Jim Scott—"Pepper, salt, vinegar, mustard."

A negro had been given work in a sawmill and warned especially not to come in contact with the buzz saw. The warning only prompted him further and becoming interested, he touched the whirling object with his finger. Buzz—the finger was gone.
As Washington was ruefully tying up his hand, the boss returned.
"What's the matter, Washington?"
"Old buzz saw done cut off mah finger, sah."
"How the dickens did that happen? I warned you."
"Ah dunno—just touched it like this—fo de land's sake der's another gone."

Crook (under arrest)—"Kin I go back and get my hat?"
Officer—"Certainly not. You can't be running away from me that way. You stand here and I'll go back and get it."

St. Paul and Minneapolis, the twin cities of Minnesota, have always been rivals. Sometimes this rivalry has been intense. But it remained for an old Swede, Ole Johnson, to let get into his religion. Ole lived in Minneapolis and begun to hate St. Paul. Soon he indicated he was beginning to like the Bible because of it. Yet he wouldn't say why. Finally his minister took a hand. After much questioning Ole finally gave the reason: Ay teenk the Bible always speek bout St. Paul—never bane speek about Minneapolis. Ay teenk ay no like dat. What?

Mother—"But George, didn't your conscience tell you that you was doing wrong?"
George—"Yes, but I don't believe everything I hear."

You cannot preserve a woman's love by keeping it in cold storage.
"Brooding" over trouble "hatches" more.
When you offer to lend a hand, be sure there is something in it.
Genius—One who would acquire fame rather than make a living.
The Mormon's religion is singular but their wives are plural.
Africa is famed for its roses—red rose—white rose, and neg-roes.
"My heart is with the ocean!" cried the poet raptuously. "You've gone me one better," said his seasick friend as he took a firmer grip on the rail.

Exchange.

STOP!--

This is not your QUIPPUS! It was made possible, only by our local merchants, our friends.

LOOK! !--

They have helped us by Advertising in our paper. They want to see you succeed. We want to see them prosper.

LISTEN! ! !--

Don't you think we owe them your patronage?

---The Editors.

MADE IN U.S.A.

The Telegram Printing & Publishing Company

PUBLISHERS OF

THE EVENING TELEGRAM

"THE LIVE WIRE DAILY OF THE ALLEGHENY VALLEY"

"Covers the Valley like dew"

All the news, when it's news

OUR JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT

IS EXCELLED BY NONE

Commercial Printing

Booklets, Cotalogues, etc.

DeLuxe Loose Leaf Goods

carried in stock

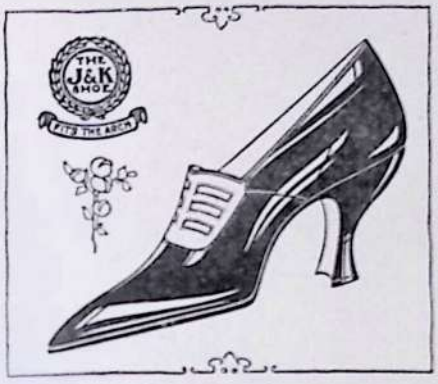
Printers of "The Quippus"

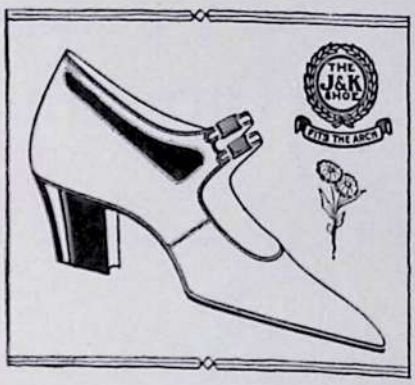
APPLEBY "COMMENCEMENT" STYLES

A 10 per cent discount from regular prices will be given to members of the Graduating Class.

(This offer lasts throughout the Commencement season)

APPLEBY SHOE PARLORS---E. 6th.





CHANTLER'S

We carry everything in the grocery line

Also

PICNIC AND PASTRY GOODS

Phone 538. 317 Fifth Ave., Tarenum.

$5.95

For You're Commencent

Oxfords & Slippers

In All Brogues and Styles

Gummert Shoe Store

Say, "It is With Flowers"

from

Tarentum Floral Co.

209 Fourth Avenue Phone 71-M

If You Are Looking For

SUMMER DRESSES

See Us First

I. A. LEWIS

Phone 570-J Tarentum, Pa.

RUDERT'S HARDWARE

The Best Place to Buy

Your Hardware, House Furnishings, Electric Washers, Sweepers, Ironers, Paint, Seeds, Poultry Supplies, Etc.

Corner East Seventh Ave. and Wood St.

Phone 79-R. **Tarentum, Pa.**

CLASTER'S

Fifth Thru to Fourth **TARENTUM**

Home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, Kuppenheimer and Michael-Sterns

SUITS

The Latest in Hats, Caps and Furnishings

WINDSOR MUSIC CO.

has served your fathers
for the last 26 years.
Why not let us serve you?
When in need of anything
musical, SEE

WINDSOR, the Piano Man

Smith's Drug Stores

FIFTH AVENUE AND LOCK STREET

"Tarentum's Best"

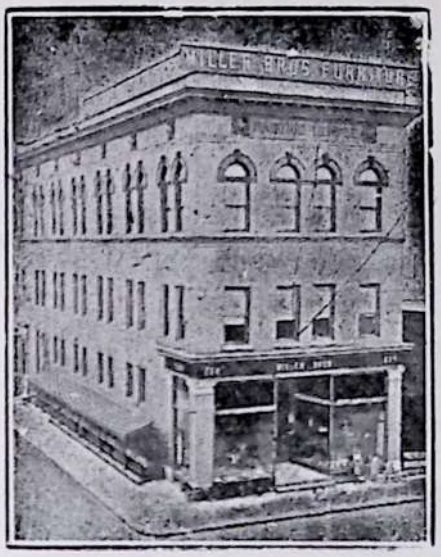
Stationery, Fountain Pens, Kodaks, Apollo Chocolates

MEET AT SMITH'S

Stewart Realty Co.

FIRE INSURANCE

Furniture and Carpets



MILLER BROS. TARENTUM, PENNA.

FISHKIN'S

TARENTUM'S BIG STORE
312-14-16 CORBET ST.

SPARKS

DEPARTMENT STORE

"The Store You Can Rely On"

205-206 FIFTH AVENUE

Emma Stevener & Co.

A full line of Dry Goods,

Notions, Neckwear
and Novelties.

323 E. Sixth Ave.
Tarentum, Pa.

J. J. HESS

Wall Paper
Picture Frames

Pitcairn Varnishes
all colors.

209 Corbet Street
Tarentum, Pa.

KENNERDELL'S

Tarentum's Jeweler for 37 Years

Moved to our New Location

on Corbet St.

Appropriate Commencement Gifts

SPECIAL SECRETARIAL AND BUSINESS COURSES

Visit our school---investigate our course of study ---our standard and quality of service---the many advantages enjoyed by our students in the study of Gregg Shorthand.

IRON CITY COLLEGE

Fifth Avenue and Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Valley Furniture Co.

Furniture, Bedding and Carpets

E. Sixth Ave. and Corbet Street.

Phone 75. Tarentum, Pa.

Flowers for all Occasions

Lehman's Flower Store

205 Corbet Street

Tarentum, Pa.

The Selby Arch Preserver Shoe at

BOCK BROS.

Shur-Fit-Shoe-Store

Corbet and Fourth St.

Tarentum, Pa.

Your New Suit for Commencement see

HEMPHILL'S

Cor. Lock Street and E. Sixth Ave.

Phone 1075. Tarentum.

IS IT ANY WONDER YOU GET OUT OF ORDER?

There are 310 mechanical movements known to workmen. All are modifications of those occurring within the human body.

In the Human machine are parts which in principle are like all the bars, levers, joints, pulleys, pumps, pipes, wheels, axles, bearings, sockets, beams, girders, trusses, arches, columns, cables and supports known to science. Man's mechanical works are but adaptations of principles to the form and action of the body.

Why not adjust the Human Machine to Remove the Cause of its Disease and Ailments.

A poorly adjusted machine always does poor work. Investigate the advantages in **Chiropractic adjustments.**

LOGICAL---SAFE---ECONOMICAL

J. M. Fusra, D. C.

Graduate Palmer School of Chiropractic– Chiropractic Fountain Head

344 Fourth Ave., Tarentum, Pa.

PHONE 434

HOW ENTRANCING

is the odor of a bouquet of flowers. Just as delightful as our perfumes:

Dazira, Jonteel, Mary Garden, Boquet Ramee, Cory's, Cara Nome, Coer de Our

In special commencement style boxes

Parisian Ivory Sets and Individual Pieces for Sensible Gifts.

Craig's Drug Store

344 Fourth Avenue. **Tarentum, Pa.**

GIRT-SEFTON CO.

The best place to buy

CLOTHING, DRY GOODS AND CARPETS

CHARLES MILLER

PALM BEACHES

SPECIAL FOR JUNE

$16.50

LOGAN LUMBER CO.

NEW KENSINGTON

TARENTUM

STEPHEN E. LOVASIK

HOME DRESSED MEATS

and

FINE GROCERIES

209 W. Seventh Ave. Phone 635.

Compliments of

W. EDWARD FLICK

CONFIDENTIAL

Your neighbor knows nothing about your business at this Bank. Every transaction is held in strict confidence.

Your business is solicited on the basis of prompt, courteous treatment and absolute safety.

The National Bank of Tarentum

Organized 1890

TARENTUM, PA.

O. C. CAMP, President. J. M. HESS, Cashier.
H. M. BRACKENRIDGE, Vice President. J. G. CAMP, Asst. Cashier.

The Peoples National Bank

RESOURCES OVER $2,000,000.00

OFFICERS

W. A. MARVIN, President
R. J. TOEPFER, Vice Pres.
JOHN R. LONG, Vice Pres.
JOHN P. CRAWFORD, Cashier
JOHN ARMSTRONG, Teller
HARRY E. GRINE, Teller

ONE DOLLAR OPENS A SAVINGS ACCOUNT. WE WANT THE GIRLS AND BOYS TO COME TO THE TRUST COMPANY WITH THEIR BANKING BUSINESS

Tarentum Savings & Trust Co.

WE SERVE

SOMEBODY SAVES YOUR MONEY

Somebody puts the money you spend in the bank.
Somebody smiles when your dollars are added to their savings.
Somebody dreams of what your money will do.
Somebody's hopes are being realized why not yours?

Safe Deposit Bank

Tarentum, Pa.

BIEHL, the Tailor

Tarentum, Pa. **406 Corbet Street**

TO THE GIRL GRADUATES:

Sport Sweaters, Novelty Kerchiefs. Wonderful Stockings in plain and lace effects. (All colors)

TO THE BOY GRADUATES:

How about those good looking Suits to order, $25.00 up to $50.00. Sport Shirts with the new low collars. White and tan.

If you can't keep away from
home cooking go to

Broad's Restaurant

and

E A T

409 FOURTH AVENUE BELL 145-J

Compliments of

Tarentum News Co.

Paul Caldwell's Drug Store

ICE CREAM SODA WATER

In Business For Your Health

Third Ave. and Corbet St.
TARENTUM, PA.

PALACE

The Home of Better
Motion Pictures

and the most comfortable and
sanitary theatre in the
Allegheny Valley

Our latest improved
ventilating system changes
the air every three minutes